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THE

SWEEPINGS OF MY STUDY.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY OLIVER & BOYD,
TWEEDDALE COURT.

THE SWEEPINGS

OF

MY STUDY

BY THE COMPILER OF

"THE HUNDRED WONDERS OF THE WORLD."

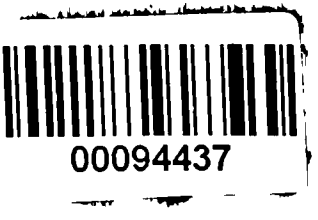
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"The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust."—*Shakspeare.*

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EDINBURGH:
PUBLISHED BY
OLIVER & BOYD, TWEEDDALE-COURT;
AND
G. & W. B. WHITTAKER, AVE-MARIA-LANE,
LONDON.
1824.

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THE

SWEEPINGS OF MY STUDY.

WHAT is all this, Sukey? was the question I put to my housekeeper, who was busied in rummaging her wardrobe. You appear to me to have made a large collection of manuscripts.—They are the sweepings of your study, sir. I was concerned, after the pains I had observed you to bestow on them, to see you tear and scatter on the floor so many of your papers; so, with the help of a few wafers, I brought the pieces together as well as I could, thinking they might amuse me hereafter, as I perceived that the greater part of them were in the anecdote way.—You are a good girl, Sukey, and a sensible girl, equally prudent and careful. I am thankful to you for this, as for other favours. Hand me the bundle, and I will see if I can find any thing that may be acceptable to my friends. I have neglected them for a long time; but who can guard against sickness? Unless for your tender nursing, they might never have heard from me again. As it is, the sooner,

I think, I set about it the better; and you shall help me out with your judgment in the selection.

DOCTOR JOHNSON'S ALIAS.

THE Reverend Mr Todd, *Artium Magister*, has done his master in philology good service, by striking out, in his enlarged* edition of the great national dictionary, the doctor's silly sarcasm of MALLET *alias* MALLOCH, than which a more spiteful and pitiful attack on a pleasing poet cannot well be conceived. In his time, national prejudices ran high—the different portions comprising the British empire were not so nicely amalgamated as at present—and a name sounding uncouthly to

* If I could have conscientiously said improved, it would have been grateful to the friend, a great stickler for the reverend gentleman, with whom I take an occasional evening stroll in the pleasant fields round Bayswater. He is to have an early copy of "The Sweepings," although I must confess he hardly merits such a favour at my hands, for scolding me as he does about my pronouncing a hay-stack, a hay-rick, [*i. e.* a stack of hay, a rick of hay,] and so forth, in the old way, instead of accenting the first monosyllable, which is in the genitive case, and dropping, or easing off softly, the second one in the nominative, as, ha'ystack, ha'yrick, &c., thus reducing the two terms to a simple word.—*Vide*, among the others, Todd's volume comprehending the letter H; but mind how you handle it, for be assured it's a weighty—I had near gone the length to say, a heavy concern.

the English ear was not likely to push the fortunes of one who might visit the great mart of talent, whether from the Irish bogs, or Scottish mountains.

In my day, I can bring to my ready recollection various instances, not only of the patronymic but baptismal name, or perhaps both, being changed, with the most harmless, nay, in some cases, laudable intention. As examples: Lucius, for Luke.—Dionysius, for Dennis.—For Dennis O'Hurley, Dionysius Harley.—For O'Flanagan, first Flanagan, and next Lanagan, which latter abscission, by an easy transposition of the letters, and the change of one consonant only, brought the bearer into close relationship and consanguinity with the Spanish admiral, Don John de Langara, who wished that the late Lord Hood might live a thousand years. Whether his Lordship was or was not benefited by this most consolatory of all wishes, it is certain that, like some others of our illustrious naval commanders, he held out to a good old age. These may be said to have been, luckily for them, almost as tenacious of life as a boar-cat, who is figuratively said to have nine lives.

But to digress no further into the curious physiological question of the longevity of admirals and boar-cats, Macklin, the celebrated veteran-actor, who played so long as to have delighted

the great grand-children of the witnesses of his early performances, was in Ireland Mister Maclaughlin. On his first coming to London, he lodged at the house of a widow on the Surrey side of Blackfriars bridge. He wrote to a friend in Dublin to tell him this, and, by a neat blunder, signed his name Maclaughlin, as usual. His friend arriving in town shortly after, inquired after him at his address, but was told there was no such gentleman there: they had, they said, a male lodger from some part of Ireland, but his name was Macklin. Up came the man himself, and long he confabulated with his neighbour Pat from the other side of the herring-pond. The widow waited patiently until she found him *solus* on the scene, when she abruptly gave him warning, declaring that she would no longer harbour in her house a lodger who went by two names.

A veteran in literature, John Mills, Fellow of the Royal Society, the learned translator of Duhamel's Agriculture, and author of several original works of merit, had, when a young man, the misfortune—if that can be strictly so called which drew him from field-sports and rough exercises to the calm enjoyments of the Study—to dislocate his hip in hunting. What led him to change his name, I could never fathom in the course of a long intimacy; but so it was that, after an absence of several years on the continent, during which

he dropped all correspondence with his friends at home, and even went the length of advertising his own death in the continental gazettes, he assumed, on his return to England, that of Morton.

For a considerable time, his landlady and a neighbouring magistrate were the sole possessors of the secret of his real name, the one having to receive for him the quarterly payments of a treasury annuity, and the other to attest his certificate. It chanced, however, one morning, that another F. R. S., of about his own age, with whom he had formerly been in habits of great intimacy, called on the landlady, herself the sister of a deceased literary character of some eminence. What was his surprise when, on entering the back-parlour, he saw his old associate Mills, whose death he had so long deplored, seated in his arm-chair, living and well. "Can it be possible that this is my esteemed friend Mr Mills?" "You are mistaken, sir," said our cynic, interrupting him in a peremptory tone: "I am not your esteemed friend Mr Mills, as you are pleased to call me, but Mr Morton,—plain Mr Morton." Nothing the other could urge,—no reminiscences of former times, could beat him off the strong ground he had taken: he was plain Mr Morton to the last.

His treasury pension, of a hundred pounds per annum, had been granted him before he left England, by Lord North, the then premier, as a com-

pensation for the suppression of an elaborate work on the commerce of Russia, the publicity of which, it was thought, might be detrimental to the interests of Great Britain. About that time, Dr Smollett was engaged in his great undertaking of "The Universal History." The doctor waited on him to communicate the wish of the proprietors that he should supply the article of Russia. "And pray, sir," said Mills, "what may they pay you per sheet?"—'Three guineas.'—"Then, Mr Smollett, I must have five." To this proposition a ready assent was given.

A MOONLIGHT APPARITION.

Apropos of boar-cats, as they are incidentally mentioned above. When I was a schoolboy, there dwelt in the neighbourhood a gentleman who had a strong touch of the tulipæmania. His parterre displayed the gayest specimens, the produce of bulbs imported from Holland, whose illustrious names might have vied with any of those that would be found, if one could only get a sight of it, in the late Sir Joseph Banks' vocabulary of butterflies. But an evil-minded boar-cat often disturbed his tulip-bed, and laid prostrate many a darling flower of exquisite beauty. Early one morning he caught my gentleman in the fact, and, laying violent hands on him, not only broke every bone

in his skin, but, as in his wrathful mood he was led to fancy, beat out his brains. The gardener buried him in a pit a foot deep, carefully treading down the earth. Grimalkin was not so dead, however, but that he was seen the next morning crawling from his hiding-place. He was now slain a second time, and sunk in a pit at least three feet deep, in a snug corner of the tulip-bed, it being judiciously considered that his remains, in their decomposed state, might add to the freshness and variety of the colours next year.

One of my school-fellows, as merry a little wag as ever drew breath, lived next door, and was at home for the holidays. Having scrupulously watched all that had passed, he borrowed a ladder of the glazier over the way, and, as soon as the families were retired to rest, scaled the wall, dug up Grimalkin, and, proceeding to the street, planted him erect on the sill of his neighbour's bedroom window. Descending a few steps of the ladder, he mewed most piteously. Up started the tulip-fancier, and drawing aside the curtain, saw with horror and dismay, by broad moonlight, his old enemy the boar-coat, with saucer-eyes, staring him full in the face.

THE THREE WOODEN LEGS.

"IT is very naughty to laugh," once said a quaker lady to me, in a stage-coach with six insides:—but how could I help it, when a female passenger, who had just stepped in, not only perfumed the vehicle with vulgar gin, but preferred a silly novel to as sprightly a conversation as was ever kept up by travellers brought into one focus from several convergent points?

It is very naughty to laugh, was the reflection I likewise made, when I saw a fat, lubberly butcher, standing at his door, point out to the mockery and derision of his rude associates, a whimsical rencontre of three wooden legs. It was at the corner, or intersection by another street, of a street leading to Piccadilly; and each cripple had advanced by a different route, coming unexpectedly in contact with the others. One of them, with a pale and emaciated visage, and having very much the air of an itinerant scraper on catgut, turning round, stepped up to the butcher. "Friend," said he, "you seem to have been highly diverted by our *trio* of stumps; but if you had been overtaken by a misfortune similar to the one that has befallen us, you might have joined in a *quartetto*, which, with the help of your plump, ruddy cheeks, would have been still more entertaining to your unfeeling companions."

ROGUES IN GRAIN.

SOME years ago, the Welch curate of the isle of Grain, on the border of Kent, went stark mad through the force of drink, and was sorely teased by his flock, by the young fry more especially. "Rogues," said the indignant Taffy, "are to be found in all parishes; but my parishioners are ROGUES IN GRAIN.

THE BOLOGNESE EXPECTANTS.

A BOLOGNESE cardinal having been raised to the Papal dignity, not only his relatives, but all who had the slightest knowledge of him, flocked to Rome from Bologna, each seeking his share of the good things in his Holiness's gift. The newly-elected Pope, however, was resolved to bestow his favours on such only as had merit—a commodity which, it seems, was with his countrymen somewhat scarce. A wag hit on the expedient of posting on the walls of the capital: *Sedie di ritorno per Bologna.* Return-chaises for Bologna. The Bolognese took the hint; and Rome was soon freed of their importunate presence.

THE BOTTLE-CONJURER.

IN the heat of the contest between Great Britain and her North American colonies, in the summer

of 1780, several men of war sailed in company from New York, bound on a cruise. They had been so successful as to capture, off the entrance of the port, a large American privateer, called the General Reed, and a small merchant-vessel, when a sail of some magnitude was descried in the offing. Chase was given, and prosecuted with so much earnestness, that one of the pursuers carried away her mizen-topmast, and fell into the rear, to repair her damage. While this was doing, a small skiff was perceived by those on deck, approaching with a sail set, and a union-jack hoisted at the stern, but without having any hands on board. She was brought alongside, when a bottle was found in the stern-sheets, enclosing a paper, on which was written, in fair characters, "This is the ——, Captain ——. If you are friends, steer to the north-east, and I will join you."—This is precisely what an enemy, with the formidable odds of four to one against the stranger, would have done. It is hardly necessary to add, that the sage captain of the frigate was known on the station ever after as the BOTTLE-CONJURER.

THE SWEET-SCENTED DOCTORS.

AT Orange, in Provence, little trouble or expense used to be incurred by the candidate for a doctorship in medicine. Those who there sought and procured this dignity were familiarly styled

docteurs à la fleur d'orange—sweet-scented doctors. It happened, in a little village near Uzes, in Languedoc, that an old, respectable practitioner was grossly insulted, in the presence of one of his best patients, by a young *graduate* in possession of this attractive fragrance, which may occasionally entice an invalid, as every skilful rat-catcher will tell you it does vermin. It was his sweet scent, he reflected, that made the young gentleman thus arrogant; so away he whipped across the Rhone, by the Pont-du-Saint-Esprit, not forgetting Beaucaire and Tarascon on the way, which, by the by, he could not easily do, as the one is on the one side of the bridge, and the other on the other, to Orange, where, having paid down his cash, to the amount of somewhat less than three louis', he found himself in a condition to meet his antagonist on equal terms. *A présent*, said he, on falling in with him, *que je suis, comme vous, Docteur à la fleur d'orange, je vous dis franchement que je ne souffrirai plus de vos impertinences.* Now, Doctor, that I am as sweet-scented as yourself, I tell you frankly, that I will no longer put up with your impertinence.

THE DELICATE RESTRAINT.

As I have mentioned that pleasant city Orange, famous for its doctorial scent, and the salubrity of

its air, I may as well, while it is fresh in my recollection, tell what happened to me there, in the autumn of 1799, to show that a delicate regard for the feelings of strangers, belonging to a nation at war, was then to be found among the French. On stopping to dine, I was desirous, in the first place, to proceed to the kitchen, as others of my fellow-passengers in the Diligence had done, to wash my hands. This was strenuously resisted by a young Frenchman, who was joined by the rest of the party. The water and other requisites for that purpose were furnished to me in the dining-room; but I afterwards contrived to steal unobserved to the kitchen, where I saw, in conspicuous characters, over the fire-place: GUERRE CONTRE LES ANGLAIS; and GUERRE À MORT CONTRE LE GOUVERNEMENT ANGLAIS on the side opposite.

HAMLET IN BORROWED PLUMES.

IN the early part of the reign of George the Third, of pious memory, on the occasion of a review, an officer of dragoons, in his quality of aid-de-camp, drew near to the royal presence. His figure was elegant; but his features so hideous in the view of an illustrious lady, who might have been then pregnant, that it was said to have been intimated to him, at her express desire, to quit the army.

After a variety of adventures, this gentleman, whose name, if my recollection serves me well, was Diemar, became the manager of a company of strolling-players, and, in going his annual round, drew up his troop in the town where resided a worthy unkle of mine, by name William, a whim-fraught, humorous, facetious, and eccentric character, whose drolleries, if told on paper, would fill a bag of "sweepings" of a moderate size. To this relative, among others of the townsfolk, he paid a visit, to solicit his favour and patronage, observing that the performance for that evening was to be Hamlet, in which he himself was to enact the part of the philosophic prince, and hoped to have the honour of his presence. "How are you off for a wardrobe," said my unkle —? 'But so so.'—"I have a new suit of black that will just fit you." The manager bowed acceptance.

The performance, in the evening, went off with great eclat, until the passage where Hamlet, in expiring accents, faintly utters

"——The rest is silence,"

laying himself on the boards at his full length, to die with a better grace. Up started Nunky from his seat, to the great surprise of the auditory, bawling with lungs of brass, "You ——, you'll spoil my best suit."

THE ROAST-BEEF CANTATA.

THE writer of a modern publication, "Wine and Walnuts," was much mistaken when he ascribed this cantata to David Garrick. It was the production of the late Thomas Forrest, Esq., a clerk-officer in Chatham dock-yard, whose close intimacy with Hogarth led to several of the scenes which that painter, unrivalled in his way, has, in his humorous freaks, so admirably described. They were truly kindred spirits; and in the five days' peregrination of five quaint originals, Messrs Tothall, Scott, Hogarth, Thornhill, and Forrest, the latter bore a leading part. He not only kept the journal, but was treasurer, and contrived to forget his Christian name, in which the initial E stands for T, in signing the journal, and exhibiting to his companions the account of the expenses of the expedition, the vouchers for which were *examined* and *allowed*, while their amount, instead of his neat charge of six guineas, was five pounds, fourteen shillings, and eightpence-halfpenny.

Mr C——, assistant-surgeon to the Chatham Division of Marines, and Mr T——, a dock-yard clerk, an exquisite dandy of that day, had had repeated squabbles about who should take the wall, in a narrow lane, until at length they came to blows. On this occasion, Mr Forrest produced the following impromptu :—

ON A BATTLE LATELY FOUGHT BETWEEN AN EMINENT SURGEON AND APOTHECARY, AND A MACARONI CLERK.

Sage Gallipot, when Quill you meet,
Take not the upper hand,
Nor seek precedence in the street,
Where only fops command.

Your cane, though taught in physic's school,
To war was quite a stranger;
Young Goosequill made your spirits cool—
Nay, put your wig in danger.

Take my advice.—To cure these ills
Observe what I indite:
You mind your boluses and pills;
And you, sir, how to write.

UNEXPECTED ISSUE OF A COMMERCIAL SPECULATION.

A YOUNG man of Marseilles having come into the possession of a considerable property, fancied that he could not do better than embark his capital in commerce, to the details of which he was an utter stranger. He tormented his mercantile friends unceasingly with the question of how he could best accomplish this, until at length one of them thought it would not be a bad joke to recommend to him to freight a brigantine with a cargo of hats for Tunis, taking with him beside such other

small wares as he thought might be there saleable. This advice being taken to the letter, our speculator, on his arrival at Tunis, was surprised to find that not a hat was anywhere to be seen. He prepared to seek a better market, but was not to be let off so easily, the Bey having a particular interest in the sale of each of the cargoes brought into the port.

An edict was issued commanding all the Jews in Tunis to appear in hats, instead of turbans, on the Sabbath following, and to arrange themselves, after the morning service of the synagogue, in the square fronting the palace, to the end that his Highness, seated in his balcony, might pass them in review. Our young merchant's hats were bought up with avidity, but were found so unbecoming, and so much at variance with the Jewish garb, on being put to this severe scrutiny, that, by a second edict, the Israelites were commanded to resume their turbans. What had cost them dear, they cheerfully parted with for little to the seller, who returned to Marseilles with his bags filled with doublons and dollars, and his hats carefully re-packed.

TO OWE, A VERY DECLINABLE VERB.

A NOBLEMAN called on a prime minister, on whose table lay a brevet, or warrant, which only

awaited the royal signature. "What!" said the nobleman, "can you bestow a place of such trust on a debauched fellow who is over head and ears in debt?" "He's in debt, is he?" replied the minister. "*I owe, you owe, he owes.* To OWE is a verb declinable in all its modes and tenses."

A GENTLEMAN NOT ALWAYS IN NEED OF A PORTER.

IT was a saying of the late John Wilkes, of squinting and patriotic memory, that there are three things which a gentleman may carry openly in his hand,—a book, a paper of snuff, and a string of fish.

A NEW TRICK OF LEGERDEMAIN.

VENICE was anciently famed for its admirable police. It happened one morning that a French nobleman, in taking a few turns in the square of St Mark, had his pocket picked of a valuable family watch. Instantly on ascertaining his loss, he repaired to the police department, and expressed, with little discretion, and in unmeasured terms, his surprise that, under its so-much-vaunted regulations, such an accident should have befallen him in the middle of the day, and in so public a place.

"Be careful how you speak of the police of Venice," said the Commissary to whom he address-

ed himself; "your quality of foreigner will not shelter you, if your invectives should run to too great a length. Deposite here four zechins, and repair to-morrow morning, at eleven o'clock, to the spot where you lost your watch, with an assurance that it will be restored to you." The Frenchman was punctual, and waited until two without any tidings of his watch. Still more enraged than before, he again presented himself to the Commissary, venting the bitterest imprecations, and swearing by the Blessed Virgin, the devils in hell, and all the saints in Paradise, that he had been shamefully bubbled, having not only lost his watch, but his zechins, together with his time, which he held to be equally valuable. "Look to your fob," said the Commissary; and there, to his utter astonishment, Monsieur found HIS WATCH.

"You have to learn something further of the Venetian Police," added the Commissary, "for which purpose here is an officer who will accompany you." Having descended to a subterranean apartment, his guide led him, by several gloomy, vaulted passages, in crossing which he became more and more anxious as to what was to befall him, to a chamber, dimly lighted by a lamp, where, in a recess, the curtain of which was drawn aside for his inspection, suspended by a cord, he saw THE THIEF.

A CONVENIENT BARGAIN.

During the latter part of the siege of Gibraltar, and before succours were thrown into the place by the gallant Howe, the privations of the garrison were so great, that money, which had few means of circulation, became comparatively of little value. The bipeds known there by the name of walking guineas (ducks and fowls) had gradually disappeared from the face of the rock, because, extravagantly dear as they were, they were not worth the trouble and expense of rearing; and potatoes, at half a dollar per pound, were not exactly within the reach of the subaltern, who, economizing on his ration-loaf, jocosely styled, on account of its colour, a negro's head, regaled himself, on festive days, with a hard dumpling made of musty flour, the only solid ingredient in its composition, bating a sprinkling of salt.

With this flour, however, and tallow drawn from the ordnance store, the noble Heathfield, the dauntless Cock of the Rock, *treated* his aids-de-camp, himself setting the example, which, on a hard pinch, might have been generally, and perhaps not reluctantly followed.

At the sale of a deceased officer's effects, the venduc-master (auctioneer) put up an umbrella, the biddings on which, dollar after dollar, ran high. It was of cotton; but brought more than

a fine, new, silk umbrella would cost at the dearest shop in London or Westminster. The hammer being down, he unfurled the precious lot, and displayed a long slit, or, as La Fontaine somewhere calls it, an enormous solution of continuity. "If the gentleman," said he, very composedly, "does not like his bargain, here is a hole for him to creep out at."

THE TAYLOR'S VISION.

[From Aunt Martha's Diary, or, as she used to call it, Closet-companion. *Mem.* It was known to contain better things, but several leaves were torn out in the course of her last illness.]

During the high paroxysm of a fever, a taylor saw, or fancied he saw, which amounts to the same thing, on the wall of his bedchamber, the several images of the cuts of cloth he had cabbaged from his customers, distributed like the colours of the rainbow, but displaying a still greater variety of tints. Terrified by this awful sight, which sorely smote his conscience, he came to a resolution, on awaking from his delirium, to forego for the future all dealings in cabbage. He accordingly laid a strict injunction on his wife, that if the devil should at any time tempt him to recur to this vile practice, she should jog him on the elbow. The opportunity was not long wanted; for, lo!

she caught him one fine morning, seated on his shopboard, with uplifted shears preparing for the attack. "I thank you, wife, for jogging me," said Snip, "but my memory is good, and I protest to you that, in my frightful vision, cloth of this colour I did not see."

PUFF! AND HE'S GONE.

In a village not very remote from London dwelt a barber, who, if he was not an exact counterpart of the "silent barber" so happily described in the Arabian Nights, was not far behind him in loquacity, when he could find time to entertain his customers, and was beside extremely locomotive, unceasingly shifting the scene of his waggeries and his wit. A Londoner, one of those who know so well how to profit by their keen industry, having heard of his fame, resolved to see if he could not, by some device, outwit him, for which purpose he came down to the village, and engaged a lodging at a public-house, saying that he should stay there a few days, as he was quite charmed with the fine views in that part of Kent. After supper he invited the landlord to take a glass of punch with him, and the barber happening to turn up as one of the topics of conversation, "I think, with your help," said the Londoner to the landlord, who had related divers

of the barber's merry conceits and comical stratagems, "I could play him a trick that would beat them all." "Could you so?" said Boniface. "That would be hard to do; but how would you contrive it?"—"If you'll send for him, I'll engage him, after he has taken a glass or two of punch, in a trifling bet, that he will not have the patience to-morrow morning to sit for five minutes at the front-parlour window, looking steadfastly at the sign—what is it? —the Harrow over the way, with a pipe in his mouth, and saying, at every whiff, *puff! and he's gone.* You shall hold the stakes; and he shall lay his watch on the table, for me to watch time. Within half a minute of its expiring, I will steal gently into the back parlour, where you are to be sitting, with the watch; and you, while I hide myself, shall bounce suddenly into the front room, bawling out, Where's the stranger? He will turn round, and so lose his bet, fancying at the same time, until you undeceive him, that he has also lost his watch."—The barber was obedient to the call, and bit at the wherewithal, that is, at the cockney-bait, in swallowing his punch, insomuch that every thing was arranged to the joint satisfaction of the party.

In the morning, the tonsor, with the front-parlour window thrown up, to give him a better light and more air, looking full at the Harrow, was at his whiffs; while his new town-acquaintance was,

as he supposed, steadfastly eyeing the watch. Boniface, in the back-parlour, thought the minutes very long, until, losing *his* patience, he resolved to take a peep in front, and see what was going on. Opening the door gently, he was surprised to find that the stranger had stolen off, not only with the barber's silver watch, but with his own quart silver tankard, the bottom of which, to make it fold the more conveniently for the pocket, he had dexterously cut out, and left on the table as a minute of the proceeding. He was in too great a hurry, of course, to look to the discharge of his bill.

TWO TO ONE AGAINST MOUNSEER.

It is a vulgar notion, that great gormandizers are sure to have fat wits; but this is not the case. A Frenchman residing in a town in Sussex, met with an acquaintance of mine, an Englishman, as remarkable for a good swallow as two celebrated statesmen long gone by, namely, Charles Fox, and Lord North, the premier, afterwards Earl of Guildford, not to mention the late Admiral Lord Hood, who, whether at home, or at the table of a friend acquainted with the gastric powers of his stomach, and knowing how careful he was not to overgorge himself, was served at dinner with a dish of boiled rice, as a damper preliminary to his attack on the more substantial viands. This my acquaintance,

I say, a very intelligent and spirited fellow, although neither a statesman nor a hero, fell in with Mounseer, who very obligingly said to him, "Vil you dine vid me to-day? I have one fowl, one bacon, one sprout, and vat be bettre?" "I'll tell you vat be bettre," said my old crony, who felt his ordinary appetite coming fast upon him, "two fowl, two bacon, two sprout."

MILITARY LOGIC.

Major Winterhausen, who commanded a detachment of Hessians stationed at Flatbush, Long Island, at an early period of the American war of independence, was a Falstaff in figure, and may have had his wit, although I could not understand it in his lingo, when he was stuffed, not in the dressing-room of a theatre, which would have been unnecessary, but at the gun-room table of a British ship of war, and had such a tremendous soaking of port wine given him, that it required, at night-fall, at least six of the ablest seamen on board to lower him into the boat alongside. But he failed in comparison with the late Mr M——, a principal officer in Portsmouth Dock-yard, who was indeed a Falstaff proportionately in wit and bulk, and had a circumference, below the waist, somewhat larger than that of Stephen Kemble, when he visited the London boards to enact the fat knight, and,

among other whimsicalities in his address to the audience, requested that, if he should fail in his personification, he might be sent, "in a collier back," to the north.

To return, however, to the Major, who could never be at a loss for a good substantial meal, while the poultry were to be seen stalking in the farm-yard, or the bacon hung suspended from the ceiling within doors; he delighted greatly in a turkey or a chine. "*If*," said he, to the astounded farmer, "*you be von frind to de go-vern-ment, you give it; if you be von rep-pel, me take it.*"

I recollect being at Flatbush with a messmate or two, in the spring of the year 1777. We were sharp-set after our long walk from Brooklyn Ferry, and entered a farm-house, where we found a pretty freckled brunette, Miss Perey, as she was called by her little brother, having been christened "EXPERIENCE." "We have nothing but sauce (to be pronounced sarce, and implying vegetables) for dinner to-day," said the blushing girl. "But," said we, mimicking her dialect, "there is considerable of bacon hanging up." While we were eyeing it wishfully, and licking our parched lips, in came the farmer, who, suspecting us to be acquaintances of Major Winterhausen, which was truly the case, and, like him, good logicians, looked very shy, until we showed him our dollars, when the well-cured chine descended from the ceiling, and

the nicely-packed eggs were produced from the closet.

A FIELD-OFFICER IN DISGUISE.

SUBSEQUENTLY to the above date, another Major, who, as it afterwards appeared, had made a great noise among the Hessians in North America, particularly at the spot where the battle of Trenton, in the Jerseys, was fought, having escaped from his captivity, passed down by the high land of Neversink, to within view of the guard-ship stationed off the peninsula of Sandy Hook, waving a handkerchief, or, to speak more seemingly, a vile clout, as a token of his wish to be received on board.

His reception was such as a field-officer might have been led to expect: he became the guest of the great cabin. His tattered regimentals, which might have been assumed as a disguise, to facilitate his escape from the enemy, the coarseness of his linen, and other tokens of lorn suffering, did not appear to the commander, a very gentlemanly man, and a still living ornament of the service, so strange as the vulgarity of his manners, which could not be well accounted for on a supposition that he had risen rapidly from the ranks. On the entrance of the steward in the morning, he did not neglect to start up on his seat, from the bedding

which had been spread for him on the deck, to call for a *class* of *grog*, in carrying which to his lips he drank to the health of King *Shorge.*

On the first convenient opportunity, he was forwarded to Staten Island, the intermediate station, where the commandant, General Stirling, paid him marked attentions, and on embarking him for New York, generously drew from his purse a handful of half-joes, (half-doublons,) of which the Major modestly took two, in addition to two fine shirts, and the other requisites with which the General had furnished him, to enable him to make a decent appearance at head-quarters. In the meantime, the Hessian Commissary at New York, having been apprized of his expected arrival, fancied there had been some mistake in his lists, by which it appeared that all the officers of *note*, made prisoners at the battle of Trenton, had, by a particular convention, been sent in. This one, however, made his appearance at the office, and announced himself AS THE DRUM-MAJOR OF THE GROMBACH REGIMENT.

A LOYAL EXCUSE FOR A WANTON ACT.

AT the breaking out of the American War of Independence, there stood, in the public squares of New York, two statues, the one, in lead, of his late Majesty George the Third, and the other, called "Pitt's Statue," of the great Earl of Chat-

ham, in marble. The former of these, the colonists, shortly after their revolt, converted into bullets for the destruction of his Majesty's liege subjects; while the latter stood unmolested until some years after the British possession of the city, where I chanced to be when a party of choice spirits, wearing "the true blue that never stains," engaged in a daring frolic. One of these stands high, very high, on the naval list, and carries, on courtly days, his well-earned honours about him; and he, I am persuaded, will smile, if at any time, peradventure, he should pick up my "Sweepings," and cast his eye, in a cursory way, on this anecdote.

I might have been inlisted as a partizan, if the texture of my frame had not been too tight-drawn for the occasion, when they sallied forth at nightfall from the coffeehouse on the quay, kept by Loosely and Ems, provided with a sledge-hammer, and the other necessary implements of mischievous adventure. Setting at defiance, as well the iron-spikes that surrounded the statue, as the Hessian soldiers who guarded it, they beat off Pitt's head, of almost colossal bulk, broke off one of his arms, and otherwise mutilated the mute semblance of the minister, who, while living, awed, by his stern eloquence in debate, the host of admiring senators, and whose

——— "Courage, strength, and matter
Made him a thunder-bearing speaker."

The head I saw carried with some difficulty up stairs, and deposited in a trunk in the coffeehouse-garret. Next morning the young blades were summoned into the presence of General Robertson, the commandant, who declared it to be his determination to inflict the awarded penalty of five hundred pounds for the defacement of a statue. "General," said the spokesman, "you know what befel the statue of our Most Gracious Sovereign: after such an outrage, we did not think it right to leave, with the head erect, and presenting a bold front, that of one of his Majesty's subjects, who had, in his parliamentary speeches, favoured the American cause. We therefore undertook to crop this statue, that is, to make it shorter by the head, but without presuming to meddle with the shoulders." The General smiled, and warned them to be careful how they launched out again into a similar exploit.

COMPARISONS, HOWEVER SMART, SELDOM FAIL TO BE ODIOUS.

Some forty years ago, the British naval service was, in one particular, that of the externals of the seaman, very different from what it is at present. At the above date, so great was the jealousy enter-

tained of the army, and of its discipline, in the points of cleanliness and dress, by the majority of the naval officers, that Jack, when he strayed from his duty on board, and was on shore for his recreation, or for any necessary purpose of equipment, was almost sure to be the "Jack Nastyface" of the scene; while his clothes, of the right Purser's cut, and not indebted to any re-modelling since they left the slop-room, hung about him as if they had been snatched in the dark from the common heap of the contract-magazine that supplied them.

It could not have been seriously thought, that, in this grim and slovenly disguise, he would fight better, or have his life better watched by "the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft"—No, it was jealousy alone—jealousy of the army—that made the seaman, at his officer's call, more resemble the Caliban of "The Tempest," than one who had to claim a footing in a civilized community.

On a retrospect still more remote, we find, in the "Roderick Random" of Smollett, who sketched from observation, that many of the sea-officers of his day were almost as careless of costume as were the crews they commanded. In this there might have been a sprinkling of affectation, as it was flattering to them to hear it said, agreeably to the notion then vulgarly entertained, that rough manners, under an uncouth garb, were a sure

token of plain dealing and sincerity. How fallacious an estimate!

To the praise of the exalted characters who have, in later times, to the high advancement of the national glory, given a new impulsion to the springs of the nautical machinery; as well as to that of the superiors in command, of better polish, and more liberal views, than their predecessors, who, in watching the details, have taught their subordinates in rank to enforce in the crews a decorum of manners and dress;—the British man-of-war's-man, when on land, can now show a clean face, and a becoming person, among his associates. He is even distinguishable, in outward respectability, by the naval connoisseur, from the merchant-sailor, who is subjected to heavy tasks, superadded to his seaman's duties. Beside this, he does not swear so profanely, if at all; he drinks less; and he is in other respects more moral, because he has been less degraded, and more mildly treated on board.* In the meantime, the establishment of "The United Service Club" may be adduced in proof of the harmony now subsisting between the two services. Of this salutary accord, His Most Gracious Ma-

* For this, among other excellent regulations, he is chiefly indebted to the registers of punishments transmitted by the naval commanders to the Admiralty.

jesty, George the Fourth—God bless him!—was fully sensible, when, on his passage to Ireland, he steered for Milford Haven to seek shelter from the storm. Surrounded by his attendants, in either uniform, on board the yacht, and smiling with dignity and grace, he rubbed his hands, and gave his toast. "HERE'S THE ARMY AND NAVY, AND THE NAVY AND ARMY, AND MAY THEY ALWAYS PULL TOGETHER."

But to the point and purpose. The lady of the Governor of Saint Helena, of about the time I have referred to, was of a sprightly turn, or, as the world of scandal has it, "a little gay," and preferred, it may have been, overmuch, the society of a smart young Ensign, who could boast, as his best service, the soft dalliance of the chamber, to that of her husband, weather-beaten in the field, and worn by successive campaigns. She used to say, that the ugliest animals to be seen crossing the sands in front of the Government-House were A SAILOR AND A BUFFALO.

THE PARIS TENNIS COURT.

IN his youthful days, the present Monsieur, brother of Louis XVIII., then Count d'Artois, was a great frequenter of the Tennis Court, where he used to play for considerable sums. On these occasions, spectators were admitted into a small space

separated from the play-ground. He was at that time not greatly beloved by the public, on account of his close intimacy with the late Duc d'Orleans, who afterwards figured on the revolutionary scene as Citizen *Egalité*, and fell by the axe which had, chiefly by his instrumentality, been fatal to his Royal Cousin, Louis XVI.

It chanced one morning that, being matched against a French nobleman, His Highness lost so much, and with so undeviating a constancy, as entirely to lose his temper. What contributed chiefly to this, were the plaudits bestowed on his adversary at each successful event. "*Faites sortir cette canaille*"—turn out that rabble—said he imperiously to the master of the Tennis Court. The spectators withdrew, with one exception, that of the Chevalier Mallard Dubécé, a naval officer of a distinguished family, who, however solicited, would not stir from his post. This required explanation. "*Votre Altesse*," said the spirited officer, "*a ordonné de faire sortir la canaille: comme je n'en suis pas, je reste.*" Your Highness has ordered the rabble to be turned out: as I am not of that class, I remain where I am.

The Chevalier had no sooner reached home, than he made his reflections, which were far from being pleasant. He consulted his friends, who recommended to him unanimously, unless he was anxious to be visited by a *lettre de cachet*, to with-

draw, and hide himself in a distant province, until the storm should blow over. The *bulletin de la Cour, fait à la plume*, recorded the anecdote enthusiastically; and the tale flew about until it reached the royal ear. The benevolent Louis, far from being offended with the Chevalier, was rejoiced to find that he had, with such firmness, given so good a lesson to the CADET, his brother, whose exuberant pride he had humbled. He wished to see M. Mallard Dubécé, and converse with him; but the latter was far from the precincts of a court, the derangements of which were beyond the control of that virtuous, always misused, and unfortunate Sovereign.

WITH the above may be coupled another anecdote of equal force. The Marquis de Saint Huruge had murdered I know not how many of the peasants on his estates in a southern province. On these occasions it was the usage of any one of the privileged class to repair to court, and, falling on the knee, to obtain a pardon. The Marquis had gone too great a length in his career of blood, to be so easily absolved on his last saving visit to the court. "I will pardon you," said Louis sternly, "but with the proviso, that I will also pardon any one who will undertake to kill you." I have heard this blamed, as holding out, if not an encourage-

ment, an impunity to murder; but the Monarch had skilfully penetrated into the base and dastardly character of the Mârquis, who never again ventured on his southern estates.

After having, at the commencement of the French Revolution, meanly profited in London, as a distressed royalist whose property had been confiscated, by a public subscription, in addition to the government stipend allowed him, he went to Paris, and became an infuriated jacobin; but, like Anacharsis Kloots, his exaggerations of the grand regenerating cause, his known character of duplicity, and the rank he had once unworthily held in society, brought him under suspicion with his party; and the monster who, in addition to the cruelties he had inflicted on his vassals in general, had subjected divers of them to a more painful and lingering death, fell by the axe of the guillotine.

THE VENTRILOQUIST TURNED POSTUREMASTER.

At the time the above-mentioned subscription was on foot, I was at breakfast one morning, in Derby Street, May Fair, with a French gentleman who had been my fellow-traveller between London and Paris, when the Marquis entered, not to speak about that concern, but to ask his old Parisian friend to indite for him a charming love-letter to a pretty English lady, who, if she should receive

it condescendingly, might, as I conjectured, sha with him the bounty he was soliciting from her countrymen, when who should follow, close at his heels, but a celebrated ventriloquist of the same nation. It was a call the sequel of which afforded me some diversion.

This man, who had come to London to show off his rare talent, was still more unlucky than his countryman Fitzjames, who succeeded him in a similar attempt. I saw the latter in Paris, in the year 1801, soon after the long preliminaries of the short peace had been signed, at the Sieur Robertson's; and being the only Englishman then present, he submitted to me, whether, as the natural son of the Duc de Fitzjames, of the royal race of Stuart, his reception in London was likely to be favourable. I did not think his high birth an objection; but there may have been, in his case, what the French call *le dessous des cartes*, to subject him to the operation of the alien act, after his having twice or thrice displayed, in concert with the comic actor Volange, and his wife, his wondrous skill in ventriloquacity,* at Dulau's, in Soho Square.

I was seated at his side, when the Sieur Robertson, after having treated his audience with the

* Recommended to the notice of the Reverend Mr Todd.

phantasmagoria, the invisible girl, &c. complained, in the way of a trap for the novices at his exhibition, that Fitzjames, the ventriloquist, had disappointed him, as usual. The latter, with but an awkward and unpromising appearance for one of his ability, rose up to say that, stranger as he was, he would try to lessen the disappointment, and do his humble endeavour to entertain the company. Into the merits of his performances I shall not enter; but when they were over, in conversing with me, he spoke of Garrick. He had heard, he said, that this celebrated actor could simultaneously laugh on one side of his face, and cry on the other. The words were scarcely uttered, when, with two smart turns of the head, he did precisely what had been related to him of Garrick.—A French gentleman told me, among other instances of his ventriloquial address, that he had one evening planted himself in a *cul-de-sac* close by, and, by assuming as many different voices and dialects of speech, had sent off, toward the close of the performances at the *Theâtre Feydeau*, to various addresses, all the hackney-coaches in waiting to receive the company.

Now to the ventriloquist who, after his first and only public exhibition in the English capital, privately displayed his mimic powers in Derby Street. On leaving Paris, he fancied that it would be sufficient, to secure success to his undertaking, to

cross the channel with this accomplishment; but on reaching London, it was hinted to him that a handsome *set out* would also be requisite. The taylor to whom he was recommended, having witnessed an unsolicited specimen of his craft, was so pleased that his pulse beat to quick time. Rich dresses were provided, not only for our ventriloquist, but for Madame, his spouse, who was to sing, and play on the harp, between the acts, his patron engaging himself besides for the hire of the apartment, and the wax-lights.

The performances were duly announced, but the company seemed shy to assemble. Snip, when a boy, had learned the multiplication-table, and reflected that, at seven shillings per head, the multiplier, seven, was but a weak guarantee, at the beginning of the career, for more than forty pounds, his stake; so he shut up the professor of hollow sounds in *Banco Regis*, whence the latter had issued, on a day-rule, to solicit the kind aid of his friends.

The wainscot-dialogue between him and the sick gentleman in the next room, who, while straining and puking, vented his loud curses on the doctor, for having given him a dose, not of doubtful, but of double effect; that between the lady-abbess, the confessor, and the nuns; the charming air fingered on the plane surface of a side-table; the hounds, in full cry, whose various notes I dis-

tinctly heard, on applying, at his desire, my ear to his chest, while his mouth was closed:—on all this, and still more, I was pondering, when he bowed politely, and took a silent leave.

But he was not to quit the premises thus abruptly. The door was a-jar; and we presently heard, at the extremity of the passage fronting the staircase, some one calling to a person above. It was in French, and to the following effect: You ungracious rascal, said the voice below, how dare you, who are so able to work, to come here, and break a gentleman's repose in soliciting charity. Come down, you miscreant, come down. The voice above, in excuse, muttered penury and distress; and we heard the footsteps of the suppliant as he descended. We were listening to his plaints as he crossed the passage, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and a figure of hideous deformity presented itself to our view. It was that of a hunch-back dwarf, who could not rise above four feet; every joint was twisted and displaced; every limb seemed curved; and the aspect of the distorted features was ghastly! Now, taking in an instant his own figure, that of a well-built man of the middle size, our Proteus, having exhibited himself in his new character of a posture-master, bowed and departed.

Some months after, I was going up Ludgate Hill, and when nearly opposite the Old Bailey,

saw, coming toward me, an unsightly and misshapen dwarf resembling the counterfeit one I have described, wrapped in a great-coat, the skirts of which swept the pavement, and surrounded by a rabble of boys, while the tradesfolk were surveying at their doors this apparently frightful cast of nature's broken mould. It was my old acquaintance, the ventriloquist, whom I soon recognized. I turned, and followed as far as the obelisk opposite Fleet-market, when he threw himself up into his own shape, and with an air of unconcern, walked proudly on.

EL HICHO AL DICHO HAY GRAN TRECHO. BETWEEN THE DEED AND THE WORD THE ODDS IS GREAT.

Being, in the year 1800, at the great fair of Beaucaire, in Languedoc, which was then sufficiently crowded, and where, in more peaceful times, were to be seen throngs of individuals belonging to every nation of continental Europe, without reckoning the Asiatic and African traffickers who proceeded thither, by the Gulf of Lyons, with goods for barter or sale, I entered a picture-dealer's booth, and there, among other curious prints of the same cast, met with one representing Lord Nelson, on the quarter-deck of the flag-ship, l'Orient, in the act of delivering his sword to Admiral Bruix, the

French commander-in-chief. This must have happened, agreeably to the version of the print, in an early part of the battle of Aboukir, the ship being described as without injury to hull, masts, sails, or rigging; or, to employ the sailor's phrase, as having *all standing*. So far the British hero, Nelson, was lucky in his disaster, as he might otherwise have been at the side of his gallant adversary, Bruix, when, by the explosive force of gunpowder, his flag was seen floating in the ambient air.

The reader is not to be told that, after the battle of the 4th of June, the representative of the people, Jean-Bon-Saint-André, landed at Brest, to proclaim on his side the victory commonly ascribed to Lord Howe; and he may likewise have heard, that the battle of Trafalgar was followed by a like gasconade. He may have yet to learn, however, that this *ruse de guerre* is as old as the battle of Oudenarde, when so signal a victory over the French was gained by the confederates under the great Duke of Marlborough. For this reason I shall present him with an epigram, which, I have good authority for saying it, now makes its first appearance in print. I have also to say that, if any one of the ingenious contributors to Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine will favour the numerous readers of that valuable miscellany with an English version of this epigram, I will endeavour, without binding myself by an aboslute promise, to

select for him, from my store of French manuscripts, at least half a dozen others, equally original, and of equal point. They shall be sent to any address in London or Edinburgh he may name, under the signature of any one, or several, of the twenty-six* letters of the English alphabet, at his choice.

ÉLOGE DES FRANCAIS.

QUELQU'UN fit ces vers après la bataille d'Oudenarde en 1708, en l'honneur des Français.

Un Gascon, d'humeur goguenarde,
Arrivant du camp à Paris,
Après l'affaire d'Oudenarde,
Se trouva, dit-on, fort surpris;
C'étoit de voir que, dans les rues,
On faisoit partout grands feux,
Pour une bataille perdue,
Comme pour un succès heureux.
Ah! Cadedis, riant sous cape,
Badauds, vous faites, leur dit-il,
Ainsi que la pierre à fusil,
Plus de feu tant plus on vous frappe.

HE may not disapprove of the following, as an easy exercise for his pen.

* The Reverend Mr Todd contends, that there are twenty-four only. But he shall hear something about this when I have a little more time on my hands.

Monsieur de Condé offered a reward of a thousand crowns to the poet who should make the finest quatrain, to be placed at the foot of the statue of the Great Condé. This one was the production of a Gascon.

Pour célébrer tant de vertus,
Tant de hauts faits, et tant de gloire,
Mille écus, morbleu, mille écus,
Ce n'est pas un sol par victoire.

"QUOTH JOVE THEY DRINK PUNCH, THEY DRINK PUNCH UPON EARTH,
WHEREBY THE MORTAL WITS FAR EXCEED US IN MIRTH."

To preserve peace and good order at the fair of Beaucaire, it was customary to station there, so long as it lasted, a regiment of cavalry. The following ludicrous incident was related to me by a French gentleman, who was himself an eye-witness of the scene, as having occurred there a few years before my visit to that celebrated mart. The nobleman who commanded the cavalry-regiment abounded as much in whim and eccentricity as in riches. He had tormented such of the fair-going people as could not find accommodations for the night in the town, by blocking up the bridge (*du Saint-Esprit*) over the Rhone, and thus obliging them, either to travel far for a bed, or to sleep in the open air where they were,

when a thought suddenly struck him that he could not recompense them better for this hardship, than by solacing them with punch DRAWN FROM A WELL. Accordingly, all the lemons and oranges in the fair were bought up, with puncheon after puncheon of brandy, and as many loaves of sugar as it was thought would hold out. While the ingredients of the compound were thrown in on the one side of the well, the punch, varying in strength, was drawn up in buckets, with the utmost celerity, on the other. The mirth that ensued among the motley groups of males and females surrounding the well, may be much readier conceived than described, which my narrator tried to do; but he added that, toward nightfall, it grew into mad riot and intemperate disorder, which required all the strength of our officer's regiment of dragoons to control.

EXHIBITION OF A PRUDE.

WHY, Sukey, I declare, if you had not pointed it out to me, I should have passed it over among the huddled mass of "Sweepings" in hand, although it refers to the bold Colonel of Dragoons whose expensive frolic I have just copied for the printer. You are a bitter enemy of prudes; and that, I suppose, has made you so sharp-sighted on this occasion.

The Colonel's regiment was stationed in the vicinity of an agreeable city of the Cevennes, where dwelt a censorious prude, hated by all her neighbours, and suspected by most of them of being "at heart a rake." The Colonel knew the why and the wherefore, when he introduced himself to her acquaintance; and they gradually became so intimate, that she permitted him one evening to leave his horse in the stable, and take a bed at her house. How the sleeping-rooms were laid out, and how the stratagem was in that particular contrived, matters as little to the reader as it did to me when I heard the story, however I may have seen both the house and the lady. Early in the morning, the Colonel's servant having spread the rumour abroad that something curious, of his waggish master's contrivance, was shortly to be seen, fixed a large pannier, made expressly, to the wall beneath the lady's bedchamber window. The Colonel was familiar with his whistle, and finding all ready without, threw up the sash.

It may here be asked, how he happened to be so opportunely in Mademoiselle's apartment; but that shuns inquiry: such a hazard belongs to the mystic privacy on which a Frenchman even, in a lady's confidence, dares not touch. Taking the prude gently in his arms, he placed her in the pannier in her chemise, and secured the window within-side before he made good his retreat, but

not before he had sent, from the apprehension of a rescue, the maid-servant on a distant errand. The neighbours, both gentle and simple, gathered round; and Miss in the pannier had her tongue of scandal everlastingly tied.

HOW TO SMOKE A PATIENT.

[From Aunt Martha's Diary.]

PHYSICIANS have been known to ride their hobby-horses so indefatigably, and with so determined a speed, that, if peradventure the over-wrought animals have not broken down by the way, they have seldom failed to gallop down some of their patients in their blind career. Of this description was one whose most productive patient, an aged gentleman, wasted gradually, but perceptibly, to the skeleton-form. Having dosed him, for I know not how long, with Cayenne pepper, a remedy which was then greatly in vogue, he sent this hobby to the grass-field, and bestrid another named *Sal Polychreston*, the salt of many virtues, or, in Dutch—for the doctor had studied at Leyden—*Een middel tot vecle ziekten*, the mean, or remedy, for many infirmities, which of course saved him much painful thought in a dubious case. His patient was not a whit the better for this change, but on the other hand became shrivelled and reduced to what I have heard an old nurse call a

"natomy." "Doctor," said he, one morning, with rueful face, "you ask me how I do, and I would fain tell you what I think about myself. I am afraid you have not looked rightly into my *case*, which, as you may now perceive, is to be seen through without the help of a candle. You have, however, peppered me and salted me so well, that in my opinion nothing further remains for you to do but to hang me up the chimney, and dry me."

AND DO NOT SAY, 'TIS SUPERSTITION.

Winter's Tale.

At least, the naval officer who related to me the following anecdote would have been angry if he had heard the awful visitation so treated. By a similar token as we are told in story that, at the death of the usurper, Cromwell,

> "Toss'd in a furious hurricane,
> Did Oliver give up his reign:"

There was a raging tempest, such as had not been known in the memory of man, or hardly ever recorded to have been experienced in Great Britain; so, with the difference of its being an early portent, did that renowned warrior, whose feats the genius of history has often blushed to record, then General, and now Mr Whitelock, commence his inauspicious rule in Spanish America, taking

on himself a command which had been confided to better hands.

In the month of April, 1806, he arrived, in the Thisbe frigate, at Monte Video, in the Rio de la Plata. It appears by the concurrent testimony of the gentleman I have referred to, and of several other naval officers who were there at that time, having then passed on the station more than six months, that on the particular and ill-omened day, when the Thisbe, with her precious lading on board, was proceeding to her anchorage, sudden torrents of rain fell, accompanied by appalling peals of thunder, and a succession of flashes of lightning, of such intensity, and proximity to the surface of the earth, as to damage the Diomede of fifty guns, lying in the harbour. The calamity might have been very serious on board the above ship, if the most powerful flash had not struck the anchor, which, as a conductor, favoured the escape of the electric fluid into the water. At other times, during and after the above period, not any atmospherical phenomena were observed, besides slight flashes of lightning, with distant thunderclaps, such as often occur in Great Britain during the summer months.

I have said above, "and *now* Mr Whitelock," because I have reason to think, however it was little to be expected that, in the case of his demise, the event would be, if at all, announced with any eclat, that

he is still living, but certainly not in the enjoyment of the *otium cum dignitate* to which so early a favourite of fortune might have aspired. I recollect having seen him many years ago, at the time he was a subaltern, and his regiment encamped on the lines near Chatham. This distant hint suggested to me a strong personal resemblance, all due allowances made, between the young officer I then noticed, and an aged gentleman bearing the same name, who was pointed out to me the other day, taking his customary morning-ride in the vicinity of Kensington Gardens, in a light chariot drawn by one horse, and called, by some one in my hearing, "*a half-fortune*," under the guidance of a coachman who appeared to me to have begged his livery, at Marylebone workhouse, of one of the overseers of that parish.

"There was that within which pass'd all show."

'TIS ALL MY EYE AND BETTY MARTIN.

WHETHER this queer saying did or did not originate with what I am going to relate, and which happened in the year 1781, the story appears to me to be worth telling.

Betty Martin, a mantuamaker of a tall, spare figure, and of an immeasurable stride, resided in a village in Kent. For a considerable time she *played the ghost* very successfully, to the great terror of the natives, but being at length detected,

it became proverbial there, when what was asserted did not bear the semblance of truth, or when an attempt was made, according to the vulgar phrase, to put a sham on any one, to say, "'Tis ALL MY EYE AND BETTY MARTIN."

It was Betty's custom to sally out in the evening, with a bundle containing the ghastly equipments of her ghostlike disguise, on the pretext that she was taking a gown, or some other article of female apparel, to a country-employer, and then to hide herself in an adjacent wood, where she put on the array that best suited her dark intent.

One gloomy night, she stalked terrifically down a lane leading to the centre of the village, and faced by a cobbler's workshop,

"Which served him for parlour, and kitchen, and hall."

Gently drawing up the latch, with two springs she not only upset the table, fronting the fire-place, at which the cobbler and his wife were making a late supper, but threw the poor old woman into such violent hysterics, as sent her sprawling among the ale-steeped remains of the bread, cheese, and onions.

Her ghostly performances were all well planned and enacted, but she failed in the last attempt; for it seems that two individuals, "of sex diverse," belonged to a party that had been at the public-house, at the corner of the wood, called "The

Axe and Billet," to eat pudding-pies,* and drink cyder-and, having strayed, on their return, from their companions, to see if they could pick a few strawberries by the nascent light of the moon in her earliest quarter, or for some other innocent and recreative purpose, perceived Betty, in grim disguise, in a thicket, just as she had besmeared her visage with a layer of moist whiting. This discovery diverted the current of their inward bent: they hastened to their party with the awful tidings, which were speedily circulated; and ever and anon—*a ghost—a ghost*—was echoed throughout the village, when Betty stirred abroad. She had come into it a stranger a few months before, and suddenly disappeared a few days after her secret was divulged, without any one undertaking to seek into her remote destiny.

ARTHUR MURPHY'S NOSE.

THE bust of this celebrated dramatic writer was executed by Turnerelli, who then resided in Greek-street, Soho. A gentleman who had been long intimate with the deceased, happened to look in

* A rich composition of rice, eggs, cream, currants, &c. eaten during Lent, and furnishing the chief regalement of the Sunday-evening parties in their rural excursions. This usage belongs exclusively to a particular district of Kent.

just as the cast, covered with a napkin, was brought into the shop, the clay being still moist. Being curious to see what was beneath the napkin, and finding on inquiry that it concealed the features of his respected friend, the covering was at his request removed. The resemblance was in every particular striking, except that the nose stood awry. The workman had, it seems, in removing it from the back premises, given it a fillip; and with a dexterous fillip, on the other side, the sculptor, to whom this was pointed out, set it right. But for this, it might have passed current, in after times, among his admirers, on a view of the bust, that the fine, manly features of Arthur Murphy were somewhat disfigured by a wry nose. It is to be lamented that the historical facts which accident may have distorted were not to be adjusted with equal facility.

GRAN SABOR ES COMER Y NO ESCOTAR.

TO PARTAKE OF GOOD CHEER WITHOUT PAYING ONE'S SHOT, TO EACH DISH GIVES A DELICATE SAVOUR, I WOT.

And so thought the poet from Hibernia's shore, who was daily to be seen in the most frequented streets of London a few years ago. Many must still recollect a tall, meagre, squalid figure of a man, dressed in a tattered suit which had once been black, and whose wan countenance exhibited

an air of study, blended with a dejected look that seemed to intimate a long-past-by acquaintance with better days.

This forlorn votary of the muses, who moved compassion, lived, so far as moistening his clay was to be called living, on the scraps, poetic and prosaic, with which he supplied the newspapers, with an occasional contribution to the magazines, when a place could be found to marshal him, as one of the awkward squad, in the poet's corner; but for his solid support, he depended chiefly, if not exclusively, on the good-humoured complacency of the keepers of the cheap eating-houses.

He fell quite into the humour of the Spanish adage, and fared more savourily than the other guests, because his disbursements were wont to come, not from the pocket, or, in the sailor's dialect, from the rarely-shotted locker, but from the still-overflowing fount of his ready wit, couched in the terse and felicitous phraseology of his native island. This was ordinarily received as current coin; while at intervals commiseration for his abject state paid the reckoning: but the protestations he made, on his honour, that the day of settlement was at hand, as they were not confided in, were left unregistered.

The free horse, however, will tire at last; and so will the cook who sinks, in vain promises, what has cost him, over and above his prompt expendi-

ture, many a dripping care and melting sigh. Among the least free of these animals, or machines, who wind themselves up like a jack, in prosecuting the daily routine of their culinary labours, was one Simpson, who kept an eating-house in Salisbury Court, Fleet-street. This man verified, in his swollen person, the observation of Shakspeare, that

> "Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
> Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout quite the wits."

Being as remarkable for the vacuity of his skull, as was an acquaintance of his, named Price, residing in Fetter Lane, for profane swearing. In passing up the lane one Sunday morning, the poet was summoned into the front parlour, by a tap at the window. "You ragamuffin," said Simpson, "you owe me eighteen-pence for three dinners, which I'll freely forgive you, if you'll sport something clever, and off-hand, about my friend Price and me." This was the impromptu.

> When once again shall come Noah's flood;
> When Price shall cease to d—— his blood;
> And Simpson speak a word of sense;
> I'll haste to pay the eighteen-pence.

FATHER O'GARA ON HIS ROUTE FROM LONDON TO PARIS.

An agreeable companion in a post-chaise is not always to be found on a sudden emergency; and in

entering a public vehicle, each has to take his chance of company. It befel me, in transferring myself from the English to the French capital, in the autumn of 1785, to meet with unexceptionably pleasant and amusing companions, as well in the stage-coach on this side of the channel, as in the diligence beyond sea. It was my first trip to France, a kingdom which I have since so often had occasion to visit; but the impression it has left behind, however strong, would not have led me to pluck its incidents from among the gathered "Sweepings," had it not been for the individual who is destined to animate, by his eccentricities, the transient scene.

My companions in the Dover coach were what were then called pass-passengers, that is, they were taken up at the Black Bear in Piccadilly, to be conveyed to Paris for five guineas each, their principal meals on the road included. They consisted of an Irish priest, who had in his charge a young lad of the same nation, destined for the Irish college in Paris; of a Frenchman settled in London; and of an English, or, I should have said, a Scottish lady, who, visiting Paris for the first time, without any knowledge of the French tongue, but provided with letters of introduction as her only and best safeguard when arrived, was in a manner committed to my care at Dover, by a titled relative who had come thither to meet her.

We breakfasted at Rochester, and dined at Canterbury, where the landlord of the inn shewed his high respect for the company, by setting us down to cold, lean ribs of pork, with small ale served up in decanters, but so flat that it seemed to me to have been watered on its passage from the cellar to the dining-room. I was nettled at this hard usage, and contended that, as I had not entered into any contract either with the Black Bear, or the White Bear, in Piccadilly, and had engaged to defray my own expenses on the route, I was entitled to civil treatment for my money. On this remonstrance, a roast-duck was produced, and shared out, as far as it would go, among the company. To this treat I gallantly superadded a pint of port wine, to be enabled to hand a glass to the lady. Notwithstanding this extravagance, together with certain extras at Dover, I found, on reaching the French capital, that I had the advantage of a few shillings over the pass-passengers. They, on the other hand, had, at Calais, a priority of claim to the disengaged seats in the diligence—a privilege which might have detained me there for a day.

We reached Dover in the evening, and were told we were to embark in the packet at eleven at night. This interval of a few hours was productive of a diverting scene between Father O'Gara, the Irish priest, and Monsieur Marié, the French landlord.

Whether the latter had become, by his transplantation to the British soil, a bad and slovenly catholic, or in what other way he might have given offence to the spiritual father who confessed him, we could not learn; but after they had been closeted for a few minutes, the fury of the priest against our host became ungovernable. The quaint style of his abuse, his brogue, his gestures, every thing about him was truly comic, while he followed the dejected landlord from apartment to apartment, allowing him neither shelter nor repose.

On our way to the packet he was more boisterous than the wind, which, snatching new terrors from the darkness of the night, came in portentous gusts to awe such of the passengers as had not been accustomed to a sea-voyage. Marié preceded us with a lantern: the *pater* swore vehemently that he would duck him; and, but for our interference, would certainly have tumbled him headlong from the quay while the luggage was lowering down.

We had a strong breeze; and Father O'Gara was among the first to feel the qualms of sea-sickness, to guard against the attack of which it is customary to keep on deck, in the air. He did so, but the giddiness, faintness, and lassitude which shortly overtook him, induced him to quit his station, and to seek relief in a recumbent posture below. A vacant bed-place in the cabin presented

itself to his view; and as his case was pressing, he was proceeding to step into it without ceremony, when the cabin-boy, who stood prepared against every emergency, with a basin in one hand and a mop in the other, protested against his boots, which subjected him, he said, to a fine of half-a-crown. I happened to be below, and asserted that he was justified, by the sudden sickness which overpowered him, to turn in booted; while the boy, who had sagacity enough to perceive that the fine, if incurred, would not be paid, insisted on the contrary." "Keep on your boots, father," said I.—"Off with your boots," exclaimed the boy—and in this way he was kept, like Francis, the drawer, between Prince Hal and Poins, for some minutes in anxious suspense. At length, with a visage, depictive of grief and despair, like that of Hamlet, in his interview with Ophelia,

"Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other,"

And with one boot off, and the other on, like the representative of Hamlet encountering Polonius, on a country stage, his stomach yielded to the unruly motions of the vessel. Ah! thought I, if the gentle Marié could but see you from his inn at Dover!

We landed at Calais early in the morning, and having taken some refreshment at the inn, I sallied forth into the town. I had before seen many

strange places, but these were either transatlantic, or widely remote, and the mind gradually prepared for the novelties they presented. Here the transition was sudden, and the images of the preceding evening—of the objects on the opposite coast—still fresh in the memory. A few hours, passed in the solemnity of the night, had introduced me to a new world, in which whatever presented itself to my observation differed entirely from what I had so recently quitted.*

Having inspected the shops, visited the churches and convents, and seen the troops paraded, my fel-

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* It is the narrow strip of sea which occasions this marked difference. Sicily, also separated by a strait, compared with the states of Italy, has much less affinity of habits and usages than have these states reciprocally:—an observation which equally applies to Italy and Greece, divided by the narrow Adriatic sea, and to Turkey in Europe, and Asiatic Turkey, separated by the Bosphorus. Where there is a land boundary it is otherwise: in some instances, the passage from one European territory to another is better known by the general face of the country, and by the more or less improved state of agriculture, than by any characteristic traits of the inhabitants. The Swiss on the side of France take a tinge from their neighbours, which makes them differ essentially from those who touch the German border. In many cases where there has been a transfer of territory, however remote, the gradation of habits, in the progress from the one state to the other is scarcely sensible. Many of the natives of Alsace and Lorraine not only speak the German language fluently, but are in their manners almost Germans.

low passengers and myself were led to the custom-house, where our trunks were inspected by an officer in full dress, with sword and bag, who contented himself with a very slight inspection of their contents, scarcely removing any one object, and who, to my great surprise, refused a fee. At Dover they had no such scruple, and were, for several reasons, more strict in their search.

It was the custom at that time for respectable English and French families residing near the coast, to exchange their children with a view to their acquiring the language on either side. I had a commission to two young English ladies, whose parents had made this kind of transfer, and who, on my presenting myself, found some difficulty in articulating their own language, not that they had forgotten how to bring the words together, but because the habit they had contracted of constantly speaking the French, required an effort in seeking a new modulation of the organs of speech.

Between Calais and Amiens, Father O'Gara amused the company in the diligence by artfully feigning sleep at the end of each stage, when the postillions presented themselves to solicit from each of the passengers the customary present of a *gros sol*, or penny-piece. While he snored lustily, his pupil paid them with "*allez coucher*," the only two French words he had contrived to pick up on the road.

I had like to have involved myself with the Father, in what I considered a sad scrape, at Amiens. As we had some leisure before dinner, I accompanied him to the cathedral church, where, among the carved figures, was a St Anthony, whose nose the worms had gnawed. I inquired of him whether the accident by which the most prominent feature of the saint's visage was thus mutilated, was comprehended among the good deeds which had procured him a place in heaven. The allusion was too plain to be lost on him; and he threatened me with what he would do on our reaching Paris. If I could then have been sensible of the profane scenes I should have to witness there, I should not have dreaded his threat, which kept me, however, on my guard, and made me somewhat of a dissembler, when topics of religion were touched, insomuch that I was on excellent terms with the Father before we reached

THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

On our alighting from the diligence, the *Valets de Place* surrounded us, and made a rude attack on my fellow-traveller, the Frenchman, who was advanced in years, and shabbily dressed, on a supposition that he had the charge of my fair countrywoman and myself, and would balk them of the engagements they expected to make. He escorted us to an elegant Hôtel, les Bains de Bour-

bon, in the Rue de Richlieu, where we were to stay until the one could be fixed in a seminary of education, and the other disposed of in the University Quarter, to prosecute his studies.

HOW TO DRIVE A BARGAIN.

Monsieur P—— was a *franc Norman*, who is considered in France what it has been the custom to regard a Yorkshireman in England, that is, as one not scrupulous about overreaching when he has a fair opportunity. As Paris is not likely to see such days again, I shall here give an account of our table-expenditure, and of his address in providing for our entertainment. I accompanied him to a *traiteur* in the Palais Royal, where, from four livres per head, he beat down the unfortunate Italian cook to two livres, and that for *two*, it having been planned by him that the lady should be kept out of view in the negotiation. For this moderate sum we had an excellent dinner, served on silver, a dessert, and wine. The servant having brought to the apartment of the Hôtel the dishes and apparatus, was excused attendance, and the lady called in from her chamber to partake of the rich fare. It should be observed that, in bargaining, it was then the custom of the *traiteur* to inquire whether *les restes*, the remains of the meal were to be kept, or delivered over to him, as in the latter case he would be expected to

make an abatement. With us they were kept, and either a chicken, or some other delicacy, with a bottle of wine, laid by for our supper. Two meals were thus supplied to three individuals at the small cost of three shillings and fourpence English.

THE UNIVERSITY QUARTER.

THE lodging was, however, on an extravagant scale—a consideration which accelerated my views on the other side of the Pont-Neuf. The directions given me in London led me to the Hôtel de Nassault, Rue de la Harpe, where I satisfied the landlady that John Bull was not always the dupe of his fantasies in a foreign land. The apartments were of different sizes and decorations; and I chose the plainest, of a moderate size, at fifteen livres per month. My countrymen were not then so well known, either in the French capital, or in the provinces, as they have recently been, where the frugal notions of many among them have engendered so much base suspicion of those with whom they have had to deal: I was therefore considered by Madame as a *rara avis*, who had pitched on her in his flight across the British channel. Unless I had hired a *cabinet*, without a fire-place, which would have ill answered for the winter, I could not have been more cheaply accommodated.

My hair-dresser, who was to find powder and pomatum, I engaged at four livres per month. He was a genteel fellow; and, having to take his choice of either branch of the mixed profession, occasionally asked me, to my great mortification, whether he should have the honour to see me, at the fixed hour, at the *Ecole de Chirurgie.* I had brought from England several letters of introduction to professors and others; and one of these, feeling myself indisposed, I requested a little boy, the landlady's nephew, to deliver in the vicinity. "Am I to say," inquired the youth, "that it is from my Lor Anglais?" a pretty Lord, thought I, pent up in a chamber which costs him about three English shillings per week, having each morning to black either boots or shoes, according as the weather holds, and rarely passing less than half-an-hour, when that operation is over, in rubbing and brushing from the skirts of his great coat the *boue de Paris*, that most tingent and refractory of all street muds!

THE POLICE OF PARIS.

I THOUGHT I could not be more careful to lock my trunks, when I prepared to sally forth to breakfast, and was therefore surprised one morning when the boy came running after me in great haste to say that they were open. From his over-eagerness, I might have suspected, on feeling in

my pocket, and finding the keys there, where in such a case they could not well have been, that there was a trick in this, as it was easy for the landlady to have kept *her* key of the chamber safe until my return. The locks of the trunks had been picked by a police-scout, in concert with her, and the sudden message merely intended as a blind. My effects were pretty nearly as I had left them; but still I could perceive that they had been looked over.

I learned afterwards, on becoming acquainted with a worthy Fleming, whose relative held a high office in the Parisian police, that this sleight was not uncommonly practised on strangers. Among a variety of interesting anecdotes, he related to me an adventure of a French gentleman, from a distant province, who, on his coming to Paris, engaged at hazard, as his valet, a promising youth. Being married, it was of particular importance to him, that his intrigue in the capital should not be known; but it so happened, that whenever he paid a visit to his mistress, the lad was descried, on the opposite side of the street, watching his entrance. On his return to Paris a year or two after, by a different route, and alighting in an opposite quarter, he was greatly surprised to find his old valet in attendance, and anxious to make a new engagement with him. He had ascertained, in the interim, that the lady had shifted her abode;

and in seeking her address, he perceived his faithful valet following his movements, as heretofore, but at a respectful distance.

Until now he had, in his simplicity, considered what had passed as purely accidental, or arising from a pardonable curiosity; but his suspicions of the police were awakened. Having been disappointed of his *tête-à-tête*, a plan suggested itself to him, on his return home, which he thought would baffle every attempt at *espionage*. This was to send his valet the next morning with a note, requesting his correspondent, at the other extremity of Paris, to confide to the bearer a particular sum in crown-pieces. The lad was sent off accordingly, and forth sallied his master on the old errand. Being at the very threshold of his wishes, the apparition, as he thought it, of his valet, darted on him from over the way. Partly by threats, and partly by enticements, the mystery was cleared up to him. The note had been given to another *mouchard* close at hand to do the errand; and the latter had procured the amount of the crown-pieces, which our gallant, on his hasty return to the hôtel, found lying on the table in a sealed bag.

A CHEAP WARMING.

Fuel, always extravagantly dear in Paris, as well as in the provinces, may be placed at the head of

the articles of consumption and prime necessity, which have thwarted the views of many of the British who have sought a cheap asylum in France. In the Palais-Royal was an exhibition of wax-work, far superior to any I have seen in London, opened by the Sieur Curtius, at the very moderate charge of two sous, which were not paid at entrance, but on quitting, the Sieur having adopted this plan, because, as he said to me, those who had seen the show, would be so gratified, as not only to pay cheerfully, but to bestow praises on his liberality, who could thus leave the remuneration to their option, as he never pressed them on their departure. It was thronged daily, being the resort of all classes, but chiefly by the country people, who used to make it an agreeable lounge of some hours' duration, thus escaping a heavy charge for firing where they had taken up a temporary abode. *Ici on s'échauffe à peu de frais*—here a cheap warming is to be had—said a Parisian wag, on observing a group of country visitors pressing in to this exhibition.

THE ANGLOMANIA.

PARTLY through a motive of economizing on fuel, and partly with the view of re-establishing, by exercise, a constitution shattered by hard services and severe sufferings in North America, it was my custom to take my breakfast at the *Café Patural*, near

the Palais-Royal, and then to post back to my studies. But a few months before, the interior of this, as of all the coffee-houses in Paris, had but a sombre look, borrowed from the sable suits of the loungers by whom it was frequented. The full dress, with sword and bag, was now, except in a few instances, thrown aside, to give place to the English costume, which the French ladies even began to admire. The worst cut coat from a slop-shop which an Englishman could bring on his back to Paris, was courted as a pattern, and submitted to the inspection of the Parisian tailor. So it was in other particulars: I was consulted by a Frenchman, who brought his unfinished teaspoons in his pocket, to know whether, in London, the extremities of the handles were turned upward or downward. But the most ridiculous aping was in the article of tea-drinking. While we, Englishmen, who had deserted coffee as a pernicious breakfast, took hearty sips of our strong infusion, a Frenchman would begin by filling his teapot with boiling water, would then throw in a pinch or two of the herb,*

* He was fearful of over-dosing himself with what he had heretofore considered as the potent ingredient of the ptisan so commonly administered in sickness. Being some years after the present date in Languedoc, a French gentleman who had expressed a wish to make my acquaintance, was introduced while the tea was serving. On a cup being handed to him—*Diable!* he exclaimed, *Ie ne suis pas venu ici pour être tisanné.* The devil! I am not come here to be physicked.

taken between his thumb and fore-finger, and, lastly, squeeze into it the juice of a lemon, sweetening the liquor to his taste.

The exchange of the sword for the cane was, however, a happy result of the anglomania. In my evening promenades in the Palais Royal, I have seen two gallants, in dispute about a worthless mistress, as furious at the onset as all Frenchmen are. Unprovided with the weapon which might have been of fatal issue, the momentary ebullition had no sooner subsided, than the crest fell, and the white feather was displayed. Each of the combatants having broken his cane on his adversary's head, wept like an infant, and withdrew from the contest without the intervention of the Swiss Guards, whose duty it was to part them, but who tranquilly surveyed the bloodless scene.

THE ENGLISH MALADY.

BELONGING to the collection of French manuscripts in my possession, of which I may have occasion to speak more fully hereafter, is a correspondence, similar to that of Diderot and Grimm, addressed to the Chevalier Charles Emmanuel de St Priest, then in command of the *Régiment de Royal Piemont*, on service in various of the French provinces. Those, at a distance from the capital, who could afford to pay for this information, were

put in possession, by a news-collector who kept his *emanuenses*, of all the court scandals, and of what was passing generally, in the way of political intrigue, and otherwise, throughout Europe; while the other subjects of the Grand Monarque were kept, on these points, in the dark, nothing more being allowed in print than the dry details of public events about which no one seemed to care.

In this correspondence, which terminates about where my immediate recollections of the French capital commence, and the most interesting portions of which I shall interweave with them, the writer, in touching on the prevalence of suicide in France, expresses himself to the following effect: "Suicide, with which the English nation has been reproached, is become very frequent in France. At Paris, and even in the provinces, examples are afforded of this weakness. A few days ago, a man blew out his brains in the Champs Elysées. The laws are relaxed, and no longer pursue with their vengeance those who, in their rashness, are guilty of these excesses. It will perhaps be found necessary to recur to the first principles."

In the space of a fortnight, in the summer of 1786, no less than seventeen noted examples of the commission of this horrid crime were privately registered by a British officer residing in Paris. The body of one of these, a Knight of St. Louis, who had just blown out his brains, I myself

saw in the garden of the Tuilleries, and could not help remarking how little the sad spectacle drew the attention of the *badauds*, who promenaded around the spot with a careless indifference.

The above officer, who was constantly on the alert in the prosecution of this inquiry, daily visited the *Morgue*, where the dead bodies, either dragged from the Seine, or found in the streets, were exposed for the recognition of their relatives. On these inspections, which required some precautions, as many of the bodies were in a putrid state, I accompanied him occasionally, and have seen, lying on the paved floor, as many as five, and seldom less than two. A portion of these had been either accidentally drowned, or crushed by the carriages at night in the narrow streets; but there were sufficient evidences to show that the greater part of them had put a period to their existence.

On the subject of the English malady, I recollect having been present, at Arras, in Flanders, in the time of the Directory, at the representation of a piece entitled LE BOSTONIEN, OU LE FOU RAISONNABLE. I could not well make out why the hero of the drama should be a Bostonian, not having heard, in the course of my Transatlantic peregrinations, that what we vulgarly call "the hip," or a state bordering on melancholy madness, was endemial in that part of North America, and to be met with in its exaggerated form. In treading

the stage, he spoke of nothing but shooting himself, and, ever and anon, drew a pistol from his pocket for that purpose, being fully resolved to rid himself of the perplexities of this life. Just as, on his early entrance, he raises the pistol to his head, in comes the tavern-boy in tears: he is on the eve of losing his mistress, who is to be sacrificed to a wealthier rival. The Bostonian gives him his purse, and, in its stead, puts the pistol in his pocket. In this way, one benevolent deed, thwarting his desperate purpose, follows on the heels of another, and the piece concludes without a single shot having been fired. This was too much in praise of the English character, to be represented, without a mask, on a French democratic stage; and the hypochondriac of the scene, of the parent-stock, was made to figure as a native of Boston.

THE ROYAL LOTTERY.

To the spirit of gambling, which was strongly excited by the frequency of the drawings of the Royal Lottery, were to be ascribed many of the acts of suicide committed in Paris. It was open to individuals of all ranks and degrees, from the humble adventurer of ten sous, to the one whose rich stake was so distributed on the numbers of his choice, as not to threaten ruin to the establishment,

in the event of the turning up of a *terne* or *quaterne*, that is, of either three or four numbers, of the five to be drawn from the wheel, named by him. As to the *quinte*, or five numbers thus named, of the ninety in the wheel, presenting themselves, that was justly considered to be next to an impossibility, as any one may be convinced on looking into the volume of the French Encyclopædia entitled *Dictionnaire des Récréations Mathématiques.*

Beside the Royal Lottery, there were in Paris divers others, such as that of *Les enfans trouvés*, (the foundlings), for charitable purposes; so that there was scarcely a day which did not bring with it its chance, to render many more wretched than they already were, while it benefited the few. Whether within doors or without, the lottery was everywhere the theme.

I often saw, in the Palais Royal, a *ci-devant* lackey who had burst into fortune by a lucky adventure, and who was styled *Le Chevalier Terne.* His new condition, which might have turned his brain, fitted him well, for he was neither too forward nor too shy. Many have been maddened by a prosperous event unexpectedly overtaking them; but I never heard of more than one who went mad on the occasion of his neighbour's prosperity. It happened to me that I was poisoned, at a *traiteur's* who dwelt at the back of the Louvre, with a pint

of red wine, which I had strong grounds for thinking contained a powerful saturnine deposition, having been drawn from the bottom of the cask. My nerves were shaken; and I remained for some time so feeble that I could scarcely crawl about. It was recommended to me to change the air, and from the *Quartier St Jaques* I placed myself *en pension* at a boarding-house, where were inmates of various nations, in the suburb of Chaillot.

I had there to study many characters, but the one I should have most liked to see had whimsically disappeared some time before. He belonged to a numerous sect in Paris, the members of which were almost as worthless, and unprofitable to society, as were the cloistered cenobites of their day. These animals, priding themselves on being classed among the *petite noblesse* of the kingdom, and barely provided with what sufficed for their support, disdained to follow any avocation or pursuit, and condemned themselves to perpetual celibacy. The one in question had a hair-dresser who was so lucky as to gain a *terne* in the lottery, the amount of which, put out to interest, yielded him a yearly revenue somewhat greater than that of his employer. That a plebeian so immediately and servilely connected with him should possess this advantage, wrought so sensibly on the imagination of the latter, that, at the public table, he frequently declared it to be his resolution to hang himself.

he
the *Maître de pension*, judging him at length to be in earnest, reasoned with him, and acquainted his sister with the particulars of this strange mental aberration. She likewise brought her eloquence into exercise; but the impression was too strong: he was found, in the Bois de Bologne, suspended from the branch of a tree, a few weeks before I took up my abode at Chaillot.

A coachman, in the service of a nobleman, was discarded late at night for drunkenness. In staggering homeward to his wife, and family of small children, he had to pass a lottery-office, which was still open. Having entered, he advanced boldly to the counter, "Stand aside, fellow, with your paltry adventure of twenty-four sous, while I serve these gentlemen," said the lady who gave out the tickets. "Mine is not to be a paltry adventure, as you impertinently call it," retorted the drunken man; and on the counter he threw a bright louis-d'or, one of eleven he had just received as his wages. "What are your numbers, and how do you stake them?" inquired madame, winking to the gentlemen at the excellence of the joke. He would have, he said, a *terne sec*, but as to the numbers, he would leave them to her choice. The billet, containing three numbers jestingly written down, was delivered accordingly.

Coachey did not find his way home, and was just recovered from his drowsy intoxication, when,

at a few minutes after nine in the morning, he stopped, placed in front of another lottery-office, the board which displayed the five fortunate numbers that had started from the wheel. He had a faint recollection of what had passed overnight, and drew from his pocket the billet, which agreed, in its inscribed numbers, with three of the numbers on the board. He hastened back to the lucky office, and demanded the five thousand, five hundred louis' which had fallen to his lot. They were paid to him punctually; but, on the other hand, the young lady looked for her present, which is customary on these occasions. "Not one liard shall you have from me," said the lucky adventurer. "When I addressed myself to you last night for a billet, I was as blind as the fortune over which you preside. To the sharpness of your sight I owe my fortunate *terne sec;* but you were insolent in the delivery. May this teach you not to scorn in future the venture of the poor man, whom misery, and not a thirst after superfluous riches, may have led to your office, to try his fortune."

The capricious goddess still favoured this man, who was pointed out to me in his carriage, with a modest equipage. What has intoxicated so many others, had sobered him, probably for life.

"Look to number one," and "mind the main chance," are of synonimous import; but the Parisians, both high and low, were looking anxiously,

the summer of 1786, to number forty-five, so celebrated with us in the turbulent days of Wilkes and liberty. According to expectancy, and supposing the chances alike, each of the numbers in the royal lottery of France, ought, in the revolutions of the wheel, to have been once drawn within the space of nine months. This unobtrusive number, however, had remained undrawn for nearly three years, and was, in common estimation, either bewitched or *plombé* (leaded). Still it was to come up at last; and the government, to the end that it might not be oppressed by the weight of the noble metals laid on it, prudently ordained that it should not be speculated on, or ridden, as was once our phrase, without having other numbers, to a gross amount, in its train, to bear the greater part of the burden.

A LUCKY BIGAMIST.

A RESPECTABLE man, aged upwards of sixty years, by trade a dealer in wine, was led to the *Grève* to receive his punishment as a bigamist. As such a spectacle was rarely to be witnessed in Paris, it attracted an immense crowd of spectators. The culprit, with an iron collar about his neck, was bound to a stake, and exhibited thus for two hours, commencing at noon. On either side of him was a distaff, and on his breast and back, a paper, on

which was inscribed the word "bigamist." It was lucky for him that the curiosity of the public was so strongly excited, as he collected a sufficient sum to enable him to pass his time comfortably, and at his ease, during the nine years of his banishment from the city of Paris and its dependencies.

THE MODERN DOCTORS.

This was the title of a laughable piece brought out at the Théâtre Italien, in ridicule of Mesmer and animal magnetism. Cassander, and another doctor, his confederate, swear that they will magnetise all the world, and enrich themselves at the expense of their dupes. Several of the scenes were rather indelicate, those more particularly of the luminous *crises*, which might have been described as having taken place behind the curtain, instead of being brought forward on the stage. Among the happy touches, a gascon brings his sword to be magnetised, declaring it to be his resolution to kill his enemies through a stone-wall, whatever may be its thickness and dimensions. At the close of the first representation, a call having been made for the author, a performer came forward to say, that he had just left the apartment of the *crises*, and they really could not tell what was become of him.

The following curious anecdote is connected with

hg above subject of animal magnetism.—Many reports had been circulated respecting Madame de St Flain. In the first place, her connexion with Lord Digby had led to a supposition that she had been arrested as being the *entrepot* of an illicit correspondence. Here the French editor inquires, "Whether England, in time of peace, could have need of a spy in France? Afterwards, as it was known that she occasionally saw M. de Parades, confined at Chateaudun as a state-prisoner, it was still urged that she was a spy. This was, however, without foundation; and what passed at the house of Madame la Rue, whom she attempted to murder, was the sole occasion of her imprisonment. What caused surprise was, that a young woman like her, who seemed attached to her household-concerns, and to her children,- one of whom, aged four months, she suckled, should have been led to commit so atrocious a crime. She was instigated by a motive of revenge against Madame la Rue, who had, against her consent, brought about a match between her brother-in-law, the brother of M. de St Flain, and one of her nieces. That this little woman, meagre, and as dry as a chip, had a wrong head, a bad heart, and the most violent passions, may be partly evidenced by what happened last summer. She went to M. Delon's to be cured of an extensive burn in the arm. The cure having been brought about, the latter inquir-

ed of her how the accident had been occasioned. "It was I who did it," replied Madame de St Flain; "I burned myself expressly to know whether your magnetism would cure so large a wound." Her own relatives, without the knowledge of her husband, took the necessary steps to protect society against so dangerous a character."

A PUNNING CANDIDATE FOR AN ACADEMIC CHAIR.

THE Chevalier de Rimini, one of the candidates for a chair which had become vacant in the French academy, no longer entertaining any doubt of the celebrated Abbé Maury having the preference, wrote to the president, M. de Marmontel, to say that he gave up all further pretensions, and concluded his letter by the following pun: *Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori,* [*à Maury*], to show how deserving he was of the honour to which he had aspired.

A NAME CLOSELY NICKED.

M. DE MERCY, who made daily visits to the court at Versailles, in discoursing with the unfortunate MARIE ANTOINETTE, who took the highest interest on the side of her relative the emperor, in the dispute concerning the freedom of the navigation of the Scheld, gave her Majesty positive assurances

that all would end well, and that there would not be, on either side, any hostile act committed. So much the better, replied the Queen, the French will no longer call me *Manon l'Escaut* (Moll Scheld). In recording this anecdote, the French editor, *badaud*-like, expresses his surprise that this *sobriquet* should have reached the court; as if every opprobrious epithet, levelled at its inmates, and in favour among the ladies of the *halle*,* and fishwomen, was not sure to be reverberated against the wall of the palace, and picked up by some greedy slander-hunting courtier, who might find an interest in its propagation.

ANECDOTE OF THE EMPEROR, JOSEPH II., AND PRINCE KAULNITZ.

It is known that his Imperial Majesty seldom consulted his ministers, and that the one most in his confidence was Prince Kaulnitz. He consulted him, however, at the time when, having given the Dutch to understand that he was desirous to enjoy the free navigation of the Scheld, he tried to obtain possession of it by force. "We must arm a few vessels," said the Emperor, "and make them pass."—"But," observed Prince Kaulnitz, "THEY

* Market-place. The language of the low people in Paris is styled—*language des halles.*

(the Dutch) WILL FIRE."—To this the Emperor replied, "THEY WILL NOT FIRE." They entered more fully into the subject-matter in dispute, but always laconically, and with the same burden on either side—"THEY WILL FIRE; THEY WILL NOT FIRE."

The Emperor gave his orders in consequence, and the vessels made a show of passing. The Dutch verified the prediction of Prince Kaulnitz, as is well known. The Emperor was on a journey when the latter received this information. He wrote to his Imperial Majesty, and, without preamble or peroration, confined himself to the words, THEY HAVE FIRED. The Emperor, on his return to Vienna, sent for the Prince. "Now," said he, Kaulnitz, "what is to be done?"—"WE MUST FIRE."

THE LONGITUDE MISS'D ON
BY GOOD MASTER WHISTON,
WAS NO BETTER HIT ON
BY GOOD MASTER DITTON.—*Dean Swift.*

IF the discovery to which the following anecdote refers, had been verified, that of the longitude would have been of comparatively little importance. M. Boutineau, an old servant in the King's employment, and in that of the East-India Company, at the Isles of France and Bourbon, presented a memoir on the discovery of a philosophi-

tal method of announcing ships and land at the distance of a hundred and fifty leagues. The proofs of this discovery were submitted by its author to the judgment of several Governors, Intendants, and Inspectors of the Marine, whose certificates were inserted at the foot of the memoir.

It had been transmitted from the Isle of France, and he followed it soon after, to reap the fruits of his discovery. Agreeably to the testimony of the Captain of the ship in which he took his passage, he was not able to discover the land of Old France when it was seen from the mast-head, and from which he thought himself a hundred leagues distant.

SCENIC ARROGANCE.

THE elder Vestris, the first, but not, in saltation, the most accomplished of that numerous skipping family, used to say, that there were only three great men in Europe, Himself, Voltaire, and the King of Prussia, (the great Frederic.) When in London, he was caricatured, in the attitude of Mercury, standing on one leg, with a goose at his side, also holding up a limb. Underneath was the following label:—"A stranger at Sparta, standing for a long time on one leg, said to a Lacedemonian, I do not think you can do as much. True, said the other, but every goose can."

When the project was first entertained of constructing, in the Palais-Royal, the Theatre entitled "*Les Variétés Amusantes*," the performers belonging to the "*Théâtre Français*, alarmed at thus seeing the rivals they despised about to be installed in the very spot which had given birth to their Theatre, ran to Versailles to make their complaints, and to cause the fatal order to be revoked; but they were not listened to. Florence, one of these mock ambassadours, said, on his return, "How was it to be expected that those people at Versailles would pay any attention to our representations, when they are altogether taken up with futilities, such as the navigation of the Scheld, vessels embargoed, &c.;" as if the interests of a few Dutch traders were to be taken into consideration before that of the arts, the perfection of the drama, and, above all, the glory of the *Théâtre Français*."

A French actress, Mademoiselle Felix, possessing a fine figure, and very handsome, was engaged at Petersbourg, where she performed in tragedy. One day, when she became the subject of conversation at the table of the Empress Catharine, the young Lans Koy, the reigning favourite, spoke of her with so much warmth, and launched out into such high praise of her graces, that from that moment, it was noticed, the Empress no longer saw her with pleasure, and forbore to command

the pieces in which this actress might have been seen with advantage.

On her side, Mademoiselle Felix felt piqued, spoke with much freedom, and, what will hardly be credited, between the Sovereign and the stage-heroine an open warfare was at length carried on. New expedients, to disgust and humble the latter, were daily resorted to; and every day the actress became more firm against this persecution, at the same time that her language and her sarcasms often drove her enemies to despair.

It is known that at Petersbourg the distinction of ranks requires that a certain number only of horses should be harnessed to the carriages. Mademoiselle Felix, who displayed her figure, in the principal streets of the capital, like a Princess, with four or six horses, received an order to appear with two only. Enraged at this prohibition, she resolved to violate it, and even to brave the Empress within the purlieus of her palace. For this purpose, she demanded the equipage and carriage of Count Soltikof, her lover, whose rank permitted him to drive with six horses. She was now to be seen taking turns in the Park of Cazorel, until she fell in with the Empress, which was what she had most at heart. Enraged at the boldness and audacity of this girl, the latter instantly sent an order to the superintendent of the police of Petersbourg, for her to quit the city within twenty-

four hours, and the Imperial dominions within eight days. In another State, less despotic, she might have been punished with more severity. The Count, her lover, was exiled to one of his estates.

On her coming to Paris, after this sensible humiliation, she displayed all her loftiness of character, or, it may be said with more justice, her impertinence; for, having been badly received by the public, in the character of Alzire, which was allotted to her, and the hisses having become general at the moment when she threw herself at the feet of Alvarès, she turned toward the audience, with a shrug of the shoulders, and an air of contempt, such as might have been punished by a residence of a few weeks in the *Hôtel de la Force*, if it had not been certain that she would never again make her appearance on the boards of the Capital.

FATAL PRESAGE.

The death of the Count de Lastic, a Colonel in the Royal Guards, and nephew of the celebrated M. de Montesquieu, furnishes those who believe in sympathies and presentiments with new proofs in their support. He had been at the Opera in perfect health, and was found dead in his bed in the morning, from the bursting of a blood-vessel. He had lost a younger brother six weeks

before from a like casualty. Madame de Saisseval, his sister, was tormented throughout the night with frightful dreams, which represented her brother in the utmost danger. These dreams made so strong an impression on her, that, on awaking, she did not lose a moment in ordering her carriage, to hasten to her brother. Fortunately, on her reaching his Hôtel, the porter had just received an order not to permit any one to enter, and to say that the Count was gone abroad. His affectionate sister was quite consoled, and laughed at the terrors which had beset her; but in the afternoon she learned how well they were founded, and that she had not been deceived by her sad presentiments.

"ONE SAGE PHYSICIAN LIKE A SKULLER PLIES,
AND ALL HIS ART AND ALL HIS SKILL HE TRIES;
BUT TWO PHYSICIANS LIKE A PAIR OF OARS,
CONDUCT US SAFEST TO THE STYGIAN SHORES."

DURING the fatal illness of the Duc de Choiseul, who fell into disgrace after having successively presided over the departments of the Marine, of War, and of Foreign Affairs, several physicians were called in, whose prescriptions were as much at variance with each other as their squabbles were animated. It is to be suspected that he was the victim of their learned disputations. He was

himself fully sensible that whenever he should give himself up to the doctors, his condition would be but the more desperate; for, one day, on being solicited to see M. Barthés, he said, with his usual gaiety, "All I know is, that I have one disorder, and one physician." In his youth, he had his nativity cast, and it was predicted that he would perish in *a sedition*. The prediction was accomplished.

WAR AGAINST THE INFIDELS.

THE revolution which took place in the Divan, at Constantinople, at the commencement of 1785, was the work of the Capitan Pacha, who having been several times visited by the Grand Signor during his illness, regained the confidence of his master. The foreign gazettes bestowed high praises on Doctor Gobis, the Grand Signor's physician, for the cure of the Pacha, describing him as a native of Trieste, and the disciple of Vans Wichtu. He was not, however, of that place, nor a pupil of the celebrated physician of Leyden, but a Frenchman born in a small village near Montpellier. He studied for a long time in the University of that city, but showed so little aptitude that he failed in graduating. One day, he solicited M. Fizd with so much earnestness, promising him that he would never practise physic in France, that the

professor became strongly interested in his fate, on being satisfied that he had been invited to Constantinople, and yielded to his solicitations. "I am willing," said he, "to make you a doctor, as you promise me that you will kill none but Infidels." It was in this way that he obtained his degrees; but it was so ordered that, whatever may have been the number of the victims registered on his books, he had the credit of having saved the second head of the Ottoman Empire.

THE FORCE OF BLOOD.

THERE have been several versions of the following anecdote relating to the Pamela who afterward became Lady Fitzgerald, the wife of a nobleman of rebel-notoriety. This one, under the date of 1785, appears to be among the best authenticated.

"Five or six years ago Madame de Genlis had sent her from England a young girl whom she named Pamela. She then said that she had been long in search of a female orphan, to bring her up, and that this one was the daughter of an officer killed in America. This infant, reared by her, is now a heavenly girl; and it has been constantly observed that she has manifested, toward the child of her adoption, a tenderness, and an affection, which might have excited jealousy in her own children. The beloved Pamela, however, has now

turned out to be the daughter of Madame de Genlis, and is about to be acknowledged as such. The reasons that have been alleged why her birth, and her name, have been thus concealed, are, that the good lady wished to make experiments on the natural sentiments which a young child might feel, and on the instinct which is vulgarly called THE FORCE OF BLOOD.

"Madame de Genlis has too much good sense to suppose that such an explanation would be allowed to pass current. Be that as it may, it is certain that for a long time her intimate friends, on comparing the age of the young lady with the Countess's absence at a particular epoch, did not entertain any doubt of Pamela being her child, by the Duc de Chartres. Accordingly, it is rumoured that his Highness is desirous to bestow a dowry of a hundred thousand crowns (about twelve thousand pounds Sterling) on the young lady, but is thwarted in his intention by Madame de Genlis, who claims this sum for herself, if it be required that her pretended *protégée*, Pamela, should bear her name."

THE MAGIC MIRRORS.

BESIDE the *harmonic* society, which met in the Hôtel of Mesmer, where, for his four louis', the subscriber was instructed in all the secrets of the

science of animal magnetism, and was an eye-witness of the prodigies of somnambulism, there were secret assemblies in Paris where the visitors were to be gratified with a view, either in a mirror, or in water, of the objects they were most anxious to witness, such as the beloved relatives or friends they had lost, those who were distant from them, &c. The mirrors were purchased at a high price, and the composition of the marvellous water charged extravagantly dear. On their return home, they ascertained the nullity of their talismans, but took care to preserve silence, and left other dupes to be caught in the same trap.

AN EASY TRANSIT.

When the celebrated Franklin was about to return to Philadelphia, as he could not bear the motion of a carriage, it was planned that he should embark on the Seine, opposite his own house at Passy, to proceed to Rouen, and thence to Havre, where the vessel that was to convey him to America was fitting. It might thus have been said, that it was not necessary for him to take one single step in advance, on his route from Paris to Philadelphia.

TOUTES LES VERITES NE SONT PAS BONNES A DIRE.

TRUTHS ARE NOT AT ALL TIMES TO BE TOLD.

THE new regulation, of 1785, for the procurators of St Domingo, and for the internal police of the plantations, was near causing the greatest alarms to the planters. Two gangs of negroes thought proper to leave off work at eight o'clock in the evening, alleging the law which exempted them from labour after that hour. "This order," the French editor observes," is just beyond a doubt; but the planters would have wished to have been *alone* informed of it, because, they say, there are certain objects which ought to be concealed from their slaves; for, if ever they should reason, if ever they should deem themselves supported in a kind of independence by Him whom they call, *maître à nous, maître à vous* [our master, your master,] all will be lost."—This was prophetic; but what would have been, while they were still inthralled, the condition of the negroes of Saint Domingo, may be gathered from the occasion which led a portion of them to betray symptoms of revolt. If the King's benevolent view of alleviating their burdens had been confided to the planters exclusively, the latter might, in defiance of the new regulation, have worked them by night as well as by day.

A BAD JOKE.

THE verses which appeared in Paris on the occasion of the lamentable death of the aeronaut, Pilâtre du Rosier, were all of them detestable, more particularly those which were ascribed to M. Caracuioli, who, if he was really the author of them, ought not to have indulged in a jest on so melancholy an event.

Ci-git qui périt dans les airs,
Et par sa mort, si peu commune,
Mérite, aux yeux de l'univers,
D'avoir son tombeau dans la lune.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF LOUIS XVI.

ON the second of July, 1785, the Count de la Peyrouse took leave of his Majesty, and on the following day set off for Brest. The last conference he had with the King lasted for an hour and a half. He had been enabled to judge, in the preceding conferences, of his Majesty's skill in geography; but on this latter occasion, when so much leisure was afforded them, and when He entered into the minutest details of an expedition which He alone had ordered, M. de la Peyrouse could not recover himself from his surprise. "It appeared to me," said he, on leaving the cabinet, "that I heard the most skilful as well as the

wisest of navigators reason." This eulogy is not, in point of sincerity, to be questioned; for the idea of such an expedition, and the pains which the King took to ensure its success, evince that his Majesty knew, better than any other person in his kingdom, the extent of its grandeur, importance, and utility.

MANY HANDS MAKE QUICK WORK.

In the Rue St Honoré, a society of artists, at the moderate charge of two louis', undertook to deliver a half-length portrait, in crayons, of the ordinary size, neatly framed and glazed, fifty accurately engraved impressions of the same, reduced to the miniature size, and the copper-plate. A snuff-box, having one of these engraved portraits, his own likeness, on its lid, was not an unusual present among the French gentlemen. The sitting lasted a few minutes only, and the whole of the processes were performed in the space of two hours.

PAUL HAYER, THE BANDITTI-CHIEF.

One of the most notorious of the brigands, in a kingdom where highway robberies were so daring and so frequent, was Paul Hayer. The following succinct account of a few of his exploits is

extracted from the "true history," to circulate which, in the different provinces of France, twenty-two news-hawkers were dispatched by the government.

This chief, and seven of his followers, were condemned at Dreux, lower Normandy, in the diocese of Chartres, to make the *amende honorable* in front of the collegiate church of St Pierre de Dreux, with a taper in the hand weighing six pounds, and the head and feet bare. Having been thus exposed, for the space of half an hour, to the view of an immense concourse of people, belonging to town and country, they were broken on the wheel, and their bodies committed to the flames. Before they were led to execution, they denounced no less than sixty of their associates.

The first robbery committed by this daring brigand was at Varnueil sur Perche, on the first of December 1783, at the house of the widow Etienne, a milliner. To accomplish it, he pretended that he wished to buy a bonnet for his wife, together with half-a-dozen trimmed chemises, the better to ascertain how he could get possession of the till, in which were five hundred livres. On the second morning after this scrutiny, at two o'clock, there being a high wind, he contrived, by the means of a crow, to break open the shop-door: the neighbours heard the noise, but attributed it to the wind, which they supposed had blown down

a shutter. A little dog in the kitchen, however, barked so incessantly, that Madame Etienne rose from her bed, and looking out of the window, saw Paul Hayer, who told her that he wished to have a small glass of brandy for his wife, who was in labour. She did not, she said, sell it, but pointed out to him a liquor-shop close by. She was no sooner in bed, than he found his way into the premises, carried off a small box containing lace and silk ribbons, and emptied the till, all which he did in the twinkling of an eye.

In the course of the following week, he introduced himself, in the city of Coutance, in Normandy, to a young lady, whose acquaintance he made, and having spoken to her of his high birth and fortune, presented her with two pieces of valuable lace, and a gay assortment of ribbons. The lady, delighted with this present, gave him an introduction to the best houses in the city, which having carefully examined, he took his leave of her, but not without her binding him to a promise that he would return. What did Paul Hayer? He placed in ambush all his generals, such as, Carpe-frite (Fried-carp) in one place, Bois-joly (Pine-wood) in another, the great Glaudin in another house, and Chapeau-rond (Round-hat,) and Va-de-bon cœur, (Go-hearty,) together with several Jews who were associated with the band, in the house of the young lady. On a given

signal, they all sallied forth from their hiding-places, forced open the doors, and carried off that night a booty of seventeen thousand, five hundred livres, together with three gold watches, and several other valuable effects, which were conveyed to the magazine of their chief, situated in a place called the wood of Granville, and resembling a den of wild beasts.

In the village of Tironville, near Romoraptin, on the morning of the 25th of the February following, it being Ash-Wednesday, and the inhabitants still in bed on account of the rejoicings of the preceding evening, he attacked François Mercer, an opulent dealer in wine and corn, whom he beat most unmercifully, as well as his wife and servants, binding them to a stake, to make them divulge where the gold and silver were kept. The key of a bureau, in which was the sum of three thousand, one hundred livres, laid by for the purchase of a small farm, having been delivered to him, he took possession of the money and effected his escape.

On the 15th of the following April, having fallen in with a woman who was going to the market of Nogent-le-Rotrou, and who wept bitterly by the way, Paul Hayer thought that she lamented the loss of her husband. Not at all: it was because a collector had made a seizure of her goods to the amount of two louis', on which ac-

count she was taking to the market her cow, and the calf, which was only two days old. The latter not being able to walk, she carried in her apron. He asked the value of her cow and calf. The cow she estimated at three louis'; but as to the calf she could not determine. Our brigand was so moved, that he felt himself inclined to do a generous act, and said to her, "I make you a present of four louis'; take home your cow, bring up your children with care, and pray for me, the wickedest of all men." The good woman, as was to be expected, more especially after such a gift, assured him of the contrary, and declared that he was the best man in the world, and that she would never forget him in her prayers. She determined, however, to take her cow to the market, and in coming back, Paul Hayer robbed her, both of the money for which she had sold it, and that which he had given to her.

At Neuvy-la-Reine, on the 27th of the December following, Paul Hayer, being very much fatigued, entered the house of an unfortunate farmer, who was absorbed in grief. While he recommended himself to the God of mercies, and to the saints, his wife did nothing but scold him, instead of affording him consolation. This scene wrought so sensibly on the feelings of Paul, that he inquired particularly into the subject of his melancholy. "Alas! my good sir," said the farmer, "I owe a

year and a half's rent: my corn was destroyed by a hail-storm, which killed my six cows, and my sheep have fallen victims to a distemper occasioned by the bad quality of the straw, which the hail had rotted. Beside this, it beat in the roof of my house, which my landlord has obliged me to repair; and to be enabled to do this, of the five horses that remained, I have been obliged to sell two, which were the best. I have even been forced to send to service my two sons, one aged nineteen, the other seventeen years, whereas I had formerly three men-servants. I have neither been able to procure seed-corn, nor to pay the three thousand, four hundred livres I owe my landlord."

On hearing this, Hayer inquired who the landlord was. "Ah!" replied the farmer, "he is a hard-hearted monster, destitute of religion, and without feeling. When any one speaks to him of the just God, he breaks out into the most wicked imprecations. He neither bestows alms, nor has the least compassion on a fellow-creature in distress. He is, in short, universally dreaded and abhorred, even more so than either Cartouche or Mandrin."*

At this recital the brigand wept, and exclaimed, "Send some one instantly in search of this public pest, to the end that I may have a sight of him."

* Two noted French robbers.

On the arrival of the landlord, he conversed with Hayer, without knowing him, about his tenant, but in the most obdurate terms. "You must remit," said the latter, "the one half of what is due from your honest farmer, and allow him two years to pay the other half, making him an advance of three hundred livres to purchase wood, as well as two small horses in lieu of those he has been constrained to sell."

This being said, the landlord changed countenance, fired with rage, and declared that he would not give him any quarter. "Be calm, sir," said Hayer: "draw me up a receipt in full, in discharge of the debt of your farmer, whom I have never seen before, and I will pay you instantly. And you, farmer, write me your promissory note for the amount, to which you may add five hundred livres which I will hand to you, and I will give you four years for the repayment."

How overjoyed was the poor farmer, who burst into tears; and what a satisfaction did the insatiable landlord feel, when the entire sum was reckoned to him! Hayer ordered a *soupe maigre* to be made for him, saying that in the interim he would offer up his prayers to the Almighty bestower of all gifts. The landlord set forward to return tranquilly to his home; but Hayer, accompanied by Carpe-frite, by another and a shorter route, overtook him, while he was thinking of augmenting his treasure with the sum he had just

received, and made him pay dearly for his cruel inflexibility. They fell on him, killed him, and took possession of his money; after which Carpefrite turned into a by-road to join his companions, and Paul Hayer went back to eat his soup at the farmer's, where the promissory note was punctually delivered to him.

The robberies committed by Hayer and his associates, in the province of Normandy, and in Rouen, the capital, at length became so frequent that no one dared to stir abroad. The waggoners, hawkers of goods, and merchants, were stopped, not only on the highways, but in the small towns and villages, where they could not procure lodgings, as it was almost certain that their quarters would be assailed. The persons of those who had money about them were known to the robbers, who contrived to obtain possession of it, either by stratagem or by force. Notwithstanding several brigades of the Maréchaussée were in pursuit of them, they had recourse to so many expedients as to elude their vigilance. It was reserved for the Abbé Lemoine, a priest belonging to the church of St Pierre de Dreux, to come at the means of discovering their haunts and artifices, the particulars of which were concealed in their girdles.

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A PEDESTRIAN JOURNEY FROM LONDON TO ABERYSTWITH, SOUTH WALES, UNDERTAKEN IN THE YEAR 1791.

"It would not be amiss, sir," observed Sukey, in casting her eyes on a page of copy for the press; "as you have selected so much about Paris and other foreign parts, if you were to introduce into your book something more particular about England. The other morning, in bringing in the ale, you and Mr Puddlecombe the lawyer were laughing so heartily, that I am sure the milkwoman over the way must have heard you, and when I entered you were talking about Aberystwith. I had some trouble in collecting the pieces belonging to the note of the expenses on the journey, and on looking over it just now, I was surprised at the smallness of the charges."—'True, Sukey, they may be considered at this time as curious, particularly the one near Worcester, where my fellow-traveller and myself were unexpectedly so well entertained. As to the laugh you overheard, on that subject I shall be silent. In the course of a long life of travel and adventure, I have wasted much paper in noting down the most remarkable passages and incidents, and have torn much, as you must have seen; but I have never had to blot that which might have brought a blush on any cheek,

however I may have occasionally relaxed with a confidential acquaintance.'—

With the view of cheap living, which disappointed us in the trial, a naval acquaintance and myself undertook a journey on foot, from London to Aberystwith. We started from the Royal Exchange at eight in the morning of the 25th September, and supped at West Wycomb, thirty-one miles from Tyburn turnpike, which we idly considered to be no small feat. The incidents on the road were little deserving of notice until we approached Worcester, when hunger overpowered us to such a degree, that we could not well proceed further without refreshment. On entering a lowly public-house at the road-side, called the Gate Inn, near Speechley, and within about four miles of Worcester, we were agreeably surprised by the sight of a loin of veal roasting at the kitchen fire, with a large pot hung over it, and other symptoms of good cheer. We were disappointed, however, when the landlady, who did not seem well pleased on our entrance, gave us to understand, that the joint of veal which had so tempted us, was, with the other good things, bespoken. Presently entered two gentlemen, whom we were given to understand were the village-lawyer and the village-apothecary, both resolved to be in pudding-time. Next came in a group of five or six farmers, and these were speedily followed by fresh arrivals, un-

til at length the inner-room, of a considerable length, and having a table set out from the one extremity to the other, was crowded. It was a village feast; and as we, the unfortunate foot-adventurers, had not been called to it, we despaired of either roasted or boiled.

Still there was a pause: some one was wanted to place himself at the head of the long table, when a respectable personage was announced by the name of Webb, and who was no other, as I was afterwards informed, than the celebrated and eccentric philanthropist about whom so much has been recently said. Finding, on his entrance, more persons present than could be commodiously seated, and having made some inquiries about the strangers in the kitchen, he requested an honest farmer, my namesake, to preside there at a small table, which would take off the superfluous guests, while we also might be accommodated. Not satisfied with this attention, he rose frequently from table during the dinner, and paid us a visit, to inquire whether he could send us any thing that would be more agreeable than what was before us.

The solids, and delicacies in the way of pastry, &c. which were brought from an out-building, to gratify the tastes of so numerous a company, it would become an epicure to describe. Nothing was wanted which the country could afford, or the diligent housewife prepare. What was the charge

to us, who were so liberally entertained, will be found among the items of the expenses on the road, marked, by way of distinction, with three asterisms. To show, that at our other halts we were not over-sparing, I should remark, that both at Hundley and at Leomister, we put up at the best inn we could find.

My residence of a few months in South Wales was, in the story of my life, nearly a blank. I was not vastly fond of Welch society, nor of the strong Welch ale with which a stranger, to make himself agreeable in company, is expected to be more than half intoxicated. But for this abuse, there would perhaps be, in Wales, more instances of longevity than are to be found in every part of the world beside. I was told by a Welchman advanced in years, and of powerful stamina, who went to bed almost every night fuddled with ale, that nearly the one half of the male population in that vicinity had, by this excess, been cut off at a medium time of life. He had lived long enough not to be terrified by these examples.

There are temperaments which securely bid defiance to all the precepts of Hygeia. Being at dinner at the Talbot's Head at Aberystwith, an English gentleman, a magistrate, inquired *after the doctor*, requesting that he might be sent for. The individual so called, a barber by trade, received a small salary for taking care of the keys of the

castle. On his presenting himself, Mr Bonner asked him if he could still shave? As well as ever, your worship, was the reply, but I must first have a dram to steady my hand. He had then attained his one hundred and seventeenth year, stood erect, and had a ruddy complexion and unwrinkled brow. I was told that he had a son still living, who looked the elder of the two. Four years before, he had undertaken, for a small sum of money, to ride from the Talbot's Head to Mackynleth, a distance of seventeen miles, and back, without resting, but on condition that he should be allowed twenty drams before he started, and as many on his return. He took them seated on his horse, and felt but little fatigue from his journey.

The late landlord of the above inn had been round the world with Lord Anson, in quality of quartermaster. He was as abstemious as "the doctor" was disposed to run into excess; and, like most of those who have clung to this life the longest, went early to bed to repose soundly on his cup of tea, and rose with the first cock-crowing.

TABLE OF EXPENSES ON THE ROUTE FROM LONDON TO ABERYSTWITH.

First Day.	£	s.	d.
ACTON. Breakfast. The tea good. A most unmerciful consumption of bread and butter. Waiter included,	0	1	2
HAYES. A quart of ale, remarkably good. Mem. Boniface very fat,	0	0	4

	£	s.	d.
BEACONSFIELD. Dinner. A veal pye, a pot of ale, two glasses of brandy and water, -	0	2	2
WEST WYCOMB. Supper; Eggs, bread, and butter. Three pints of ale. Two glasses of brandy and water. Beds, - - - - -	0	3	6
Second Day.			
STOKEN CHURCH. Breakfast: Tea, without milk. Treatment very uncivil, 1s. 4d. Snuff and twopenny, 4d.	0	1	8
TETSWORTH, a pint of ale, - -	0	0	2
FORREST HILL, beyond the Quarries. A pint of ale,	0	0	2
ISLIP. Dinner: Mutton Chops. Half a pint of brandy. A quart of ale. Waiter, 2d. - -	0	3	2
GLIMPTON. Bread and ale, - - -	0	0	3
ENSTON. Supper: Ham and cold fowl. A quart of ale. Two glasess of brandy and water. Beds. Breakfast, 3s. 8d. Waiters, 4d. Boots, 4d. - -	0	4	4
Third Day.			
CROSS-FOSSE-WAY. A quart of ale. Bread and cheese,	0	0	8
BROADWAY. Dinner: Beef steaks. A quart of ale. Two glasses of brandy and water, - -	0	2	4
HUNDLEY, near Evesham. Unicorn Inn. Supper, 2s. 6d.; Ale, 6d; Beer and brandy and water, 9d.; Breakfast, 1s. 6d.; Servants, 1s.; Boots, 4d.	0	6	7
Fourth day.			
*** The Gate Inn, near Speechley. PARISH FEAST: 1s. 4d.; Five pints of ale, 10d. -	0	2	2
WORCESTER, near the Turnpike. Supper, 1s.; Two quarts of beer, 8d.; Brandy and water, 6d.; Breakfast, 1s. 4d.; Servant, 6d.; Boots, 2d.; Toll-gate at Worcester Bridge, 1d. - -	0	4	3
Fifth day.			
BRAMYARD. Dinner, 2s.; Three pints of ale, 6d.; A pint of port wine, 1s. 2d.; Waiter, 2d.; Snuff, 2d.	0	4	0

	£	s.	d.
*Leominster. Unicorn Inn. Supper, 2s.; Brandy, 1s. 3d.; Ale, 10d.; Breakfast, 1s. 6d.; Chamber-maid, 1s.; Waiter, 7d.	0	7	0
Sixth day.			
Presteign, Radnor. Dinner, 1s. 4d.; Ale, 4d.; Brandy, 1s.; Servant, 2d.	0	2	10
New Radnor. Supper, ale, brandy, and breakfast, 3s. 8d.; Servant, 2d.	0	3	10
Seventh Day.			
Ryader. Dinner, Hare and apple pye, 1s.; Two quarts of ale, 8d.; Brandy and water, 6d.; Servant, 2d.	0	2	4
Post House, near Ecomistwith Brook. Supper, beds, breakfast, and three quarts of ale, 3s. 8d.; Servant, 4d.	0	4	0
Total expenditure of the two travellers on the road,	£2	16	11

FIVE DAYS' PEREGRINATION.

An Account of what seemed most remarkable in the Five Days Peregrination of the five following Persons, viz. Messrs Tothall, Scott, Hogarth, Thornhill, and Forrest.——*Abi tu et fac simi-liter.*

From the Copy taken by the Reverend Thomas Austin, from the Original, in the Possession of Thomas Forrest, Esq. of Chatham Dock-yard.

HOGARTH AND HIS MERRY COMPANIONS.

The diverting scenes described in the five days' peregrination of five eccentric characters, hinted at precedently in this work, were turned into *hudi-brastics*, which almost entirely destroyed their quaint humour, and published by Mr Nicoll in his

Biographical Anecdotes of Hogarth. Bad etchings of the drawings were likewise put forth, with a mutilated text in illustration; and these impressions are limited to the possession of a few collectors. In the hope that the droll adventures comprised in the original MS. will be in this manner more generally circulated and preserved, the following authentic copy is here introduced, with the omission of one or two passages of too coarse a texture for readers of this refined age.

Saturday, May 27. Set out with the morning, and took our departure from the Bedford Arms Tavern, in Covent Garden, to the tune of, "Why should we quarrel for Riches?" The first land we made was Billingsgate, where we dropt anchor at the Dark-house. There Hogarth made a caricature of a porter, who called himself the Duke of Puddledock. The drawing was, by his Grace, pasted on the cellar-door. We were greatly entertained with the humours of the place, particularly by an explanation of a Gaffer and a Gammer, a little obscene, although in the presence of two of the fair sex. Here we continued till the clock struck one, and then set sail in a Gravesend boat we had hired for ourselves. Straw was our bed, and a tilt our covering. The wind blew hard at S. E. and by E. We had much rain, and no sleep, for about three hours. At Cuckold's Point we sung Sir

John—at Deptford Pishoken—and in Blackwall Reach eat hung beef and biscuit, and drank right Hollands. At Purfleet we had a view of three men of war, from one of which we took on board the pilot who brought the Tartar Pink up the channel. He entertained us with the insult of the Spaniards to himself, and other affairs of consequence, which made us drowsy, and then Hogarth fell asleep; but soon awaking, was going to tell his dream, but falling asleep again, when awake, had forgotten he had dreamed at all.

We soon arrived at Gravesend, but found some difficulty in getting ashore, by a boy's boat that had intercepted the passage, and his refusing us to go across his vessel. We surmounted the difficulty, however, and happily arrived at Mother Bramble's at six. [The Horn alehouse I guess. T. A.] We washed hands and face, got our wigs powdered, then drank coffee and tea, eat toast and butter, paid our reckoning, and set out at eight. We viewed the new church, the unknown person's tomb and epitaph, and the market-place, and then proceeded on foot to Rochester. Nothing remarkable occurred, except our calling and drinking three pots of beer at an evil house, as we were afterwards informed, called the Dover Castle; and some small distress Mr Scott suffered in travelling through a clayey ground moistened by rain. But the country being exceedingly pleasant, alleviated his dis-

tress, and made him jocund; and about ten we arrived at Rochester.

We surveyed the fine bridge, cathedral, and castle, described the latter, ascended its battlements to the top, saw a beautiful country, a fine river, and the noblest ships in the world. A little boy descended the deep well in the castle, by small holes cut in the sides, and brought quickly up a young daw taken out of a nest there. We traversed the city, saw Watt's Hospital, viewed the bas-relief figures on the front, and returned to the Crown Inn at 12. The chief of the company slept on chairs till dinner-time, in the dining-room. From one till three we spent at dinner on soles and flounders, with crab sauce, roasted calf-head stuffed, the brain fried, and the rest minced; a leg of mutton roasted, and green pease—all good and well dressed—with small beer and excellent port. The boy cleaned our shoes, and we went upon our adventures at three. Hogarth and Scott played at hop scotch [fox in the hole] under the court-hall. We walked on to Chatham, bought shrimps, viewed the store-houses and dock-yard, and went on board the Marlborough, the Royal Sovereign, the Royal George, and Royal Anne. At six returned to our inn, and spent the time agreeably till nine, when, being fatigued, we went to bed.

Sunday.—Awoke at seven. Hogarth and Thornhill told their dreams, and talked on them in bed.

We arose and missed Scott, who went to the bridge and drew part of the river, (the second drawing being Scragg's key), and wondered people stared at him, till he recollected it was Sunday.

N. B.—The house, key, boats, and one large vessel, in Indian ink; the hill above, to St Margaret's church, faintly stained with green, very slight.

At nine, having breakfasted, we set out for Stroud, and by the Medway's side, going through the fields, we were attacked by a severe shower of rain; Scott took shelter under a hedge, and, lying down, soiled the back of his coat with an ordural moisture of verdant hue. Uneasy at this, and demanding immediate cleansing from the filthy daub, he missed a white cambric handkerchief which his wife had lent him; he soon found it, yet feared it was torn, but was convinced otherways. We proceeded merrily to Findsbury, viewed the church and church-yard, pleasantly situated; some bad epitaphs; and observed the list of benefactors, &c. in the church.

At ten, we walked to Upnor, which we viewed. Hogarth drew the castle, and Scott the shipping near it. (The third drawing is the bank next the water, the bushes on it, part of the towers behind, the three front towers faced by pales next the water). The castle described, its force, &c. Forrest bought cockles of an old blind man and half-blind

woman, who were in a little cock-boat on the river. We made a hurry-scurry dinner at the Smack at the Western-gun-battery. We had a battle royal between us, with sticks, pebbles, and horse-dung: Tothill the chief sufferer, and his clothes shewed it some time. This caused laughter, and we marched on to the Bird's-nest-battery, keeping the river and ships still in view: popped over the hill to Hoo church-yard: here we found an odd epitaph on a rail over a grave, made by a servant-maid on her deceased master. Thus,

> "And when he died. You plainly see
> He freely gave . al to Sara - Passa Wee.
> And in doing so . it DoTh prevail,
> that I on . him . can . well . besTow this Rayel
> On Year . I sarv'd, him . it is . well . none
> But . Thanks be to . God . it is: all my . One.

At four we left Hoo, and the agreeable widow landlady, who had buried four husbands. As we travelled through this charming country, the weather was exceedingly pleasant, and Scott made us merry by trying to prove that a man may go over, but not through the world, and, for example, pointed to the earth, and asked us to go through that element. Our opinion gave it that his argument had less weight than his coat-pocket, which happened to have been filled by us with pebbles unperceived by him. He had carried them for some time; and being well fitted with ammu-

nition to knock down all opponents, we acquiesced. At five, viewed Stoke church, and passed through the church-yard. Saw nothing worth notice, till we came to a farm-house not far off: here was a pole on an elm at the door, with a board and painted cock on it for a vane and shuttlecock at top. This variety of cocks produced us much speculation. We passed through North Street, a little village. Having come to a well brimful of water, we agreed to quarrel and spatter one another. Being well drenched in clothes and cool in courage, we travelled to Stoke Town, (or Street), and quartered at the Nag's-head. At six, while supper was preparing, we walked out to view the low lands, and on an adjacent plain began another engagement, in which Tothall and Scott had their clothes well daubed with cow-dung.

At seven returned back, cleaned ourselves, supped, adjourned to the street-door, drank punch, and stood and sat for our pictures, drawn by Hogarth. (Drawing 3d, five figures on the beach where Upnor castle was drawn.) At night drew lots for one lying alone, there being but three beds and no night-caps. Tothall won the single bed. At eleven, we rose without candle and dressed, the sheets being damp, and then laid down in our clothes and slept till three, when, on awaking, we bemoaned our hard fate, our eyes, lips, and hands being stung and swelled by the

bites of gnats. Yet Morpheus swayed us down to deep slumber till six, when we arose, had our shoes cleaned, beards shaved, and wigs floured by a fisherman in boots and shock hair, without coat or waistcoat, (drawing 4th, very humorous, in Indian ink, the man shaving Thornhill, Tothall shaving himself, Hogarth drawing, Forrest, in red wash, in his night-cap, at breakfast on spoon meat, and Scott finishing a drawing on the same table.) Milk and toast was our breakfast, paid the reckoning, and set out for Sheerness at eight.

We passed down Stoke-marsh, being directed to keep the road-way. Heavy walking by means of the rain the preceding night; Forrest decoyed his companions over a stile, which led along a beach by a creek-side, supposing it the nearest way, but carried them two miles out of the road. Gaining the right one, we soon entered the Isle of Grain. Passing the church we stopped at the Checquer alehouse, kept by Goody Hubbard; were entertained with salt-pork, black bread, butter and buns, and good beer. There Scott left us, and lost his penknife, value 5s. We here expected to get a boat over to Sheerness, but the wind blowing too hard, the ferryman refused to carry us, and another sent us the same excuse; but the landlady advised us to make to the marshes next the salt-houses, and hail the ships in ordinary. In this way we procured a little boat, which

Thornhill and Tothall brought up to us, after going down to meet it, and with some difficulty took us in, (drawing 5th, viz. the boat, Tothall at the helm, Thornhill lending a hand to Hogarth, Forrest pushing forward Scott. Sheerness, three ships, one firing a gun.)

We set sail for Sheerness; the sea ran high, wind hard at S. W. by S. As we passed we had the pleasure of seeing and hearing guns fired from the fort and ships. Landed at twelve. Traversed the fort and lines, viewed the fortifications and batteries, and had a delightful prospect of the sea and Sheppy Isle. At one, set out for Queenborough, and walked to it along the beach, over which the spray flew in many places. Thornhill fell and slightly hurt his legs, yet all merrily trotted on, and gained Queenborough, at two. The town consists of one street, on the east of a creek named after it, and branching out of the Medway. The street clean and well paved, (drawing 6th, viz. houses on the left, clock-house and church, and gateway in front, Forrest and Hogarth with the sailors.) No trade or many human creatures to be seen at first, the church low and ill built, few epitaphs worth note, the best was

"Henry Knight, master of a ship to Greenland, and harponeer 24 voyages.

"In Greenland I whales, sea-horse, bears did slay,
Though now my body is Intombe in clay."

The town-house or clock-house stands in the middle of the street, supported by four piers which form four arches, and, it being a holiday, was decked with a flag bearing the corporation arms.—We quartered at the Red Lion, which people here called the Swans, fronting the river: a civil prating landlady. She having no beds, we applied to a merry woman at a private house, who furnished us with what we wanted. We took another walk up the town, viewed the inside of the church, and had a conference with the grave-digger, who told us the mayor was a custom-house officer, and the parson a sad dog. Although they had two market-days, yet no fresh meat, poultry, nor fish, except lobsters, to be got; with which, and some eggs and bacon, we made our supper.—We walked up the hill behind the town to a well of good water, over which, they said, a palace once stood, built by King Ed. III. for his Queen Philippa.

While here, two sailors came and drew water and drank, telling us how they and four more of the crew of the Rose man-of-war, were obliged the day before to attend a midshipman, General S.'s son, in a yaul up the creek, and had run the boat ashore; and they were left by him without sustenance, or money to buy any thing but a few little cockles to eat, he still continuing at Sheerness, while they were starving. We gave them 6d., for which they were thankful, and ran to town to

buy them victuals for themselves and their companions, who were sleeping at some distance. Going to view our boat, as it stuck fast in the mud, one of the sailors returned hastily, and kindly presented us some cockles. This act of singular gratitude made us follow the fellows into town, where we gave them another sixpence, and, they fetching their companions, they all refreshed themselves, and became thankful and merry.

At seven we passed through the town, and had a chat with several pretty women we had not observed before. Returned to our quarters, and placed Hogarth in the street. Seated in a wooden chair, he made the drawing No. 6. (*i. e.* the aforesaid street and sailors.) This gathered a concourse of spectators, men, women, and children, to see him draw. This finished, we again walked up the town, and at the mayor's door saw the aforesaid sailors, and were told, with your worship at every word, how the midshipman had returned, and had been seeing how the boat was laid up in the creek; and coming back had met a sailor and his doxy, whom the midshipman wanted to be free with. The sailor opposed this, insisting that she was his wife, and thus hindered him from being rude. The officer, resenting this, applied to the mayor for redress. An odd affair, but we could not stay to see the sequel. At nine we returned to our quarters; drank all friends,

and emptying several cans of good flip, all sang merrily; but we were abashed by the better singing of the Harwich men in the next room, who had bought lobsters, and were drinking. They sung several sea songs so agreeably, that neither our Sir John nor Pishoken could compare to them. So that, finishing the evening as pleasantly as possible, we went out of the house by the back-way to our lodgings about eleven. Our landlady had got a bed for Scott in the garrett. On his grumbling, and our laughing, it provoked him to refuse lying there, and Tothall, in pure good nature, offered him his own bed at the house we came from, and he would take the garrett.—Scott agreed and left us.—Tothall going up stairs, found he was to lye in a flock-bed without curtains; down again he came directly, and ran after Scott, which made us very merry, and we slept upon it till six next morning.

Tuesday morning.—Hogarth called me up, and told me that the woman demanded payment for the bed, or to have Scott before the mayor: this last we tried all we could to promote, but in vain. So coming to the public-house where Scott and Tothall had lain, we found the doors open, a thing common in this town, and yet nobody up. Hogarth roused them, and Scott told us how he had been frighted; for when he left us, and was going to bed, he perceived something stir under

the bed-cloathes, which, collecting courage, he resolved to feel. On this something cried out, seeming frightened, and scared him out of his wits; but, on inquiry, he found it was only a little boy of the house who had mistaken his bed. This made us merry, and Tothall provided us a breakfast.

After this we left the Swans, and went to see to the washing of our shirts up town. They having had no time to dry, we took them wet, and got them dried and ironed at the next town. At ten we left Queensborough; the morning delightful, the country pleasant, through which we agreeably passed up to the Minster, a little village on the highest part of the island. We laboured hard in climbing the hill to the church-yard, it being very steep. We saw there, on a wooden rail over a grave, this epitaph

> "Here Interrd Geo. Anderson doth lye,
> By fallen on an Anchor he did Dye
> In Sheerness Yard on Good Friday,
> The sixth of Aprill I Do say.
> All you that read my Allegy, be
> Ready for to dye.---Aged alwaies 42 Years."——

Our landlord at the George got us the church key; we entered, and saw Lord Cheyne's monument, the Spanish ambassadour's, and that of Lord Shoreland. (No. 7th, a horizontal figure at full length, being the ambassadour's effigy, drawn by

Mr Scott,) Hogarth drew Lord Shoreland. No. 8th, a horizontal one, face at the right, as was the other at the left hand, a horse's head and a backbone at the feet.) Here is related a long story of Lord Shoreland's meeting a crowd in the churchyard, about a priest who refused burying a corpse without payment of the fee, which provoked his honour so much, that he bid the mob throw the priest into the grave alive, and bury him, which they did. Lord Shoreland, fearing punishment of the law for this action, on Queen Elizabeth being then on board ship at the Nore, when our fleet went out to oppose the Spanish armada, he swam to her ship, and presented a petition for pardon. She read it at the ship's side, and granted it. He then swam back to Shepey Island, landed, and being told by an old woman that still his horse should be his death, to prevent it, he drew his sword and killed the poor animal; the horse became a skeleton, being thrown by the waves to and fro the shore. Some years after, my Lord, with his friends, walking on the shore, espied the skull, bones, and remains of the horse, related the story of the old woman, happened to kick the skull, and so hurt one of his toes that it mortified, and killed him. This account is so firmly believed here, that a very fine gilt horse's head is placed as a weathercock on the church-steeple, and the

figure of a horse on the spindle over that weather-cock.

We dined at the George, stayed till four, then left Minster, and walked to Sheerness, hired a bumboat, and at five set sail for Gravesend. The wind blew a fresh gale at E. by S. Scott grew very sea-sick, and did what was natural in such cases. Soon after, Hogarth grew sick and uneasy, which augmented by our stopping; and Tothall went on board Captain Robinson's, one of the custom-house sloops, riding in Holy Haven, who furnished him with some milk-punch, and us with fire to light our pipes, which was greatly wanted. It rained hard all the voyage. Porpoises were rolling in pursuit of prey, and one got so near the shore, as made us think he would stay there, but he got off again.

About seven of our sick passengers being recovered, we sailed merrily and sang Sir John Pishoken, and several other songs and tunes ourselves, and our cockswain sung us several sailors' songs. But our notes were soon changed by our vessel running on the Blye sand, where she stuck fast, although we were almost in the middle of the channel. It was then tide of ebb, and wanting an hour of flood, which gave us some concern, believing we should be forced to continue there some time, and bear the beating of the winds and waves. But, by the industry of the sailors, and

Tothall's assisting skill, we got off in a short time, though with some difficulty; and the wind proving favourable, arrived at Gravesend at ten. We supped and drank good wine, and imagined all our adventures and mirth ended. It happened, however, that a great-coat which Scott had borrowed for this expedition, and left at Gravesend, travelling without it, could not on our arrival be found. This, which was grief to him, was sport to us; but he soon surmounted his uneasiness, and grew as merry as we were. Thus we continued till pretty late, and then went to bed.

Wednesday at eight o'clock, arose, breakfasted, walked about the town, and at ten went into a boat we had hired, with a truss of clean straw, a bottle of good wine, pipes, tobacco, and a match. The wind favourable, a mackerel gale at S. E. Our passage was very pleasant, till we came to Erith reach, when Scott being without his great-coat, as aforesaid, taking a drawing of some shipping, a flurry of wind caused our vessel to ship a sea which washed him from head to foot, and no one else. He got up in great surprise, and drawing the foresail of his shirt from his breeches, which were also well soused with salt water, he held it in both his hands to the windward, and the sun shining warm, he was soon dry, and, recovering his surprise, joined us in laughing at the accident.

We came merrily up the river, and quitting our

boat at Billingsgate, got into a wherry, that carried us through bridge, and landed us at Somerset water-gate, from whence we walked all together, and arrived at two at the Bedford Arms, Covent Garden, in the same good humour as when we left it to set out on this pleasant expedition.

I cannot conclude better, than to note that not one of the company was unemployed; for Mr Thornhill made a coloured map, (No. 9); Mr Hogarth and Mr Scott all the other drawings; Mr Tothall was treasurer, and, though of great trust, he faithfully discharged it; and the foregoing journal was the work of

E. FORREST.

The veracity of this MS. is attested by us,

WILLIAM HOGARTH.
SAMUEL SCOTT.
WILLIAM TOTHALL.
JOHN THORNHILL.

ACCOUNT OF THE EXPENSES OF THE EXPEDITION.

	£	s.	d.
To paid at Darkhouse, Billingsgate,	0	0	8½
Pint of Geneva,	0	1	0
The Waterman to Gravesend,	0	5	0
The Barber do.	0	0	10
Breakfast do.	0	2	2
Beer on the road to Rochester,	0	0	9

	£	s.	d.
To Shrimps at Chatham,	0	0	9
At the Gunnery and the Dock,	0	0	6
A Bill paid at Rochester,	1	7	3
At Upnor for Information,	0	0	3
At the Smack Alehouse,	0	4	3
At Hoo,	0	1	8
At Stoke,	0	11	6
At Mother Hubbard's at Green,	0	3	0
Passage over to Sheerness,	0	2	10
Lobsters at Queenborough,	0	1	6
Two Pots of Beer to the Sexton,	0	0	6
For Dinner, &c.	0	6	6
To the poor Sailors,	0	1	0
Breakfasts,	0	2	6
For Lodgings and Maid,	0	4	6
Washing Shirts,	0	1	8
At Minster,	0	9	2
At Sheerness,	0	1	3
Boat to Gravesend,	0	7	0
Barber do.	0	1	2
Passage-boat to Somerset House,	0	5	6
	£6	6	0

Vouchers produced, examined, and allowed.

A PUZZLED CASE HAPPILY MET.

THE late Doctor Warren, when a student at Montpellier, prosecuted his studies with so much eagerness, that, from over-application, he fell into a state of deep languor. With the view of re-establishing his health, he retired to a remote village, where

one day, in dining off fish, it chanced that a bone stuck in his throat. He did not fall suddenly, and in a lifeless state, from his chair, like the little Hunchback in the Arabian Nights, but his case became so troublesome as to require help. There not being any surgical operator in the vicinity to extract the fish-bone, the peasant with whom he lodged recommended to him to address himself for advice to an old gentleman who, by his account, had performed gratuitously many extraordinary cures. To the old gentleman the doctor went, and having described his case, the latter drew from his desk a prescription which he very formally presented to him.

A clyster for a fish-bone in the throat seemed to him, on opening the paper, so ludicrous, that he burst into a convulsive fit of laughter, which dislodged the enemy from his seat. While he returned thanks in his best manner for the cure which had been so promptly wrought, the old gentleman preserved all his gravity, without a wrinkle on the cheek, or the slightest emotion. "Sir," said the Doctor, "this was a happy thought of yours, and I cannot but admire the sagacity that prompted it." "No such thing," said the other: "it was *your chance*. My father was a physician of great repute, and carefully preserved all his prescriptions, which descended to me at his death. The ignorant people dwelling

near the family mansion, fancying that I inherited his knowledge, although I was not bred to physic, teased me so much for advice, that I came to a resolution at length to give to each of them the first of the prescriptions that came to hand. To your complaint, as to theirs, I listened attentively; but not having any remedy of my own to suggest, I was constrained to seek one in my desk."

About the time to which the above anecdote refers, there dwelt at Greenwich, in Kent, an old gentleman of good substance, who was famous for the cure of agues, and was never so happy, as when he could, without fee or reward, distribute his boasted remedy. An officer of artillery, who had long laboured under an obstinate intermittent, which had baffled every known remedy, requested Doctor Irwing, the Surgeon-General, to procure him a few of the celebrated Greenwich boluses. The Doctor, accordingly, waited on the old gentleman, who happened at the time not to have any of them prepared. He was desired to wait; and in so doing had occasion to step backward. In passing the kitchen on his right, he was surprised to witness an illumination: an abundance of candles were lighted, and the servants engaged in running to and fro to snuff them. On the boluses being presented to him, the Doctor observed to the donor, with thanks, that this would be his last

visit, he having been so fortunate as to discover his secret. Whether conceit can cure as well as kill, in extreme cases, may still be doubted; but it is certain that a composition of candle-snuffs and nutmegs—for such the remedy was avowed to be—had wrought many cures, among which that of the above officer remained to be reckoned.

THE UNION PROVERB.

WHEN SKIDDAW HAS A CAP,
CRIFFEL WOTS FULL WELL OF THAT.

THIS proverb, which came out immediately after the union of Scotland with England, has lain by so long, that it seems to have been almost forgotten.

Skiddaw and Criffel are two neighbouring mountains of considerable elevation, the one on the English side, in Cumberland, and the other in Annandale, in Scotland. If it happen at any time that the former of these is *capped* with clouds, or with foggy mists, it is not long ere rain falls on the latter; and thus reciprocally.

The moral of this proverb would imply, that not any misfortune can overtake either of these two portions of the united kingdom, without its being sensibly felt in the other; and that the prosperity of each has a like and mutual dependence. After the experience of considerably more than a cen-

tury, it may be boastingly said, on either side the Tweed, that never was proverb more fully verified.

On this head, Dykes, in his moral reflections on proverbs, published immediately after the Union, thus concludes:—"It is to be hoped that the cruel affair of Glencoe will be forgiven, and that all exasperating reflections, or ignominious provocations, will be wholly forborn for the future. Surely people will now leave off jesting with the Union, and not miscall it *an onion* to make our eyes water, unless we are to weep for joy at the happy conclusion of it; being fully satisfied that mirth, and not sorrow, suffering, or trouble, will be the everlasting consequence of our UNITED BRITISH ESTABLISHMENT. In a word, there can be no necessity now for any more idle, timorous talk of the Pict's-wall, or irritating tattle about Bothwell-bridge. Those things, as well as the bloody murder of the Bishop of St Andrews, must be quite obliterated, in order that Great Britain may enjoy an undisturbed Union, and continue in a profound peace, for fear of THE PROVERB."

NAT. LEE, THE POET OF BEDLAM.

THE above writer, Dykes, quotes the following lines, which I have not elsewhere met with, composed by this unfortunate poet while under restraint

in Moorfields, with the observation, that he had never seen a better, or more ingenious translation from the Latin. Poor Lee* must have felt the force of them, having been deserted by the greater part of his former acquaintances.

If Fortune wrap thee warm,
Then friends about thee swarm
Like bees about a honey-pot:
But if dame Fortune frown,
And cast thee fairly down,
By Jove! thou may'st lie there and rot.

To the same effect is the following distich:

When Fortune smiles, we ride in coaches,
But when she frowns, 'tis *bucnas noches*.

A BENEFIT-TICKET.

When lotteries were first established in England, the prizes were called benefit-tickets. Under the

* The untimely death of a grandson of the poet may serve to show that constitutional terrors are not to be subdued unless by degrees. When about eleven years of age, he was sent on board a ship of war, where he showed a particular reluctance to venture aloft, as is the custom in training and exercising the young gentlemen. This, however, he was one day, sorely against his will, and in despite of his most earnest entreaties, compelled to undertake, when, having nearly made good his way up the mizen-shrouds, he suddenly loosed his hands, fell on the deck, and was so dreadfully mutilated as to survive only a few hours.

head of the proverb, "'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good," Dykes, in his dry, humorous way, relates the following incident. "I went once to see an old acquaintance, and to condole with him on the loss of his wife, who had been dead about a month."—'Well, man!' said he —— '*puff* —— never trouble yourself about that: 'tis only a benefit-ticket.'

LANDING OF WILLIAM III. AT BRIXHAM-QUAY, TORBAY.

On the landing of King William, he was met by the magistrates, headed by the mayor, whom "the gods had made poetical." It had been settled that the address to his Majesty should be delivered by him in verse of his own composition, and it was as follows:—

Please your Majestee,
You're welcome to Brixham-key,
To eat buckhorn* and drink tea,
Along with we.
So you be,
An't please your Majestee,
King William.

* Dried haddock.

A GHOST-STORY.

I LEAVE to those who have made the subject of apparitions—of preternatural visitations and providential tokens—their close study, to reason on the particulars of the following mysterious narrative, which was frequently the ground-work of scientific discussion, in the lecture-room of the late Doctor Marshal, in London, but without any satisfactory conclusion being elicited.

In the year 1792, the late Mr Samwell, a medical officer belonging to the royal navy, set out from London for Portsmouth, in a Diligence, to join a line-of-battle ship to which he had been appointed. He possessed a strong mind, was in other respects intellectually gifted, and had published, among various literary productions in verse and prose, a well-written narrative of the death of Captain Cook, with whom he had sailed on his last voyage of discovery, bearing the stamp of such fidelity and skill, as to have been literally inserted by Doctor Kippis in his life of that celebrated circumnavigator. With such acquirements, he was not likely to harbour any notions bordering on superstition.

An accident which had befallen the Diligence near Lewes, in Sussex, caused a delay of several hours, insomuch that the passengers, on reaching Portsmouth, found the inns and other houses of

entertainment shut. After wandering for a considerable time, Mr S. perceived a light, in an obscure quarter leading to Portsea, and entering the house, inquired if he could repose there for the night. Being conducted to a bedroom, he was scarcely in bed, taken up with reflections about joining his ship in the morning, when he distinctly heard several taps at the door. Rising on his seat, he saw, at the bed-side, a figure of a man, wrapped in a shaggy great-coat, and wearing a slouch-hat, with a lantern in his hand. Not being able to procure any reply to the questions he propounded as to the drift of this intrusion, he sprang forward, and made a grasp at what proved to be a shadow, the light suddenly disappearing, while not a footstep was to be heard. From his bed he crept to the door, which was bolted within-side, and alarmed the house. On the arrival of the inmates, whom he was careful not to admit into the apartment, he provided himself with a light, and searched every where within, to discover, if possible, a trap-door by which the intruder may have silently escaped, but without success.

The woman of the house treated his story as a dream, and solicited him to go to bed again; but, having dressed himself, he preferred passing the night on the ramparts. In the morning he related to several persons what had happened to

him, describing the house and its position, when he was told that a mystery was hanging about it which Sir John Carter, the mayor, had for some time anxiously endeavoured to clear up. Not one, but several strangers, who had resorted thither, had from time to time unaccountably disappeared; and what seemed to strengthen the suspicion that they had been robbed and murdered was, that the back part of the house hung over a mud-ditch into which the bodies may have been cast without causing any alarm in the vicinity.

A PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

A LABOURING man, named Sparrow, residing at Rochester, in Kent, dreamed that, by digging at a particular spot, at the side of a small tree close to the wall of the ancient castle, he should find a pot of money. This dream, which made a strong impression on him, he communicated to his wife, who treated it as an absurdity, and desired him to lie still. Having fallen asleep, he was haunted by the same dream, which wrought on his imagination so powerfully, that he rose at early dawn, and proceeded to the castle with his spade. He there dug, with great earnestness, at the spot to which his dream had directed him, but without coming at any treasure. Nothing was left for him, but to blame himself for his folly, and to fill

up the pit he had dug, which he did by lightly throwing in the earth.

A little time after, several boys, among whom was his eldest son, climbed the castle to seek crows'-nests. When at the top, a nest presented itself in such a way as to require that one of the boys should be lowered, the others holding him by his skirts. This boy was Sparrow's son. They negligently let go their hold, and the lad fell on the soft earth covering the pit, without receiving the slightest injury. Tradition says that what led to this almost miraculous escape from destruction was solemnly attested before the mayor.

HEREDITARY ABSENCE OF MIND.

THOSE who are familiar with the works of Fielding, must recollect the incident of the son of Parson Adams who was drawn from the pond, in an inanimate state, by the humane pedlar. The clergyman who was the prototype of the novelist, and whose mental wanderings and abstractions he has so happily described, was the Reverend Mr Young, a neighbour of Fielding; and the individual whom the accident befel, in his boyish days, as he himself has been often heard to declare, the late Doctor Young, for several years surgeon of Haslar Hospital.

It has been said that the father, when a regi-

mental chaplain, being with the army in Flanders, in a fit of absence, strolled one evening into the enemy's camp, and was seized as a spy; but that, on the simplicity and harmlessness of his character being recognised, he was blindfolded, and escorted back by a trumpeter to the advanced posts.

The absences of the son, one of which it may be sufficient to cite, were equally remarkable. Being on the Jamaica station with his namesake, the late Admiral Young, the latter gave notice to the officers and crews of the squadron, that on a certain day he would despatch a sloop of war for England, which would afford them a good opportunity to write to their friends. The letters having been collected, and brought into his cabin, the Admiral, in making up the bag, amused himself with looking over the superscriptions, but could not find any one in the doctor's hand-writing. Having sent for him to inquire how this could be: "Bless me," said the Doctor, "I quite forgot Mrs Young."

A NEW MODE OF KEEPING A PRISONER UNDER RESTRAINT.

A FRENCHMAN, who had been several years confined for debt in the Fleet prison, found himself so much at home within its walls, and was withal so harmless and inoffensive a character, that the

jailor occasionally permitted him to recreate himself by spending his evenings abroad, without any apprehension of the forfeiture of his verbal engagement. His little earnings as a jack-of-all-trades enabled him to form several pot-house connexions; and these led him by degrees to be less and less punctual in his return at the appointed hour of nine. "I'll tell you what it is, Mounseer," at length said the jailor to him, "you are a good fellow, but I am afraid you have lately got into bad company; so I tell you once for all, that if you do not keep better hours, and come back in good time, I shall be under the necessity of locking you out altogether."

THE above is not the only example of a reconciliation, and even an attachment, to a prison-life. The Honourable Mr ——, the son of an Earl, was confined, not within the rules, but within the walls, of the King's Bench prison, for a debt of about seventy pounds, from which he would not permit himself to be released by his noble relatives, or anxiously solicitous friends. For several years he was to be seen in the area of the prison, at his morning-amusement of rackets; and in such pursuits he terminated his days ingloriously, instead of seeking honour in the naval profession to which he had been bred.

A CHOICE OF EVILS.

SEVERAL of the American loyalists, on their coming to London, after the great struggle of independence, to lay before the British government the claims which were afterwards so well satisfied, for the losses they had sustained through their adherence to the cause of the parent country, were in very impoverished circumstances. One of them, who resided in a small lodging near Temple-bar, had three coats, the best of which was in but a sorry trim. These, as he had some knowledge of the Latin language, he named *malus*, *pejor*, and *pessimus*. It was his constant custom, before he stirred abroad in the morning, to consult the weather, and to dress himself accordingly. One morning, however, having in his hurry neglected this precaution, he sallied forth in the midst of a heavy shower. First looking at his coat, and then at the sky, he exclaimed somewhat irreverently, "Rain on, and be ——, you can't hurt *pessimus*."

A STRONG MAN OF KENT.

"I, JOHN MARTIN, have more strength than wit, and that's for sartin," was the constant preamble, as well as the winding-up of the narrative, whenever John recited, not only his surprising feats of strength, but likewise his exploits in gluttony,

his muscular and digestive powers being pretty nearly on a par. Among the trashy stores with which the bounty of his neighbours supplied him, to appease the cravings of a stomach that could never be satiated, were rotten apples, of which he would devour a peck at a sitting; but this, he complained, only sharpened his appetite for something more substantial. His *bulimia*, however, was not of a kind to incite him, as in other examples, to have recourse to food disgusting and abhorrent in its nature; his hankerings were importunate, but not depraved.

Before the introduction of the modern contrivances of machinery in his Majesty's dock-yards, the sawyer's task was most laborious, and was divided between the topman and the pitman, each operating at an extremity of a double-handed saw. Martin being engaged as a sawyer, demanded of the commissioner double pay, as his earnings did not more than half suffice for his support. On being told that his demand was unreasonable, he replied that, having enough of wit to be conscious of his own strength, he would willingly undertake to do the work of two men. A saw having been purposely contrived, he engaged in the joint labour of topman and pitman, or, in the words of Butler, "tugged at both ends," and acquitted himself well. This being told, it would be superfluous to speak of his minor achievements, which were, how-

ever, not exceeded by any that have been placed on the modern and authentic records of the physical powers of man.

PENSIONERS' HALL.

AMONG the reminiscenses of my youthful days there is one which, however it may be tinctured with superstition in some of its particulars, comprises incidents that may be profitably related.

Before "the chest," or fund for the relief of disabled seamen, was removed to Greenwich to be better regulated, the pensioners who resided at a great distance from the spot, and whose appearance before the commissioners was only required at remote intervals, were accustomed to sell their yearly stipend to certain usurers, who accumulated large properties at their expense, and of whom it might have been truly said that they had "hearts of flint," so great were the extortions they practised on these pitiable objects of national gratitude.

One of these usurers, named Durham, built, on the Bank, as it is termed, which divides Rochester from Chatham, two handsome, contiguous houses, in one of which he resided, and which, on account of the hapless contributors to the undertaking, acquired the name of Pensioners' Hall. This man had a brother in the East Indies, who was reported to have there become possessed of

considerable wealth. One night, Durham suddenly alarmed his wife by telling her that he heard a loud knocking at the door. He rose from his bed, and, throwing up the sash, saw, or fancied he saw, by the pale light of the moon, a gentleman at the door, dressed in a chocolate-colour coat, and scarlet waistcoat edged with gold-lace, who described himself as his brother, just arrived from India, and whom he thought he could, after a separation of many years, recognise as such. He descended hastily to give him welcome; but on opening the street-door, no one was to be seen.

That he was heard to converse at the chamber-window, apparently with some one beneath, was attested by several of the neighbours who had not as yet retired to rest; but on the following day not any arrival of a stranger could be traced in the vicinity, to account for this abrupt visitation. In the space of a few months the advice of the brother's death arrived from India; and this information our usurer did not survive many weeks.

Among other portents, or, it may be, fables, which were circulated after the death of this man, whose rapacity had made him odious in the vicinity, was one of a pear-tree he had himself planted, and which was said to have decayed with the progress of his illness, and to have perished with him. This may have been fortuitous—an accident of nature—but the tragical event which soon followed

gâve a better colour, and a firmer consistency, to the imaginings which were put forth of a summary and exemplary infliction of the divine wrath. Within his house was comprised all that he had cherished in this life, his ill-gotten wealth, heaped together, and, what was next prized by him, the widow he had left behind. A fire broke out in the night, not on his premises, but in the adjoining house, the inmates of which escaped the flames, while the widow and her servant, probably in their endeavour to save some part of the valuables which were there concentrated, were consumed with them. As if to perpetuate the remembrance of this awful calamity, the ground on which the estate stood fell into Chancery, and remained for several years unbuilt on.

THE FRUITS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

It would be a subject of curious inquiry to trace distinctly the countries and regions whence the fruits that have thriven so well in Great Britain were primitively drawn. Several of the kinds of them, more particularly the Burgundy pear, when in high perfection some years ago, were declared by foreign and other travellers to possess a more delicate flavour than on the soil from which they were said to have been transplanted. Much is still to be expected from the labours of the Horti-

cultural Society, where both climate and soil seem so congenial to the production of certain fruits. Those which best flourish with us, and are not denied a sufficient degree of heat to bring them to maturity, are much superior in flavour to the same kinds of fruit produced in the south of France, and in the more northern parts of Italy, where the soil is comparatively arid and steril.

What is known in other parts of England as the Kentish cherry, is in Kent called the Flemish cherry, it having been brought thither from Flanders, as might also have been the apricot, with divers other fruits. The latter, the *malum Armeniacum vel præcocium* [Armenian, or early apple], of our ordinary vocabularies, is, by Waesbergue, in his Flemish Dictionary, printed in 1640, styled the early peach of *Troy*, to which region of minor Asia its origin may, on its early introduction into Europe, have been traced.

Lambard, who flourished in the reign of our Elizabeth, and displayed much historical learning in his "Perambulation of Kent," the latest edition of which (black letter) appeared in 1596, affords the following curious information relative to fruits of British growth. "Our honest patriot, Richard Harris, fruiterer to King Henry the Eighth, planted, by his great cost and rare industry, the sweet cherry, the temperate pippin, and the golden rennet. For this man, seeing that this realm, which

wanted neither the favour of the sun, nor the fat of the soil, meet for the production of good apples, was nevertheless served chiefly with that fruit from foreign regions, by reason that, as Virgil says,

Pomaque degenerant, succos oblita priores:

And that those plants which our ancestors had brought hither out of Normandy, had lost their native verdure, whether you did eat their substance, or drink their juice, which we call cider; he, I say, about the year of our Lord Christ 1533, obtained one hundred and five acres of good ground in Tenham, then called the Brennet, which he divided into ten parcels, and with great care, good choice, and no small labour and cost, brought plants from beyond the seas, and furnished this ground with them so beautifully, as that they not only stand in most right line, but seem to be of one sort, shape, and fashion, as if they had been drawn through one mould, or wrought by one and the same pattern."

A RICH EYE

Is an expression which I never met with out of Shakspeare,* until a few weeks ago. In passing

* To have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.—*As You Like it.*

along Fleet Street, a young gentleman, wearing spectacles, certainly one of the most conspicuous figures of latter times in London, attracted general notice by a stature which could not be much less, if it did not rise to seven feet. "Did you ever see the like, sir?" said to me a respectable stranger who appeared to be from the country. "I have seen more," was my reply. "I recollect, when I was on the North American station some years ago, that a pilot came on board the flag-ship to procure a passport. He looked down on us lads who were walking the quarter-deck, as a live lobster would look on a plate of unboiled, skipping shrimps; so we had the curiosity, in return for the compliment he paid us, to take his measure, which we accomplished by placing the ship-standard on a table, the height of which we had first been careful to ascertain. He stood precisely eight feet five inches without his shoes, and had lost several other inches by an ungainly stoop, not being able to hold himself erect. Now," I continued, "this man was from the swampy grounds lying at the back of the Massachusets; and these natives are, by the other North Americans, denominated *proper yankees*. They say of them, that they are like a bad cabbage, all stalk and no heart."—"Sir," said the country gentleman, smiling, and looking me full in the face, "you have a rich eye;" and off, without further peroration, he whipped to the other side of the street.

A HURRIED VISIT.

SEVERAL members of the distinguished Irish family of O'Brien have attained a high rank in the British naval service, and of these some have proudly boasted a royal descent; but the one I am to speak of, a late admiral, was called Jack, because he was not proud, and was withal a very good-humoured fellow. This familiar style is in general complimentary, and implies certain amiable qualities in the individual on whom it is bestowed. An old acquaintance of mine, who was a bad hand at remembering baptismal names, to save trouble, and without caring about what their sponsors may have said for them, bestowed the appellation of Peter on all his good-natured friends, and did it in so pleasant a way, that the stroke rebounded on himself, and, instead of Jerry, he has been Peter ever since, with the better part of his connexions.

Admiral Jack O'Brien, therefore, when a lieutenant, had the misfortune to be blown out of his ship into the sea. A mixture of gunpowder and salt water, it may be supposed, can make but a sorry pickle; and, having been picked up by one of the boats of the squadron, Jack was taken in this pickle on board the flag-ship. On his reaching the quarter-deck, he had to apologize for his appearance. He was quite ashamed, he said, to be seen in such a trim, but he could assure the

gentlemen that he had left his ship in a great hurry.

HOW TO COME AT A SHY DEBTOR.

A CLERK in a commercial house in London, having to recover various old book-debts in the country, when his application for payment was left unanswered, fell on the expedient of addressing the curate of the parish, whom he was sure to find at his post, to know whether such a person still resided there, or what was become of him, &c. &c. To one of these inquiries he received this

Answer to Mr B——'s queries from the curate of Ottery, St Mary, in the following *hexiplet.*

My friend Mr B——!
What I say is all true,
That Josephus Trenew
Is quite out of view,
And will never pay you.
From the curate—Adieu!

THE SICILIAN IMPROVISATORE.

MY inquisitive housekeeper, in folding a packet, asked me just now what was meant by the above Italian word. She must have been very heedless in looking over the rude particulars of my visit to Catania, which would have furnished her, however, with the right explanation; and this surprised me, I

must confess, as it will also no doubt surprise the reader, if he should reflect for a moment on the nice taste that has been displayed, chiefly through her care, in the selection of "the Sweepings," so far as they have been hitherto extracted from the mass.

My Sicilian trip was a very pleasant one: I shall, therefore, with the help of a few perplexed notes, hastily pencilled on the route, and a pretty retentive memory, try to begin at the beginning, as the Welch curate of the Isle of Grain told his congregation he would endeavour to do, on surveying the blurs in the sermon he had composed overnight, when he was himself *non-compos*, and little less than half-seas-over. He could make nothing, however, of any one passage that might have brought him to a slovenly conclusion; and so, leaving him to his excuse, I proceed to my trial.

In the first place, however, I must say a few words of another curate who resided in one of the northern counties of England, and may not have lived long enough to have benefited by the measures that have been recently adopted to ameliorate the condition of these labourers in the vineyard of grace and protestantism, whose hard earnings in those days would not have excited the envy of the friars mendicant of the infallible church of Rome. For thirty pounds per annum, ten of which, like a good son, he sent to his mamma in Yorkshire, he served four parishes, to reach one of which he had

to cross a ferry. The discourses to be delivered to his rustic auditors were made up of disconnected, and often incongruous, passages from any books of sermons he could borrow, and were as regularly planned to last eight minutes in their recital, as a carpenter measures his work before he attempts to make out his bill. For this purpose, double lines, like those of a tyro's copy-book, were pencilled, to the end that the letters and spaces might all be sized alike; and thus so many pages, eight lines to a page, filled up the account.

As I made one of his congregation occasionally, I can attest that he drawled as sonorously, and with as just an emphasis, as any schoolboy of eight or nine years of age, which was quite as much as was to be expected, at the rate of seven pounds ten shillings per parish, on taking into the reckoning the working-days' exercises of funerals, &c.

Like most of our provincial curates, he was a keen sportsman, and would condescend to bring down, for the table of any gentleman who would supply him with powder and shot, the requisite number of pheasants or partridges, which he rarely missed. His skill in gunnery was often the introduction to a good dinner, which was to him the best of the sport; and his taste for cold plum-pudding, as it was known to all the farmers within

his range, was pretty sure to be gratified when he was sporting on his own account.

Parsons in general, I believe, are fond of plum-pudding, when it is rich; and what they like they cannot forbear to fancy must be loved by others. A vicar, not one of the wealthiest of his class, fel desperately in love with the squire's daughter, whom he very gallantly presented with a plum-pudding. Miss, who was not to be caught with such sweets, as they catch flies with honey, indignantly sent it back to the parson with the following distich:

Take back thy present, thou aspiring vicar,
For Nan loves pudding where the plums are thicker.

But about the Sicilian *improvisatore?* We were not in quest of him, but of any thing in the way of agreeable adventure, when my companion and myself embarked at Malta, in the Ortenzia schooner, in the beginning of April 1810. We were to have been landed at Syracuse; but an unlucky squall overtaking us in the night, the schooner was driven, in despite of every effort of seamanship, as far as the ancient Taurominium. Early in the morning we disembarked at the village lying at the foot of that mountain, and having procured mules, set out for Catania, distant about thirty English miles. To Giacere, nearly midway, the country through

which we passed was rich beyond what I could have conceived, the valleys, in the points of culture and fertility, nearly equalling the plains of Albania, which I had visited the preceding autumn. The villages were well peopled, and did not wear the air of misery which had been represented to me to prevail throughout Sicily. The vineyards and corn-fields, in which the agriculturists and weeders cheerfully laboured, presented on our route a smiling picture.

Having taken refreshments at a small village about four miles beyond Giacere, we set forward, and early in the evening reached our destined port. From this latter village, a distance of about twelve miles, the country was not so luxuriant and interesting as the one through which we had before passed. Throughout the whole of the route, Monte Gibello, [Etna,] its summit clad with snow, was on our right; and, owing to its stupendous height, appeared close to us, at the same time that our nearest approach was at Catania, distant eighteen miles from its base, and twelve others from its summit.

We alighted at the *Leone d'Oro*, kept by Signor, or, as we afterwards more commonly found him described in his *album*, Don Francisco Abbate, who gave us an excellent supper, in return for which we invited him to partake of our wine. His

solemn deportment, and extravagant gestures, on his entrance, announced him a very original, as we were not long in finding him to be. He was scarcely seated, when he eyed us with consummate attention, and, without preluding, burst out, in choice Sicilian strains, into high encomiums of our dignity and worth. His verses, which he sung or chanted, as he *improvisoed* each of us respectively, were fluent and harmonious, and appeared to us, so far as we could judge of the language, to display an exalted poetic taste. However he may have been accustomed to compliment his guests in this manner, it was easy to perceive, by his slight occasional pauses, and recollective efforts, that his was not the parrot's language, as it had been studied to be indiscriminately dealt out; and, indeed, this was manifested by the variations of style and tone he bestowed on his laudatory flourishes. Of us, who were utter strangers to him, he could judge alone by our physiognomic traits, and general exteriors: if he could discriminate happily, his penetration must have been acute.

He next entertained us with a variety of pastoral and other melodies, which, with some neat stories, detained us till near midnight, when, overcome by fatigue, we threw out a signal of distress. With him it was *allegro;* and he marched off accordingly in full song. As an *improvisatore* I think I can

vouch for the Signor's skill, having heard several, but never one who appeared to me to possess this gift in so eminent a degree.

The next morning, being Sunday, we paid a visit to the British Colonel-commandant, who took us to the Franciscan church, a splendid building in which high mass was then performing. The orchestra was large, and among the vocal performers were two countertenors, the sweetest pipes I ever heard. Our attention was drawn to the statues of the twelve apostles, which were delicately wrought; but, with the exception of two or three small, insignificant ones, there were not any paintings.

We next visited the cathedral, where a priest—an orator of great celebrity—was engaged in preaching before the bishop. Here we saw several good sculptures; and in the chancel, among other paintings, a representation of Catania before the eruption of Mount Etna, by which it was nearly destroyed. The exterior of this edifice is in a very fine style.

The cabinet of the Prince of Biscari afforded us a high gratification. We found it rich in antique monuments, which, with the exception of a few that had been brought from the Neapolitan territory, were found in Sicily. A colossal statue of Ceres was especially pointed out by the *cicerone*, and struck me as very fine. A whole-length Vi-

tellius; a bronze bust of Antinous, of Greek workmanship, exquisite in style, and in the highest preservation, without indent or injury; together with a bust of Augustus in bas-relief; were among the richest specimens of antique sculpture that drew our admiration.

The mosaics were rich and numerous; as were also the vases: it would, indeed, have required a week, instead of two hours spent there by us, to have inspected minutely all the curious objects in this very extensive collection, which the Prince had the royal permission to augment, by employing a multitude of labourers in digging, and causing researches to be made in every part of the island. His dilapidations at Taormina [Tauro-minium] were pointed out to us on our return; and in Catania he had *unmarbled* the warm baths, &c. The other parts of the cabinet, containing the natural history, &c., were on a very extensive scale.

Next the cathedral, we descended by a flight of steps to the warm baths, and finished our morning's tour by viewing the cold baths, the vestiges of the amphitheatre, of the theatre, &c. In the evening we took a few turns in the Prince's gardens, which were prettily laid out.

As is London to the great fire of 1666, so is Catania chiefly indebted to the calamities to which it was exposed during the successive eruptions of

Mount Etna towards the close of the seventeenth century, for the style of elegance displayed in its buildings and public edifices. Its straight and wide streets, which are, as well as the avenues leading to the city, curiously paved in squares, lie in right angles. It is the residence of many of the high Sicilian nobility; and the inhabitants, who pride themselves on their superiority over the other islanders, are in general very respectable. So much cannot be said, however, in favour of many who are above what is called the lower class of society, and who are very filthy in their habits: both here, and in the adjacent villages, the vermin-hunters were engaged in full pursuit at their doors, the mother lousing the daughter, the sister the brother, &c. The field-sports, we observed, were not so well followed up, the markets being but indifferently supplied with game, which is abundant throughout Sicily. It being Lent, there was not any opera; but we were invited to a *conversazione*, where, we were told, the spirit of gambling was maintained in its full force.

Our supper was more tempting; and this repast being over, Don Lorenzo was summoned with his bill of charges, it being our intention to start early in the morning. Instead of a bill, he brought under his arm a book, which was nearly filled with either real or sham testimonials of his

merits, requesting us to add ours to those of the other travellers, and leaving the rest to our generosity. We could not do less than speak of him in the handsomest terms; and, in return, it struck me that there would not be much harm in my stealing from his book a loose leaf, containing, as was the case with the greater part of the certificates in the English language, what in his ignorance he supposed to be high encomiums, but which, with the exception of the concluding sentence, being penned in pure *badinage*, could be of little use to him, at the same time that it may for a moment amuse the reader. These are its contents.

"We, the undersigned, do certify as follows.

"I, Parson Adams, do certify that Don Lorenzo Abbate appears to me to be a person of tolerably good morals.

"I, Doctor Parr, do certify that the abovementioned is in good health, but occasionally troubled with bile. I therefore recommend a periodical dose of mercury.

"I, Mr Dorkins, do certify that Don Lorenzo Abbate possesses a rare wit and fluency of language; but I have some doubts with respect to the story of the lady in the well with a broken leg.

"We all agree in thinking him a very good

cicerone, and an obliging and reasonable *albergatore*.

" T. S. ADAMS, D. D.
" C. T. C. PARR, M. D.
" G. C. H. DORKINS."

In the following leaf Lorenzo Abbate is recommended as a very good innkeeper, an excellent guide, and *by far the greatest curiosity in Catania.*

There was something about Don Lorenzo which perplexed me not a little. His person and manners, his extravagancies even, seemed so familiar to me, that I could not help fancying I had met with him somewhere before. His furthest excursion, and most elevated flight, from Catania, did not exceed, however, the woody region of Mount Etna; and I had visited Sicily for the first time. An old French acquaintance broke suddenly on my mental view, presenting himself as one of the Dromios of the scene. Whatever may be the general national differences assigned by physiognomists to the exterior of man, and however they may be modified by his habits, these were here sunk in the Sicilian and Gallic counterparts, who seemed as if they had been cast in the same mould. The same stature and portly bulk, with features strongly resembling, and the same air of self-importance and mock-heroic dignity in the bearing, were to be traced in each; while, with the excep-

tion of the gift of extemporaneous versification in the former, they were alike fluent of speech, happy in the ebullitions of fancy, and jocund in song.

Monsieur le Noir had laboured indefatigably, for several years, in the French department of a large printing establishment in London, and was led, by the decree in favour of artizans, to revisit his native country in the autumn of 1797. He landed at Calais with nearly the bulk of his savings, in gold, on his person—a fact which did not escape the observation of the police. Such a pigeon was well worth plucking; and he was accordingly clapped into prison, as an emigrant of note, and was honoured with two guards, or attendants, to each of whom he had to pay six livres per day. His meals were served to him on an extravagant scale, and nothing neglected that could lead to his gratification, while it lightened his pockets. One morning, however, he fell on the expedient of easing them of their splendid contents, and artfully concealed his remaining fifty louis'. On being asked what he would be pleased to order for dinner, he left it, he said, entirely to the kindness of the jailor to cater for him, as he was without money. He was now taken before the municipal authorities, who released him, as they ought to have done in the first instance, on his exhibiting his proofs of iden-

tity; and at Arras, in Flanders, I found him in the summer of ninety-eight.

A misfortune, it is said, seldom comes alone. On his arrival at his native place, Arras, Monsieur le Noir found that his wife, to whom he had, during his long absence, made occasional remittances, had eloped with a gallant, carrying off with her all the effects she could rake together. To complete his mortification, the agent in London to whom he had confided, by virtue of a power of attorney, a sum which he had vested in the English funds, was shy in his responses; in other words, this last remaining portion of his property was lost for ever.

Nothing, it would seem, could abate his constitutional gaiety of heart. Having established himself as a teacher, instead of the lessons in form, as well in the English as in the French language, which he promised to his pupils, he gave them songs, and tales, and jests, and still he got them on with their learning. In paying his visits, it was not necessary for him otherwise to announce himself, as his warblings could be distinguished by each pupil at a remote distance: and, in the same way as he tuned his pipes on his entrance, so he departed with a song. His hilarity did not forsake him for a moment.

The moral which I would fain point, as well from the striking personal resemblance between

the above individuals, as from their congenial habits and temperaments, is that the likings or dislikings we are apt to entertain, on falling in with strangers, may in many instances be the result of impressions, of which we may not be sensible, made on us by those whom we may have known, possessing similar physiognomic traits, and a general personal resemblance. It has happened to me lately to meet oftentimes with an English gentleman who eyes me with no small surprise, because, on the first occasion of our encounter, I approached him with an extended hand, which I as suddenly withdrew, when I recollected how improbable it was that my acquaintance, if not in France, where he had recently been heard of, should be in a part of the kingdom which I knew he had never visited, instead of being surrounded by his friends and connexions in another quarter. If my knowledge of him had been, not of a recent, but of an old date, his identity might have been worn out in my remembrance, while the impression he might have made on the sensorium would have remained sufficiently distinct to influence my judgment of the stranger who bore to him so strong a resemblance, and whom I can never meet without feeling a sensible pleasure.

THE RETURN.

We left Catania early the next morning, and noticed on our route, at a short distance, the large tracts of the lava with which the city had been overwhelmed in 1693. With portions of this lava the walls at the road-sides were constructed, together with many of the cottage-fronts, &c. Having taken refreshments at Giacere, we reached Taormino early in the afternoon, and proceeded to view the remains of the amphitheatre, which were very considerable, with well-preserved columns, capitals, &c. in marble and granite. The *naumachia* drew much of our attention. At the house, where we were hospitably entertained by an officer belonging to Dillon's corps, we noticed several fine antique fragments, in alto and basso relievo, plastered into the wall.

On our further progress to Messina, the following morning, the villages through which we had to pass wore an air of poverty strongly contrasting with those between Taormino and Catania, the latter being both neat and well inhabited.

At seven in the evening we arrived at Messina; and were taken on the following morning to an elevated spot, where the British General, Campbell, had a rural retreat. From this advantage-ground, looking to the left, we discerned Scilla,

with a large portion of the Calabrian coast; and to the right had a fine view of the port and city.

At nine the next morning, being at our breakfast, two Calabrees, on their way to execution for the murder of a foreign officer in the British service, passed by the front of the hotel. I hold myself fortunate in never having witnessed a capital punishment; and on that account it probably was that I felt myself the more affected by the scene. They were on foot. The nearest on the right was a young man, tall, and well-built. A deathlike paleness overspread his dusky visage; but his step was firm. With his hands he embraced the extremities of a short stick, about two feet in length; and, timing their movements to his paces, seemed anxious to divert his attention from the horrors of the fate that awaited him. The other, who was advanced in years, was a short, thickset figure: over his shoulder was thrown a bag, which, as they wore the dress of criminals, yellow with red crosses, it is probable contained their clothing and other effects, to be distributed at the foot of the gallows.

The mind is susceptible of impressions which time cannot weaken, and which nothing beside the absolute decay of the faculties, preying on the stores of memory, can obliterate. The view of these criminals on their passage to death, carried

me back to North America, and to the year 1777. I then saw, as I still see, in the mind's perspective, the huts of the Hessian soldiery, encamped near Morris Town in New York island, together with each object of the surrounding scenery, when these mercenaries were drawn up in two lines, each having in his right hand a small rod, or twig. The punishment of the gauntlet to be inflicted on the culprit, who was brought forward naked to the waist, was worse than death, for on his knees he supplicated the commanding-officer that he might be shot. His gestures told as much, and in so plain a language as not to need the interpretation that was afterwards afforded me.

The life's-blood, in full stream, had rushed back to its fountain. His countenance, like that of the younger of the Calabrees, was of a deadly paleness, but betraying all the agonies of wild despair. Surely, the accursed Inquisition never contrived such horrid tortures as those inflicted by the military punishment of the rods, with which our German auxiliaries in North America were at that time so familiar. To have laid any stress on the application of the slender instrument would have been mercy to the sufferer: the sleight consisted in the gentleness of the touch; and in that, and in the reiteration of the strokes, lay the torments it inflicted, as, in its soft ticklings, the fluid hollows the stone.

On our route from Messina to Malta, the schooner touched at Syracuse, where we landed on the evening on the 11th, and proceeded to the house of the Chevalier Andolini, to take a hasty view by candlelight of the antiques and other curiosities in his museum. What most drew our attention was the fine statue of Venus, that had been recently found, and has since been placed in the public museum of the city. It might then have been purchased for a few hundred dollars, and have been pre-eminently displayed in the British Museum. It is of large dimensions, standing about seven English feet. It wants the head and the right arm; but nothing can be conceived finer than the attitude of the figure, and the style of its loosely flowing drapery. The old woman who acted as *cicerone*, and held in her hand a small end of candle, laid hold of mine without ceremony, and directed it to the most fleshy part of the statue, to satisfy me that the marble, of the finest polish, was as soft as velvet to the touch.—With the Esculapius in the next apartment we were not so much gratified; and this was all we had time to see, as the schooner was then getting under way. On the following afternoon we were landed safely at Malta.

FROM MALTA TO MARSEILLES.

After the abdication of Bonaparte, and while he was in his pleasant retirement at Elba, in 1814, it became my duty to accompany to Marseilles the French prisoners of war who had been held captives in the island of Malta. On board the transport in which I was embarked, among other interesting characters, was an old master of a merchant-vessel, belonging to St Tropez, near Toulon, who had long navigated the Mediterranean sea, and had gathered much curious information in the course of his voyages. He gave me, what has long been regarded as a valuable desideratum,

A CERTAIN CURE FOR THE GOUT.

An intimate acquaintance of his, likewise in the command of a merchant-ship, on his route from Marseilles to the island of Cyprus, was fallen in with by an Algerine corsair, from which he was hailed, with a peremptory order to repair on board. He was at the time bound hand and foot with an acute attack of gout, to violent paroxysms of which he had been for several years subject. In this extremity, he sent his chief mate on board the corsair; but with his visit and apology the Algerine captain was so little satisfied, that he ordered him back to his vessel, protesting that, whether dead

or alive, he would see his commander. The latter, carefully enveloped in his bedding, which was laid on a grating, was lowered into the boat, and in this trim conveyed to the pirate. The Algerines were not so ceremonious: they laid violent hands on him, brought him to the deck, and, having lashed him to one of the guns, gave him two hundred bastinadoes on the soles of his feet, as the punishment of his disobedience. In proportion as the smart of the blows that had been inflicted was less sensible, the arthritic symptoms became less acute, and were subdued in a few days, without leaving in their train any degree of lameness.

The patient on whom this happy cure was wrought, lived for many years without any return of his old troublesome companion; and it remains to be disputed whether the fright, or the blows so dexterously applied, had most to do with the prompt issue of his case, which seems to be susceptible of a useful application.

A DESPERATE EXPLOIT.

THE flotilla of transports, under the escort of his Majesty's brig Paulina, having been driven, by contrary winds and boisterous weather, to seek shelter in the bay of Cagliari, the capital of Sardinia, we landed in parties, together with several of the French officers, to recruit our stock, which

was managed at the health-office, the vessels being in quarantine. Among these officers was one whose person was not familiar to me, he having, during his residence at Malta, been on parole at Citta Vecchia [the old city], where I had not had occasion to see him. He pressed forward, within the narrow space allotted to us, to give his orders, with so determined an air, and without regard to persons, at the same time that there was something so mean and insignificant in his slender person, joined to a shambling gait, that I was led to inquire particularly who this hero could be.

During the latter part of the siege of Genoa, the Italian legion, between eight and nine hundred strong, raised from foreigners in Great Britain, was placed in advance of the other troops. The approaches became so formidable to the besieged, that the French commandant determined to attempt, in the obscurity of the night, a daring *coup de main*, with the view of inspiring terror in this foreign band, in whom little confidence was to be reposed, and scattering confusion in their tents. The above officer was accordingly ordered to put himself at the head of thirty horsemen, and to penetrate into the centre of the ranks, which feat was by him most gallantly performed.

With the exception of himself, not one of his party came living out of the affray, and he was taken to the field-hospital, covered with wounds

and weltering in his blood. There, the commanding-officer of the legion, by birth a Piedmontese, thought proper to reproach him with the temerity of the enterprise in which he had been engaged, and which had been on either side so disastrous. "You, sir," replied the Frenchman, "are fighting in a cause which is not your own, and still, I am persuaded, you are obedient to the orders you receive. How, then, would you have had me, who am a Frenchman, and fighting under the banners of France, disobey mine?"

Among the more exalted in rank of the prisoners of war, on board the transport in which I was embarked, was one whose simplicity of manners seemed to border on fatuity, and who afforded a striking example, that men are not, any more than by their looks, to be judged by their outward bearing on a superficial acquaintance. He was a long time at Malta, where, although decorated with the cross of the legion of honour, he passed for a harmless, inoffensive creature—one whom we designate as an old woman—without spirit, and devoid of professional ability, until one particular of his history became known, namely, that he commanded the flotilla at Boulogne at the time of the unsuccessful attack made on that place by Lord Nelson. Nothing more was required than for me

to touch gently on this string, to kindle him into a recital of the preparations he had made, and the expedients to which he had resorted, as well for annoyance as for defence. This important trust, it appeared to me, could not have been confided to better hands.

We were but a short distance from Cagliari, in prosecuting our route, when we were in the presence of a low, morassy part of the Sardinian coast, having on its site a few scattered houses, which afforded a striking proof that, as well as man, the fruits of the earth may be susceptible of the *malaria*, or malignant vapours rising from the soil. The figs collected at this spot, and sent to Cagliari for sale, are ticketed as a precaution, and cannot be eaten with safety, unless by the inhabitants of that city, and by the villagers where they are grown. They are so pernicious to strangers, that a Frenchman we had on board, the master of a trading ship, assured me he had a few years before lost a fine boy who had been inadvertently served with these figs. This example may operate as a caution to those who visit foreign countries, not to make too free with the fruits of their growth, until they are seasoned and habituated to their use.

THE LATE GENERAL MIRANDA.

In the year 1805, this extraordinary character resided in Grafton Street, Fitzroy Square, and I was his close neighbour. A mutual friend of ours, lately deceased, of high rank in the British naval service, asked me one day if I had ever heard the General give an account of his appearance before the Committee of Public Safety in Paris. On my replying in the negative, he told me, if I was at all inquisitive on the subject, the details of which would afford me a high treat, to be sure to anger the General a little by some sort of contradiction, and thus wind up his declamation to the right pitch.

Those may talk as they please of fine actors, and consummate acting, who have not seen General Miranda engaged in this, which was one of his favourite topics; but never, I think, even in the days of Garrick, was such acting displayed on the boards of a public theatre. By his powerful eloquence, he carried you into the very presence of the miscreants by whom he was to be judged. You saw them seated at the table where the death-warrants of so many thousands had been signed, while he stood before them, stripped to his shirt, his arms and neck bared, his hair turned up, and every formality observed that would precede the fatal blow of the axe. With this preparation, he

hurled at them the boldest defiance, and pointed to the windows, intimating, by a master-stroke of policy, what he knew not to be true, but which they, in the panic he had inspired, were led to apprehend, that many were assembled withoutside to avenge his death. Of the principal personages who had acted under Dumourier, at the time of his defection, he alone escaped.

Professor Pauw had described the provinces of South America as being overrun with barbarism, and the natives incapable of culture and moral improvement. When a very young man, General Miranda quitted his native place, the Caraccas, and visited most of the countries of Europe. He did not neglect, when the opportunity presented itself, to call on the professor, who received him very graciously, and was so charmed with his intelligence, and the general information he had collected, at an early time of life, on subjects of science, that he expressed a wish to know some particulars of his history. "I am," said the General, "one of the South American savages whom you have honoured with a particular notice in a recent publication." The professor was abashed, but tried to excuse himself by remarking, that he must have acquired his accomplishments in some one of the learned seminaries of Europe." "Not at all," replied the General. "What you now

see me, that I was when I left, for the first and only time, South America and the Caraccas."

The General rarely stirred abroad in the daytime, but confined himself to his study, where he had every facility afforded him to add to his extensive and well-selected library. It was understood that the foreign publications imported for his use were liberated from the customhouse duties; and ample means were otherwise provided him to gratify his taste in literature. He was then, in concert with the late Mr Windham, the war minister, maturing his plan of liberating the Spanish possessions in South America, and was promised the powerful aid of Great Britain, in the event of a rupture with Spain. As he knew that he was closely watched by spies in the pay of the Spanish ambassador, and felt the necessity of taking a great deal of exercise in a little time, when he could do it with apparent safety, he used to sally forth, with all secrecy, in the dusk of the evening, and made such powerful strides, in his rambles in the fields leading to Hampstead, that a young Scotchman, who acted as his secretary, and had to accompany him, found it very difficult to keep pace with his sturdy patron.

THE JESUITS' PROP.

When the Jesuits established themselves at Montpelier, a house was given them opposite to that of the *Oratory*, or monastery belonging to the *Peres de l'Oratoire*, but in so bad a condition that it became necessary to prop it, and to fix beams which were supported by the walls of the Oratorians, whose Superior made in consequence the following verses, which were found after his decease:

Ne nous reprochez plus nos forces affoiblies,
Nous sommes bien plus forts qu' Atlas,
Il soutenoit le monde, et ne le portoit pas,
Mais nous soutenons ceux sous qui le monde plie.

A DESERTER OF A NOVEL CHARACTER.

A naval officer who held a civil employment at Rhode Island, during the American war of independence, and who was of a spare, skeleton-like figure, was stopped by a sentinel late one night, on his return from a visit, and shut up in the sentry-box, the soldier declaring that he should remain there until his officer came his rounds at twelve o'clock. "My good fellow," said Mr W——, "I have told you who I am, and I really think you ought to take my word." 'It will not do,' replied the soldier: 'I am by no means satisfied.'

" Then," taking from his pocket a quarter of a dollar, and presenting it, " will that satisfy you?" ' Why, yes, I think it will.' " And, now that I am released, pray tell me why you detained me at your post." ' I apprehended you,' said the soldier, ' as a deserter from the church-yard.'

The above officer, when a young man, and a stranger to London, stopped a gentleman to ask his way to the Admiralty. " Are you not mistaken in your inquiry?" said the gentleman: " I should think that your business lies with the Victualling Office."

THERE GOES FIVE: TALLY!

A MIDSHIPMAN of the name of Dorcas was, at his own particular request, landed at Boston, from the Glasgow frigate, shortly after the breaking out of the above war, to serve as a volunteer with the British troops. In the battles of Lexington and Bunker's Hill, he received no less than seventeen gunshot and other wounds. Those earliest inflicted did not in any degree abate his ardour for the fight. In dealing out his blows, and making good his way through the throng of the American soldiery, the fifth wound was dealt out to him, and followed by his exclamation of, THERE GOES, FIVE: TALLY! He was ever after known among

the Americans, who were too brave themselves not to admire this trait of heroism and cool intrepidity, as TALLY DORCAS.

I became acquainted with this officer, at New York, in the year 1779. He was crippled in his gait, as may well be supposed after what he had undergone; but he joined, to an engaging vivacity of manners, an elasticity—a springiness—in his movements, that showed him to be all fibre and nerve. About this time, Sir Henry Clinton, the commander in chief, confided to him the important post of Paulus Hook, in the Jerseys, opposite to New York.

THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

[From Aunt Martha's Diary.]

A FRIAR belonging to the order of Saint Francis, gave out a discourse for the benefit of his confraternity. It should be remarked, that it is the constant usage of painters to describe one of the magi who were led to Bethelem, by the star in the east, to present their offerings, as a sable Ethiopian. Of this conception Friar Emmanuel took a pleasant advantage. Having expatiated at some length on the eternal rewards attendant on pious donations, as well as on the peculiar claims of his order on the bounty of his hearers, he proceeded to speak of the wise men of the east, and of their offerings.

"The first," said he, "my worthy and benevolent auditors, brought gold; the second, frankincense and myrrh; and the third——What did he bring? It is with concern I tell you that he came empty-handed, on which account God turned him black. You will agree with me that this was a terrible punishment, but not a greater one than was merited by so heinous a neglect."——This being said, each pressed earnestly forward with his donation, insomuch that, on their breaking up, to the great joy of the Friar, who congratulated them on the event, not a single *black face* was to be seen in the admiring crowd.

A REASONABLE PROPOSITION.

WHETHER Johnny Morehead found his way to Boston, in New England, when that place was comprehended in the British possessions in North America, at the public expense, or otherwise, matters but little: it is certain that, by the dint of great assiduity, he became a popular preacher, where preaching was so much in vogue. His beginning was, however, small, and his congregation, like his conventicle, of the meanest description. He often lamented the want of a bell to summon his flock to prayers, and at length made a proposition to them than which nothing could be more reasonable. "We cannot afford, brethren," said

he, "to purchase a metal bell; but who is there among you so poor as not to be able, if willing, to subscribe his *copper*—and if it be but a copper it will be thankfully received—toward the purchase of a leathern bell? And he, I say, who shall refuse to contribute his mite toward the purchase of this leathern bell, shall not hear the sound thereof."

THE ST PRIEST MSS.

THE manuscript volumes about which you are so inquisitive, Sukey, and which are on the upper shelf of the closet, came into my possession, during my residence at Malta, by a rather extraordinary chance. In looking over the books lying on a stall in front of a bookseller's shop in the Conservatory Square at Valletta, I met with a MS. work of travels which drew my particular attention. I was not long in ascertaining that it was the production of a very interesting character, the Chevalier de St Priest, a knight of Malta, who was perhaps better known to the inhabitants, through his genius and eccentricities, than any other member of that illustrious order. His work entitled "MALTE PAR UN VOYAGEUR FRANCOIS," published at Valletta in the year 1791, I had already seen, and found it to contain, in a very small compass, more curious and precise information relative to the island of Malta,

and its antiquities, than is to be found in Boisgelin's two clumsy quarto volumes. This stimulated me to procure any other MSS. of his, or that might have been in his possession; and I succeeded so well, when on the very eve of my departure from Malta, that all which could be found among the property he had left behind became mine. For several years these MS. volumes exercised my pen, until, becoming wearied of such pursuits, I cast away the labour I had bestowed on them, tearing and dismembering that which, my good girl, through your zeal to prevent the loss of any of the fruits of my literary application, may now be of good availment. From these papers, which form a great portion of what you have gathered together, I have already extracted some anecdotes and notices of the French capital; and shall now introduce into my volume of "Sweepings" a variety of amusing extracts from M. de St Priest's travels in different parts of Europe, together with the history of the Chevalier de Courville, which, however it may be disguised, is in its chief points a history of his own life. These I shall follow up by some interesting documents drawn by his father, the Count de St Priest, the most celebrated of the modern French diplomatists, from the archives of the French embassy at Constantinople; and likewise by a family correspondence, which, although of ancient date, carries with it a polish of style

which cannot be otherwise than admired, while the events it records claim a powerful interest.

Your inquiries, Sukey, relative to that truly original character, Charles Emmanuel de St Priest, shall be answered. I was told at Malta that he had been the very life and soul of the French knights, his companions. He was a profound scholar, a poet, a painter, a musician, and a playwright; and acted as manager of the French theatricals, which are particularly noticed in his travels. On the landing of the French, under Bonaparte, in the island of Malta, he effected his escape* with Baron Hompesch, the Grand Master; became a general in the Russian service; and was slain at the battle of Brienne, in Champaign, in 1814.

The Chevalier embarked at Marseilles, in the month of April 1776, in a merchant vessel bound to the Levant, and which was to touch at Malta. After a passage of thirteen days, during which

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* Such was his hurry to embark, that even his own particular copy of his work on Malta he left behind. Opposite the title-page he has whimsically introduced his *portrait*; and from all I could gather of him, I should think it an admirable likeness.

PORTRAIT DE L'AUTEUR PAR LUI-MEME.

La raison me tient par l'oreille,
Et l'amour, je ne sais par où;
Si bien que, par rare merveille,
Ma tête est sage, et mon cœur fou.

they had very boisterous weather, they anchored in the port of Valletta. Passing by his description of that port, and of the island in general, I proceed to the selection of a few of the more curious anecdotes and notices contained in this portion of his travels.

A ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

THE grand master, Loubert de Verdalle, having been cited before the Pope's tribunal, to clear himself of certain charges which the order had brought against him, repaired to Rome. The then reigning Pontiff was of the house of Colonna; and Verdalle, on his arrival, alighted at the palace of his Holiness's nephew. The latter, in contempt, and to show the Grand Master that his fate was in the hands of his uncle, and depended on the credit which he himself had with him, had caused the sculptured figure of a wolf, bound by a strong chain to the shaft of a column,* to be fixed in the outer court of his palace, the arms of the house of Verdalle being a wolf. The Grand Master was sensibly piqued at this bitter sarcasm of Colonna, and resolved to avenge himself in a similar way. He dissembled, however, during his stay at Rome; but having freed himself from

* In Italian, colonna.

the accusations brought against him by his enemies, immediately on his return to Malta, he had erected, in the great square, toward one of the angles of his palace, a column on which was seen a wolf in an unsightly act. Every attempt to have it levelled was unsuccessful: it remained standing until the last Magistery, or Government of the Grand Master of Malta, when it was demolished for no other reason than because it threatened to fall in ruins.

THE THREE VOWS.

THE vows of the Knights of Malta were three in number, namely, poverty, chastity, and obedience; but it rarely happened that either of them was punctually observed. It was therefore customary to say, that these Knights made their vow of poverty in the church, that of chastity at table, and that of obedience in bed.

FERDINAND IV. KING OF THE TWO SICILIES.

THE Maltese galleys, having on board the Knights who were to perform their *caravanes*,* arrived at

* By *caravanes* were implied the early navigations of the young Knights of Malta against the Turks, because it was frequently their object to intercept the caravans which proceeded, by sea, from Alexandria to Constantinople.

Naples at the commencement of July. The Knights were presented in a body to his Majesty after his dinner. Those of the Italian nation approached him to kiss his hand, according to the usage of their country; but this ill-bred Prince, seeing that they were very numerous, after two or three only had kissed his hand, withdrew abruptly, exclaiming, *basta, basta; ce ne troppo;* (enough, enough; it is too much.) The queen was infinitely more polite: being obliged to follow the King, she courtesied to the knights with great affability, and withdrew.

Among the Italians, the court-cards are named, king, (*re,*) woman, (*donna,*) and horse, (*cavallo.*) The minister, Tonucci, a man of great talent, but whom the Queen could not bear, having, at her instigation, been dismissed, to make way for the Marquis of Sombeica, who was absolutely destitute of abilities, some one had the audacity to post on the door of the antechamber the following pasquinade:

Il consiglio è composto di tre,
Donna, cavallo, e re.

Early in the morning of the 11th of July, Ferdinand being in the bay of Naples, with his flotilla of galiots, went on board the General's galley by appointment. He had scarcely said a few words

to the General, when he took several turns on the half-deck, between the banks of rowers, and conversed with the Neapolitans whom he found among the forçats, (culprits' sentenced to the galleys.) He entered into a long conversation with the Major about service, asked for a musket, and in his presence went through the manual exercise. When he had done, the General invited him to breakfast on the poop. He accepted the invitation; but before he seated himself at table, water was brought him to wash his hands. This he refused. *Malvagio,* said he, *ci son nove anni che non mi son lavato le mani.* Mischiéf on it! my hands have not been washed for these nine years past. "A very cleanly Prince," whispered among themselves the young knights who surrounded the royal person.

One of this Sovereign's favourite amusements was foot-ball, at which he played for very high stakes. He was sure to be duped, as, of the three noblemen of whom the party was made up, the one who was on his side never failed to come to a right understanding with the other two, to make him lose.

Such are the notices given by the Chevalier de St Priest, of the youthful days of Ferdinand the Fourth, the present King of the two Sicilies,

whom he describes as coarse and grovelling in his amours, and is by no means disposed to flatter in any particular. We will turn to what the French call *le revers de la médaille;* and see what Doctor Moore, who visited Naples about the same time, says of this Sovereign, between whom and the Doctor's pupil, well known in the sporting circles of the day, as the *boxing* Duke of Hamilton, there appears to have been a great congeniality of spirit. It must have been soothing to the latter to hear such encomiums passed on this Prince of high accomplishments.

"The King of Naples is about twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age. He is a Prince of great activity of body, and of a good constitution, and frequently indulges himself in hunting and other exercises; and, as a proof of his *natural talents*, he always succeeds in whatever he applies himself to. He is very fond of reviewing his troops, and is perfectly master of the whole *mystery* of manual exercise.

"As a shot he is most excellent, and his uncommon success at this diversion is thought to have roused the jealousy of his most Catholic Majesty, who also values himself much on his skill as a marksman.

"A gentleman who came lately from Madrid, told me that the King, on some occasion, had read a letter which he had just received from his

'son at Naples, wherein he complained of his bad success on a shooting party, having killed no more than eighty birds in a day; and, turning to his courtiers, observed how happy he would think himself if he could kill forty." *

After a moral *tirade*, which it is unnecessary to cite, the Doctor proceeds thus:—"His Neapolitan Majesty possesses many *accomplishments* besides those which have been enumerated. No King in Europe is supposed to understand the game of billiards better. I had the pleasure of seeing him strike the most brilliant stroke that perhaps ever was struck by a crowned head."

MALTESE THEATRICALS EXTRAORDINARY.

ON the return of the galleys to Malta, the French knights, with the view of diverting the attention of the Grand Master from his serious occupations, gave dramatic performances on the boards of the public theatre of Valletta during five consecutive months. On the Sundays they regularly brought out two new pieces; and when these were successful, a second representation followed in the course

* "What should be grave," according to Doctor Moore, the Tatler, jeeringly, and most ungraciously, "turns to farce."—— '*St James's Coffee House, November 18th*, 1709. By letters from Paris of the 16th, we are informed that the French King, the Princes of the blood, and the Elector of Bavaria, have lately killed fifty-five pheasants.'

of the week. The Italian knights entered into competition with them, but did not succeed so well; insomuch that the Grand Master, who did not miss one of the performances of the French knights, was rarely present at theirs.

As they were prohibited from acting with women, the younger knights undertook the female characters, and became so adroit, after playing them once or twice, that the illusion was complete. They were so happy even in acquiring the air and manners of the sex they imitated, that when they were in the streets, one might have sworn, on looking at them, that they were women disguised as men.

A company of comedians can never subsist for any length of time without squabbles; and it so happened that, among the performers themselves, there arose a few which were soon pacified; but several of the knights who had been denied admission into the company, formed a cabal, demanded that the theatre should be partitioned off, and had the audacity to hiss one of the actors. From that moment the performances were discontinued, until certain of the old *Baillies** having

* In the order of Malta, the Bailli was a knight invested with a dignity which bestowed on him a rank superior to that of the commander, and gave him the privilege of wearing the Grand Cross.

become mediators, they were resumed, and the cavallers even admitted into the company, but not without being lampooned. Among the *jeux d'esprit* with which they were satirized was the following song.

Sur l'air, connoissez-vous Monsieur l'Intendant.

Sais tu que l'on va réunir
Les deux troupes de comedie,
Et que la paix va revenir
Par l'entremise de Thalie:
Mais les conditions de la paix
Sont qu'on interdit les sifflets.

Monspey fera le Glorieux;
En femme Forget se hazarde;
On ne pouvoit pas choisir mieux,
Car ce dernier toujours bavarde.
Luzi fera les sots barons,
Et Mirabeau les plats bouffons.

In 1785, the Chevalier was quartered with his regiment, *de Royal-Picdmont*, in various parts of France. From this portion of his interesting travels, the following curious anecdotes and notices are extracted.

THE LEADEN SWAN.

At Nevers, a singular history is related to strangers of a leaden swan placed on the top of a turret

of the chateau. It is said that a Princess of Cleves, confined in the chateau, and consequently unhappy—for females cannot endure confinement—not having any children, and her race being about to become extinct, Heaven took pity on her, wishing to preserve in France so illustrious a name. You are assured that one day the Princess being at her window, deploring her misfortune, and calling to her aid all the knights-errant in Christendom, was agreeably surprised by the approach of a handsome youth, leading a swan by a blue ribbon fastened to its neck. The gate of the chateau having been opened to him, he entered her apartment, and solaced her by his gallantries and joyous devices. The main point was, that she fell with child by him, which clearly manifested the divine interposition. This being accomplished, the young man disappeared, without its being known what became of him. To perpetuate this fortunate event, the Princess caused to be placed on the turret, from the window of which she was looking, the leaden swan, having its head turned toward the Loire, which the handsome young man had descended, to arrive at Nevers, either by the *coche-d'eau*, as some authors assert, or on the back of the swan, as I was assured, and which, in my opinion, was much more probable.

THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

After the battle of Fontenoy, the inhabitants of Nevers erected a triumphal arch in honour of Louis XV. It is placed at the extremity of one of the dirtiest and narrowest streets of the city; and is in the heaviest and most unbecoming style of architecture possible. Eighteen thousand francs were paid to Monsieur de Voltaire for the composition of verses fit to adorn so fine a monument. It would seem that the poet was resolved to make a jest of his employers, as he sent them the following lines, which were engraved in very large letters, and approved by the magistrates, who placed their names beneath, in characters still larger:

> Dans ce grand monument, que leva l'abondance,
> Reconnoissez Nevers, et jugez de la France.

THE MIRACULOUS STATUE.

In a church of Nevers, named *l'Eglise de S. te Trovée*, an extraordinary miracle, nothing less than the bringing of the dead to life, is wrought daily. In the nave, is the statue of the Blessed Virgin, attached to a pillar; and to this statue are presented the still-born infants, who are scarcely there when they manifest some feeble signs of life. They are baptized; and the ceremony is no sooner at an end, than the poor little creatures die a

second time, but much more agreeably, as they go straight to Paradise, from which, as we are assured by his Holiness the Pope, they would otherwise have been excluded.

THE CHEVALIER D'EON.

THE small city of Tonnerre, within the jurisdiction of Paris, appeared to me to be very populous. It is the birth-place of the famous Chevalier d'Eon, whose sex, which was so long unknown, the court seems to have determined, by ordering her to wear the female attire; but about which, notwithstanding, her countrymen still have their doubts. She is not now at Tonnerre, and I am sorry for it, as I should have been gratified by the sight of this personage, in whose praise I have heard so much said, and who has excited the curiosity of all Europe. When she was here some time ago, the strangers who had to pass through the place did not fail to pay her a visit. *On me prend, disoit elle, apparemment pour une bête curieuse.* It would seem, she observed, that they take me for a curious animal. These visits fatigued her much, but she received them with the utmost politeness.

SOJOURN AT REIMS.

THE Sainte Ampoule!—The Sainte Ampoule! was my exclamation on awaking. I had an extreme curiosity to see this phial which had been sent from heaven; and still I am to depart without a sight of the Sainte Ampoule. Is not this cruel? But my confidence in the curiosity of my comrades has been my misfortune: I have neither seen that, nor the quaking pillar. They forced me to dine in the country, and the whole of my day has been lost. Of all the curiosities of Reims, I can speak only of the cathedral and its treasures. The body of the church is fine, but on too limited a scale: its length is not in proportion to its breadth, and its roof is much too elevated, which detracts greatly from its beauty. The choir does not harmonize with the nave; and the altar has not the same beautiful proportions with that of the cathedral of Troye. The *façade* is superb, and of a light architecture. The entire edifice belongs to the twelfth century.

The treasury is inconsiderable respectively to the number of pieces it contains, but precious on account of their value, they having been estimated at two millions of francs, [about eighty thousand pounds sterling.] Here is to be seen a cup which, it is said, was given by Clovis; but the workmanship belies its antiquity. On the foot are engrav-

ed several letters, which the person who showed the relics told me contained an anathema against him who should cause to be melted this memorial of the piety and growing fervour of this first Christian king. It was also, he added, the only piece remaining of those remote times, all the others having been melted on divers urgent occasions. This reminded me of an old song of the time of Francis I., which concludes as follows:

Va t'en dire à la Reyne,
Et au Roy Henri, mon fils,
Que l'on fasse battre monoye
Au quatre coins de Paris.
S'il n'y a pas de l'or en France,
Que l'on aille à Saint Denys,
Que l'on y prenne la Madelaine,
Et les bras du crucifix.

Henri III. gave to this church a superb cornelian, eight inches in length, and four in breadth, which forms the body of a vessel having sculptured on it the story of the eleven thousand virgins.

It is customary for each sovereign to make a present at his consecration. That of Louis XVI. is a *ciboire*,* estimated at sixty thousand francs, of massive gold, ornamented with superb bas-reliefs, of the workmanship of Auguste, a celebrated artist.

* The sacred vessel in which are kept the holy wafers for the communion of the faithful.

As I have little to say unless about the cathedral, I shall here relate an anecdote that was told me, of the Abbé l'Atteignant, who was a canon of this church. It is essential to my story to say that this amiable ecclesiastic was frightfully ugly. Three strangers dining at the archbishopric, inquired, on rising from table, whether any curiosities were to be seen in the city. "Yes, gentlemen," replied a canon, the friend of the Abbé, but who delighted from time to time to play off a jest on him, "there are three: the cathedral, the Abbé l'Atteignant, and the quaking pillar." These three things having been carefully registered, from the archbishopric they drove to the cathedral. "A very fine church," said they, "beautiful indeed. Now, coachman, to the Abbé l'Atteignant." They arrived, the bell was rung, and a servant made his appearance. "Gentlemen, my master is sorry that he cannot receive you: he is sick, and has taken physic to day."—"Not see us!" said the strangers, "all we wish is to have a view of his person." This reply, which was overheard by the Abbé, appeared to him so curious, that, notwithstanding his indisposition, he came into the vestibule wrapped in a dirty bed-gown, and with his nightcap awry, which made him appear still uglier than he naturally was. The three gentlemen alighted from their carriage, and, without uttering a single syllable, took several turns round

him. It was of no use for him to inquire what they wished, and what he could do to serve them. Having preserved this dead silence, two of them returned to the carriage, while the third, taking the Abbé by the arm, and assuming the dialect of a peasant, said to him, "*Monsieur, vou' été un qucruiosité, dit-on.* Sir, they tell me as how you be one queurosity."—"How, sir!" said the Abbé; "what do you mean by that?"—"*Vous valoir pas grand chose.* You not be good for much."—"Coachman, drive to the quaking pillar;" and off they went. The Abbé had his suspicions of the trick his friend had played him, and laughed heartily at the joke.

SOJOURN AT TROYES.

[Addressed to the Baron de Monbadon.]

I EXPECTED, my dear friend, to have heard, in the church of St Stephen, on the day of the festival of that saint, the history of his death, translated into French from the acts of the apostles, and set to music by a composer in the pay of the Counts of Champagne; but this usage was suppressed two years ago, and I am sorry for it, for I am told it was very curious. Two singers in the choir counterfeited St Stephen; the musicians in the gallery [*jubé*] acted the part of the martyrisers; and when the lapidated saint, in yielding up the ghost,

breathed the expiring accents—*Cuhai, cuhai*—the people with one accord made game of him, exclaiming *uhé, uhé.* A pious canon was so much offended at their indulging in a laugh at the expense of the saint—and it was impossible to help it on hearing this music, which was at once expressive and highly comic—that he made the proposition to suppress the reading and chanting of the French epistle, which is locked up in the archives of the chapter, where it will rot, together with the other papers belonging to these gentlemen, who possess several fine manuscripts which the worms are much more busied in exploring than they are themselves

I am promised a copy of this epistle of St Stephen, and as soon as it is in my possession, I have some notion of having the music executed by the trumpeters of the regimental band, while you, myself, and a few others, may amuse ourselves with playing the text in pantomime.

They are mischievous at Troyes; and as they are likewise stupid, so are they atrocious in their machinations: fortunately, however, my dear friend, they are not brave there; and revenge never inspires a wish to fight, unless it be among the gardes-du-corps, who skirmish with each other pretty freely. As to the inhabitants, they are very

pacific when they have received an affront. I am acquainted with one who was taxed at play with being a cheat and a pitiful fellow; and who, through Christian moderation, and for fear of committing himself further by a reply, took his hat and left the apartment without breathing a single syllable. I know of another who, after having received a violent blow of the clenched fist, consented to sign a billet by which the individual who had struck him required an acknowledgment that he had been treated according to his deserts, as he avowed himself to be a cuckold and a *jean-sucre*, [a pusillanimous fellow.] I could cite a thousand other traits of this description, and could easily satisfy you that there are not any people on the face of the earth who have stronger claims to paradise than the *modern Trojans*, for they possess two of the beatitudes: *blessed are the poor in spirit*, and *blessed are the meek*. I do not know whether they have in every particular a nice resemblance to the scripture, and whether their wives have the felicity to sin seven times in the day; but I can attest that the latter are very prolific, and that the race of the *bêtes champenoises* will not become extinct through any fault of theirs. Almost all the houses swarm with little children, who are ill-bred, and insupportably rude: they din the stranger's ears with their clamour; tread on his toes; and put him out of all patience. As

soon as two or three persons reach the apartment, and when the conversation can be kept up for a long interval without the help of extraneous objects, it fortunately happens that the young fry are sent to the antechamber: it is there that the citizens bestow on their children the early part of their education; and you may judge whether they are well brought up in the sequel.

Both men and women are as fond of play as lackeys. They are forward, and very familiar; indeed so much so, that if a stranger were not to assume a certain degree of self-importance, in his own defence, they would come, figuratively speaking, to eat out of his hand. So great is their curiosity, that the moment any one arrives, all eyes are upon him, and all that he says, and all that he does, is known from one extremity of the city to the other. He is scarcely settled, when a mistress is selected for him from among the married women; and as no one is to be left without a provision of this kind, it is said in consequence that I have mine. She is, I can assure you, the handsomest woman in the place; but I confess, to my shame, that she is nothing more than my friend.

I send you, my dear friend, the memoirs of the academy of Troyes. You may expect to find, in these memoirs, discourses and dissertations couch-

ed in the most sublime style. No such thing: nothing can be more pleasant than what you will have to peruse. The production is a banter of a kind of academy which seven *Trojans* established at the Cordeliers. In the first instance, it was resolved to read a certain number of works in this committee; but it was of no use for those who composed it to perplex their brains: Pegasus and Urania were deaf to them; and *Messieurs* the seven academicians were obliged to amuse themselves with poring over the gazette, to fill up the time of their sittings. The gazette, a toothpick, and a glass of water; such was the lot of these savans, who, finding that it had too much the air of a gasconade, and that it was unworthy of them, endeavoured to exalt the lustre of their academy by a weekly dinner. This arrangement subsisted until the reverend fathers, the Cordeliers, who were in all probability badly paid by the seven associated gentlemen, refused to supply them with wine. The dinner was abolished; and the academy died of hunger and thirst.

The ridicule contained in the book I transmit to you, which is filled with droll memoirs on a variety of subjects, such as, "on the right every one has to beat his mistress," &c., and which was published under the name of the Seven Academicians, contributed not a little to the fall of their association, which was generally ridiculed and

laughed to scorn. What you will find very singular in this production is, that, although the subjects of the different essays it embraces are very ordinary—not to say vulgar and gross—they are treated in the most scientific manner. They were drawn up by two or three individuals, among whom was an advocate named Grosley, a man of an original and sarcastic turn, who may perhaps be cited as the only one at Troyes possessed of a superabundant share of wit.

Reply with somewhat more exactitude than you do to my letters, my dear friend. You know that the pleasure of receiving yours is the greatest I can have.

I have at my quarters every morning three or four priests, who think me a good, pious soul, in entertaining which opinion, I swear to you they are all but right. The first time I saw them, I took them for masqueraders, which was not surprising; for it is in the dress of the choir that they do me the honour to pay their visits, and nothing resembles the domino so much as this dress. Over their cassock they throw a surplice, and over that again a cloak of black cloth, which reaches nearly to the ankles, overspreads the shoulders, and is fastened at the collar by a silver clasp. Above all this they have a capouch which covers the head,

and is cut in front like a bishop's camail, terminating behind by a point which nearly touches the ground. This they call the camail.

Beneath this capouch nothing is to be seen beside the face, it being so contrived as to conceal all but its oval figure; from the forehead to the nape of the neck a curved brass wire is introduced, which brings it to an apex, so as to make the wearer's head appear elongated, and flattened at the sides.

The other day they threw over me one of these camails; and a pleasant figure it made of me. You may be sure that I looked frightfully ugly; but for the greater part it is quite as unbecoming to the canons. Accordingly, it was the wish of the majority to throw it aside; the elder of these gentry, however, maintained that it kept them warm in the choir, and got the better of their refractory companions, insomuch, that the chapter of Troyes is *encapouched* for a blessed eternity, which I wish them, and you also, but on condition that you delay for a long time entering on its enjoyment.

There are few of the class of nobility at Troyes. In the societies, one meets with scarcely any besides tradesfolk, who, after having passed the whole of the morning in calculating at their desks,

come to lose their money at a kind of *brelan*, very much in fashion, called *la bouillote*, and relax, with the cards in their hands, from their penalties and fatigues. You may judge that, in the society of these gentlemen, one may soon know what is the value of a yard of cloth, or that of any other marketable commodity. Although Troyes is a commercial city, there are few individuals who are excessively rich: Bankruptcy here is an epidemical distemper; and one must be careful not to let out the word in conversation, for wherever one may chance to be, it would be like speaking of a rope in a house where some one of the parentage may have been hanged. I was warned of this soon after my arrival; and I have proscribed this word in my vocabulary.

As they are in general very idle here, they commence their visits to the ladies at two in the afternoon, which affords time for frequenting, in the course of the day, nearly almost all the houses in the city. One is received every where; and as soon as, in any house, there is sufficient daylight to see to the arrangement of a game of cards, it is proposed. As soon as the game is finished, each takes his hat, and sallies forth to carry his *ennui* elsewhere. In the course of the week, there are several fixed assemblies, but these are rarely accompanied by a supper, unless it be toward carnival-time, when great entertainments, with a profusion of eatables,

are given every where. They are furiously fond of eating at Troyes; and that is the time of the more solid pleasures. It does not appear to me that the carnival of this year will be a dancing carnival; but this pleasure will be compensated at the table; and as, when there is much dancing, pulmonary affections are the prevailing maladies, it is to be expected that this year, when there will be much gormandizing, indigestions will be in vogue.

As I am but a very small eater, I shall not spend my carnival here, but shall very soon join you, to see those famous redoubts in the praise of which you speak so highly. A thousand compliments, I beseech you, to our comrades.

Since my arrival, I had not an opportunity to examine the curiosities of the city of Troyes, and I should have felt great regret at quitting the place without seeing them. Not having any time to lose, as I am to set out to-morrow, I have employed the whole of this morning in rambling through the streets, and visiting the churches, so that I should be nearly in a condition to be your *cicerone*, if you were to present yourself unexpectedly in this very worthy capital of Champagne. I would take you to see the paintings in the church of St Pantaleon. They comprise the events of the

life of that saint, executed in compartments by Carey, a celebrated pupil of Le Brun, and who excelled more particularly in animals. The one in which St Pantaleon is represented in the lions'-pit is superior to the others.

We would proceed thence to admire the portico of the church of St Nicholas, which is in the noblest style. The *jubé* (gallery) of the church of La Madelaine is one of the boldest pieces of architecture that can be seen. It is absolutely flat, without any appearance either of arch or vault, and is ornamented with three *culs-de-lampe** in stone, which are suspended from it.

I was told of a singular epitaph which was to be read in this church, but which was removed a few years ago. It imported that

"*Là gissoit Des Essarts, Chambellan de Charles VII., lequel avoit fondé une messe qui devoit être cliquetée, dite, et chantée par un prêtre moine, suffisant, et non concubinaire, ou, à tout le moins, secret de ses pauvres fautes.*"—There lay Des Essarts, chamberlain of Charles VII., who founded a mass which was to be rung, said, and sung, by a monkish priest, capable, and not concubinary, or, at the least, secret in his peccadilloes.

From La Magdelaine we would proceed to St Remy, the parish of the celebrated Girardon, who

* *Cul-de-lampe*,—an architectural ornament suspended from the ceiling or vault, and which terminates in a point.

presented this church with a superb Christ of his workmanship. It is perhaps one of the best productions of this artist. I could never be satisfied with looking on it, and I remained for a long time absorbed in the contemplation of its beauties.

You should afterwards accompany me to the Cordeliers, to read an epitaph engraved on bronze, which is so curious, that I here transcribe it.

Ci repose et git Louis Duval, Ecuyer, en son vivant seigneur haut justicier moyen et bas de la terre et seigneurie de Fay-aux-bois, de Poupée, et St Colombe, prés Nogent-sur-Seine: lequel décéda en cette ville de Troyes le dernier jour d'Octobre l'an 1602, *et qui, de son vivant, avoit donné tous ses biens à ses fils, réservant les usufruits pour lui sa vie durant. Il prie tous ceux qui liront cette memoire de prier Dieu pour lui, et qu'ils ne fassent pas comme lui, car il s'en est fort mal trouvé.*—Here reposes and lies Louis Duval, Esquire, when living, Lord Justicer, high, mean, and petty, of the land and lordship of Fay-aux-Bois, of Poupée, and of St Colombe, near Nogent-sur-Seine, who departed this life, in this city of Troyes, on the last day of October, in the year 1602, and who, in his lifetime, bestowed all his property on his sons, reserving unto himself the usufructs during life. He beseeches all those who may read this memoir to pray God for him, and not to do as he has done, for in so doing, he found himself very uncomfortable.

Lastly, to terminate the circuit, as I finished mine yesterday, we would look in at the Hôtel de l'Arquebuse. This is a house where a company of bad marksmen assemble, to amuse themselves with firing at a target. In a large hall there are some very valuable paintings on glass. Each window has a *cartouch** (cartridge) which contains some event of the time of Henry IV., superbly painted by Gouthier, who flourished at Troyes at the commencement of the last (17th) century. One of these *cartouches* presents a detailed plan of the battle of Yvry, a morsel which is perhaps unique. It is in good truth a shame that the gentlemen of the arquebuse do not take more care than they seem to bestow on these rich productions of art: the greater part of the panes of glass are broken; and on the first high wind those that remain entire will be demolished. They would have done much better to have allowed them to be purchased by the foreigners, who, on several occasions, wished to treat with them, and who proposed to cover them with gold, than suffer them to perish in this manner.

Now, my dear friend, that your rambles in the city of Troyes are brought to a conclusion, you must feel fatigued. I therefore leave you, wishing you a good night, and embracing you most cordially.

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* A kind of ornament in sculpture or painting.

THE DEPARTURE.

In the month of April 1796, the Chevalier, with several companions, among whom were Counts Constantin and Charles de Ludoff, left the Turkish capital to proceed to Vienna. Their setting off he thus pleasantly describes.

We were very sorrowful on quitting Pera, the greater part of us having there left behind both relatives and friends; beside which Charles and myself had to part from two fair ones of whom we were desperately enamoured. It was not without a few sighs that we bade them adieu; and Charles recited two pretty verses of Ovid, which could not have been applied more happily:

> Baldwin * amo ante alias, nam me discedere flevit,
> Et longum, formose, vale inquit Carloqui.

As to myself, who am not learned in quotations, I could not recollect any passage of an author that corresponded with my feelings at the moment, and contented myself with saying

> Adieu, ma tendre colombelle,
> Loin de toi, toujours amoureux,
> Je te croirai toujours fidelle,
> Et je t' addresserai mes vœux.

Constantin did not say any thing, but I believe

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* The daughter of the English Consul-General.

he did not on that account feel the less. I had perceived him paying very assiduous attentions to Mademoiselle Murat, and I suspected that he was deeply in love with her. His grief on quitting her was mute, and had consequently need of an interpreter. I undertook therefore to say, in his name,

Adieu, charmante Arménienne,
Dans mon cœur toujours tu vivras ;
Fasse le ciel que je revienne
Trouver le bonheur dans tes bras.

THE DRUMMER.

At Hermanstadt, the capital of Transylvania, in the belfry of one of the Lutheran churches, of which there are four, there is a clock with a very musical set of chimes. When these cease, the hours strike, and immediately after, a small figure, placed in a window, beats a drum, and repeats the hours by giving an equal number of strokes, after having flourished for a few seconds. I was told that this figure is that of a man who, at a remote period, discovered a conspiracy formed by the inhabitants to massacre the garrison, which might have been the more easily effected, because the soldiers were quartered separately in the houses of private individuals, there not being any barracks.

In the above city, the culprit is freed, by a

sum of money, from the penalties that would otherwise be inflicted on him for the bodily damage done to his neighbour. All the fractures of the limbs, &c. are taxed, and death even, as will appear by the following tariff:

	Florins.
The toes,	30
The fingers,	40
The legs or arms,	40
The eyes,	40
The ears,	20
The tongue,	20
The ribs,	160
Death,	350

Simple wounds are not taxed; and the reason is, as we are told in printed books, that on a free body a price cannot be put, which will appear to be a remarkable inconsequence, after reading the above tariff. In this city, the Walachian newly-married females wear on the forehead a bandage ornamented with all kinds of feathers, not excepting those of the peacock, which makes them cut a very singular figure. From my window, I saw two or three of them pass this morning, and, with this strange accoutrement, they made me laugh very heartily. The Jews are not allowed to enter Hermanstadt unless in the time of the fair.

THE VIRGIN OF TEMISWAER.

THE inhabitants of Temiswaer hold in high devotion the Virgin whom they name VIRGO SERENA, because her statue, during the hottest part of the siege, was constantly observed to display a tranquil countenance, which, it must be confessed, was a great miracle. Besides this, it was never wet when it rained, which was a miracle quite as surprising as the other.

THE COMMANDANT'S LADY.

TO-DAY we dined with the Commandant. He has a wife, belonging to a great family, of the most repulsive figure that can be imagined, and of an insupportable height. We had been forewarned that it was the custom to kiss her hand; and we armed ourselves with courage to lick, on our entrance, the most beastly and disgusting of all possible paws. She held it out to us on our making our first reverence at the door, and spread out her dirty fingers to the end that we might admire separately the rings with which they were adorned. When she seated us, she pointed out to each his place. Two or three officers came in, each of whom, according to his rank, had a distinct seat; but two unfortunate sub-lieutenants, who were the last to enter, remained standing,

because, according to the lady, they had not a sufficient rank to place their bottoms on her chairs.

The General is a brave and honest man, and one who in his time has seen good service: he appears to me to be led by his wife. To establish myself in the good graces of this Baroness, I made the conversation fall on nobility, well knowing that it was the subject which would gratify her the most. In an instant, she threw on the table a coarse worsted stocking she was knitting, and expatiated, in pompous terms, on the *ennui* she felt at Temiswaer, in not having any one of her rank with whom she could associate. She told us she spent her afternoons in playing at ninepins with her husband, which must certainly have been highly entertaining: luckily for us, we were unable to be present at this famous match.

NOTES ON VIENNA.

Mareschal de Lascy, being present at the representation of *l'Amant Jaloux* (the Jealous Lover) given by us at the house of M. de Clary, said to the French ambassador, on hearing a duet sung in which the honour of the French is vaunted, and they are told to march to glory, "This is what makes men of you: you sing of glory all the day long, and that exalts your heads."

Prince Kaunitz takes the lead of the Empress and her children, and observes no ceremony unless in the presence of the Emperor. He has been known frequently to make her Imperial Majesty wait three or four hours in the antechamber; and never rises from his seat when he receives her visits, or those of the young Princes. When the Prince de Rohan was ambassador of France at Vienna, he has been seen, on divers occasions, after the latter has, for the amusement of his Highness, played at blindman's buff with the ladies, to stroke him under the chin, saying, "I like this lad: it was I who formed him."

This Prince, it would seem, takes for his model the Cardinal de Richelieu in his prepotency and his pride; but as he has neither the genius, the pomp, nor the greatness of soul of that ancient minister, but has, on the contrary, a very weak mind, this bad living copy of a great man deceased is not otherwise remarkable than by its impertinence. When he is at table,* no one presumes to help himself to a dish before he has selected the choicest bits. He is surrounded by a dozen plates filled with eatables. When he has tasted of their

* Il y a quelque temps qu'en se mettant à table, il demanda à son valet-de-chambre si sa selle étoit bonne, et si la matière étoit longue ou ronde.

contents, one after the other, and has done with them, he sends them to his guests, no matter whether males or females, and they have the folly to consider this as a great favour, and to return thanks to him. I think I see the adorers of Bruma receive with respect the small bags filled with his excrement. When the Prince has finished his dessert, he has a mirror brought to him, and takes from his pocket his toothpicks and a small piece of very dirty cotton. He washes his mouth, gargles, hawks, spits, and, it may be said, vomits in his plates. His guests are all looking on, no one daring to rise from table before he has finished this disgusting operation.

One day, in the presence of a large party, he called to one of his attendants, and told him to hold out his hand. The valet, seeing that he was about to spit, wished to take out his handkerchief to receive the expectoration; but the Prince said to him dryly—"Your hand:" he expectorated, and looked afterwards to the quality of the phlegm. —He is to the utmost degree afraid of death. No one ever dares mention to him the decease of any person; and he has carried his pusillanimity so far, that last winter he could not muster the resolution to see his son, although he was supposed to be at the point of death, nor even during his convalescence. He never once inquired after him;

and contented himself, when he was declared to be out of danger, with addressing to him a short note.

Without the city of Vienna is the ancient palace of Charles the Sixth. This edifice, which more resembles a monkish cloister than a royal residence, is at present occupied by a college named "The Theresian." Agreeably to the rules, each of the students should have a tutor residing with him; but those who cannot afford the expense of maintaining one, place themselves in *Camerata*, that is, several of them assemble under the guidance of the same tutor. This establishment has degenerated greatly from its first institution, and will insensibly fall into utter decay. The Emperor, who dreams of nothing but what is military, has already broken up a similar one founded by the house of Savoy, and has converted into barracks the edifice in which it was fixed. The same thing will happen to the Theresian college after the death of his mother.

The young noblemen remain at college until the age of twenty-three, and are married immediately on their leaving it. Few are amiable, and many of them both stupid and grossly ignorant. The daughters of the nobility never bring their husbands a greater dowry than four thousand florins, insomuch that a needy family of the distinguished

class can never re-establish itself by a lucrative marriage.

The church of St Stephen is a fine building of Gothic structure. Its steeple, in the form of a needle, and very lofty, is remarkable on account of the sculptures with which it is ornamented. It is a singular fact, that, during the siege of Vienna, the inhabitants entered into an agreement with the Turks, by which the latter bound themselves not to direct their balls against this steeple, on the condition that the crescent should be hoisted at its summit, which was done accordingly.

The streets of Vienna are not in right lines, but are pretty wide, and well paved. They are lighted at night by reflecting lamps placed alternately, from distance to distance, on each side of the streets. The suburbs are lighted by lanterns placed in the same way. Formerly the communication between the city and the suburbs was interrupted at night by the shutting both of the gates and barriers; but it has been latterly re-established, and a free passage allowed.—Several of the squares in this capital are handsome. The greater part of them are ornamented with obelisks in honour of saints of either sex; but these are little deserving notice.

THE CHEVALIER DE COURVILLE. A TRUE HISTORY UNDER FICTITIOUS NAMES.

THE young Abbé de Courville possessed an agreeable figure, was of a mild and conciliating disposition, was not devoid of intelligence, and of excellent morals.

After having spent two years in a seminary of learning, he left it provided with the testimonials of his superiors, who commended his prudence and good conduct.

The old Bishop of Tregueir, his unkle, a man of a virtuous and zealous character, being anxious to perfectionate the education of his nephew, whom his father, who had been ruined by an unsuccessful lawsuit, had recommended to him when dying, was solicitous that he should visit the different kingdoms of Europe, as well for his information, as to gratify the predominant taste for travelling which the young man had conceived. He gave him as a companion, or travelling tutor, the Sieur Lisseron, a man of merit, whom the Abbé had, however, the misfortune to lose soon after he quitted France, he having fallen a victim to a malignant fever at Geneva. Left to his own resources, and unrestrained in the prosecution of the object he had most at heart, he now extended his travels much farther than his unkle had projected. From the Swiss Cantons, every part of which he visited,

he passed into Germany, proceeding thence to Turkey, and thence again, finally, to the Indies.

While in Switzerland, he threw off the clerical band, and his unkle, who was a reasonable man, fearful lest he should become a bad priest if he should persist in making him a churchman, after certain refusals, permitted him to take the secular habit, and was not angry with him on that score, which is what rarely happens.

The Chevalier de Courville, as he is now to be called, returned to France, having taken his passage on board a homeward-bound English East-Indiaman which put into Brest. His unkle was rejoiced to see him after an absence of five years, and having bestowed on him, by his tears and embraces, the testimonies of the tenderest affection, he entered with him into the following conversation:

"My dear nephew, you are at length returned from your travels."

"Yes, unkle, and with the most ardent desire to engage in others as soon as your bounty will enable me to plan them."

"I am fond of you, and you cannot entertain any doubt of its being my wish to contribute all that I can to whatever may be both useful and agreeable to you. You are sensible, however, that the good which I feel myself bound to do in my diocese, and which my character requires of me,

consumes the greater part of my revenue, and that it is only by degrees, and by the observance of great parsimony, that I can supply the means of satisfying your taste."

"I am fully sensible of your kindness to me, unkle, and I beg you to believe that I am far from wishing to deprive the poor of the alms you bestow on them, to expend their amount on my pleasures. God forbid that I should ever have entertained such an idea, and, still more, that I should suggest it to you. I swear to you, that I would sacrifice, not only my superfluities, but even the one half of what is necessary to my subsistence, to succour the needy, if I could alleviate their misery."

"I am very happy, my dear nephew, to find that you possess such Christian sentiments. Charity, mild charity, is among the best attributes of our holy religion; and it would seem that God, in prescribing it to us as an obligation, has sought to make us in love with our duty, seeing that he has ordained it to consist in that which is so analogous to the sentiments of our heart. Persist in thinking in this way, and you will walk in the road of salvation."

"I promise you never to change my mode of thinking. I presume that we ought to be a long time in deciding; but that, when once we are resolved, we should be firm and unshaken."

"You are in the right, nephew, and I perceive that your principles are good. But let us talk a little of the profit you have derived from your travels. You have certainly come back accomplished, considering the instructions you have received, the aptitude and facility with which you acquire every description of learning, and your taste for study. With these advantages, you must have collected a great store of knowledge."

"I can assure you, I was much surprised when I had seen a little of the world. The very first step I made in it demonstrated to me, that hitherto I had been ignorant of every thing; that I was very far from knowing mankind; and still more distant from a knowledge of myself. But I afterwards learned many things: I learned to seek the truth; to subdue my own self-love, and to mistrust the light of those whose constant aim it is to instruct us; to dread prejudices; to discern them; and, finally, I have enabled myself to profit well by the new travels I may undertake."

"And is this all? Have you not drawn up any of the memoirs you ought to have brought back to me, relative to the countries through which you have passed; any details concerning the manners of the people with whom you may have spent some time; or any reflections on the diversity of the religions of the various nations with whom you may nave maintained a more strict intercourse?"

"No, unkle, and this likewise is an advantage I have derived from my travels. I have been made sensible that we ought not to write until we have learned to think, and such is the resolution I have formed. With respect to the latter question relative to religion, I can assure you that I have been very far from making the smallest reflection on it. What matters it to me, whether Luther, Calvin, or the Pope, Mahomed, or Bruma, may have enjoined his followers to perform ablution three times in the course of the day, to abstain from animal food on the Friday, or to read prayers to God in the vulgar or in the Latin idiom. They all alike adore God, and that is sufficient for me. All those dogmas and disputes relative to the discipline of the church, and, finally, what is named theology, or the science of God, is nothing more than a science of chicane inspired by the devil."

"Ah, nephew, this is terrible! Merciful God, what sentiments! So, then, it would appear that you do not condemn the sects, and the instructions of these false prophets, and heresiarchs?"

"I condemn them! I am not acquainted with any other heresy beside that which is contrary to good sense and reason, and there are unfortunately too many individuals by whom this one is followed. In my opinion, the true and only heresy, on the score of religion, is materialism, and that cannot be pardoned; for who can look around him, and not

recognise the eternal hand of a powerful, creative, and preservative God of our universe?"

"This is the opinion of the natural law; but the law of Jesus Christ, by whom it has been perfectionated, has ordered us to believe and to teach dogmas which the sectaries you have mentioned have rejected. I do not speak of the Mahomedans and Indians, who, not having received baptism, are damned to all eternity; but I contend that if the others will not admit them, they ought to be culpable in our sight.

"And, wherefore, if you please? You have understood passages of scripture in one way, while they have comprehended them in another. The disputes you have had with them have turned exclusively on the different versions of the original book, which, it may be, no one rightly comprehends. Each fancies he possesses the true interpretation: the parties become warm, abuse is dealt out, private passions envenom the dispute, and executioners end it in favour of the strongest. Is it not shocking that quarrels of such a nature should have caused thousands of men to be put to death?"

"And you do not believe that the Roman Catholic religion, as it is professed by real Christians, is the best of all?"

"I do not undertake to decide between the different modes of adoring God. They are, in my

opinion, all of them good, when a pure, grateful, and respectful heart is brought into their practice."

"What an infatuation, just Heaven! How grievous is the error into which you have fallen!"

"Do not be alarmed, dear unkle, with this manner of thinking, nor be apprehensive that I shall ever be seen to change, for interest' sake, the religion of my forefathers, to adopt indifferently another. As I do not admit that, in matter of worship, a decision can be formed between the good and the bad, so I think that each ought to follow the one he has been taught in the land of his nativity, and that, as religion is, in each country, essentially connected with the well-being of the state, every one who abjures it is a bad citizen and a dishonest man."

"Truly, Chevalier, you excite my pity. You are not then persuaded that the conversions to our holy religion are brought about by the sentiment of reason and the inspiration of the Holy Ghost?"

"No. And if I had been born a Swiss, or a Genevese, I should have considered myself dishonoured if I had had the weakness to allow myself to be persuaded by you to quit the religion of my forefathers. Even although I should have been indebted to you for every thing, and you had dragged me from obscurity, or had been the author of my existence, if I had perceived you endeavour-

ing to convert me, I could not have forborn to call you a seducer, and to detest your benefits."

"Gently, nephew; if you proceed thus you will next reproach me with personal motives. It appears to me that our dispute has angered you so much as to have caused you to be wanting in the respect due to me. You may withdraw. It is my intention that you should spend some time at my country seat, where you will occasionally be visited by an ecclesiastic, a man of probity, who will endeavour by degrees to dissipate the errors into which you have fallen. If he should succeed, I shall see you again with pleasure."

"Excuse my warmth, dear unkle; and while I assure you of my respect, be persuaded that your will and mine will be constantly the same. However certain I may be that my opinion is not to be changed, because I am convinced of its justness, I shall see with pleasure the person you purpose to send to me. I could even wish him to take up his abode with me; in which case, as we shall have more frequent opportunities of seeing each other, he will be better enabled to impart to me his doctrinal knowledge.

The Bishop of Tregueir, chagrined at seeing his nephew imbued with principles which he deemed so bad, forbore to make any reply, and on the following day sent him to his country seat with M.

***, his confidential Grand Vicar, whom he regarded as a man of the strictest piety. At the commencement, the Chevalier and the Abbé had several long conferences, which did not lead to any great and particular result. The Chevalier persisted strenuously in defending his mode of thinking; but the feigned zeal of the Abbé slackened daily more and more, insomuch that, although lodged in the same house, they at length saw each other but rarely. Courville led a very retired life; but the priest, now that he was at a distance from his Bishop, on whom he had constantly endeavoured to impose by the most refined hypocrisy, was under less restraint now that he ceased to pass the whole of the day with his catechumen, and frequently went abroad to stroll about the fields. At length, he was one day surprised, in a wood, with a young girl, to whom he was giving lessons, not on the love of God, but on the love of the creature. With this the Chevalier was made acquainted; and he wrote to his unkle, complaining of the indifference of M. *** in instructing him.

The Bishop recalled his Grand Vicar; but the latter employed the ascendency he had over his mind, weakened by age, in exculpating himself. Actuated by a motive of revenge, he, on another hand, brought charges against the young man, taxing him with irreligion and obstinacy in his errors, and even throwing doubts on his virtue.

Courville replied with great moderation to the menaces of his unkle; but the Abbé, who was fully resolved to accomplish his ruin, instilled his poison into the responses, and succeeded in irritating M. de Treguier to such a degree against him, that this Prelate wrote to him one day to say that he abandoned him for ever.

The Chevalier, overwhelmed with grief, and piqued at the injustice of his relative, who had had the weakness to allow himself to be led blindfolded by a miscreant of a priest, disappeared one morning from the Bishop's house, where he was lodged, without any one having since been able to discover what became of him.

All that could be found was a packet, addressed to to his unkle, lying on the table of his bedchamber. It contained a kind of profession of faith, which was as follows:—

"There is but one God.

"God has created the heavens and the earth. He has given me my being: I adore him, and shall never adore any beside him.

"He has created other men like myself, and has said to me, 'Love your neighbour as yourself.' Therefore I shall never do to him what I would not wish to be done unto myself. I respect the usages of the religion in which I have been brought up, and shall never cease to feel disposed to follow it, because I am a citizen, and because the worship

of my forefathers is become a law in the State I serve, and in which I was born.

"God sees and knows the purity of my intentions. He will judge me; and it matters little to me if bigots condemn me. They have always described God to me as wicked, and armed with scourges; but I am persuaded that God is infinitely good, and that there are in the world none besides themselves who are infinitely wicked."

AN UNKLE'S LETTERS TO HIS NIECE.

[From the St Priest MSS.]

Paris, July 6, 1741.

I DID did not imagine, my dear niece, that I should ever have occasion to be angry with you; but however I may feel myself disposed to love you and the Viscount with the tenderest friendship, you put me beside my patience. Are you persuaded, both the one and the other, of the sincerity of the offers of my sister, or are you not? If you do her justice, you will accept them without ceremony, because she makes them in the sincerity of her heart. She will then treat you with as little ceremony as she treated M. du Theil, that is, whenever she is at home you will eat her soup, and whatever may be added to it, whether good or bad. When she is abroad, you will have soup and bouilli; and if you are so greedy as to wish

for any thing more you will send out for it: no one will be shackled in his inclinations. Should you come in summer, when we may happen to dine abroad, and should be desirous to drink your liquors cool, if you wish for any other beside the coolness of the well, you will send out to procure ice. Should you come in winter, and should wish to warm yourselves, whether we may be at home or abroad, you will send out to purchase fire-wood. Your domestics will be provided by you with money for the necessary expenditures. Mademoiselle Le Moine will attend on you in character of femme-de-chambre. You will be supplied with a carriage; but the horses you will have to furnish. The suit of apartments above, such as they are, will be yours; and you will dislodge Monsieur Du Belier only. If you will come and see us on this footing, we will receive you with the greatest pleasure in the world; but if you should make any ceremony, we shall think that you doubt this, and you will offend us. I do not even know whether, in our anger, we may not offer you some gross insult, as, for example, wishing you to ———*, which you have neglected to do for a long time, to the great regret of the Viscount.

I cannot, my dear Viscountess, say any thing

* *D'aller faire*———implying that the Viscountess was without children.

positive respecting my departure, although I reckon that it will be in the course of the present month. However, I do not know whether I shall not write once again to my brother, and wait his reply before I set out, because, as it is my intention not to remain in Germany more than four or five months at the furthest, and as it is my wish to see the election, it would not be advisable for me to make a prolonged journey at present.

Adieu, my dear Sophia. Bestow a little of your love on an unkle who bears toward you the tenderest affection. A thousand tender compliments to the dear Viscount.

Frankfort, Jan. 23, 1742. *Three in the afternoon.*

The gates of the city are about to be shut, my very dear niece, for the election, which will take place to-morrow at noon. All the strangers who are not under the protection of the Electors, of the Electoral Ambassadors, or of the Count de Papenheim, the Hereditary Marechal of the Empire, are obliged to quit; but in this order females are not comprehended. The Marechal de Bellisle, the ambassador of Spain, the nuncio, the foreign ministers, and my brother, are all to sleep withoutside the gates this night; and although France plays a conspicuous part in the election about to be made here, her protection is good for nothing for the next twenty-four hours. I have placed myself

under that of Count Papenheim, and beneath his auspices I shall not be dislodged. In the absence of ministers, and of public affairs, I do not know whether I ought not to take the title of "Excellency" for twenty-four hours; since I have been charged by the Marechal to give him an account of whatever may pass, both at the Hotel-de-Ville, and at the Cathedral, named Dome, concerning the election. For this purpose I shall be constantly at the side of Madame la Marechale, at all the stations where a place may be assigned her to see this ceremony. If, during these twenty-four hours, I should have a certificate to give, I may follow the example of Cosmo, the galley-slave, who, being left at Marseilles while the galleys and their officers were without the port, subscribed himself, "I, the undersigned, commander of the galleys in their absence." In the same way, I may say, I, the undersigned, charged with his Majesty's affairs while they sleep. I felt yesterday that honours are oftentimes the source of a good share of impertinence; for Madame la Marechale having said to me most graciously that she was very happy to have me under her protection, I put on an air of dignity, and replied to her that it was her Excellency who was under mine.

The proclamation of the King of the Romans is to be made to-morrow at noon, amid a triple discharge of the city-artillery, the ringing of bells,

and the acclamation of the populace——VIVAT CAROLUS SEPTIMUS. Count Papenheim will set out at three o'clock, as a courier, to convey the verbal news to the Elector of Bavaria, who is at Manheim: he is despatched by the Electoral College. Count d'Eltz, the nephew of the Elector of Mentz, is likewise sent by his unkle; and Prince Clement, the nephew of the Elector of Bavaria, will convey to him the diploma of the election: he will reach Manheim on the 26th. The King of the Romans will depart thence on the 27th, and on the 28th will make his entry into this city, which will be most superb, since, besides his equipages and his retinue, the Electors of Mentz and Cologne will precede him with the same retinue as at their entrance, and all the Electoral Ambassadors with the finest equipages of their embassies, and their retinues, beside all the ceremonial of the city.

The Elector of Cologne made his entry yesterday: it was of a magnificence surpassing all that had been seen of a like description. All the troops were under arms, and, together with the city-guard, lined the streets. It commenced by eighteen led-horses, belonging to the city, richly harnessed. Next, four belonging to the magistracy, with four valets on foot. Two deputies of the magistracy, superbly dressed and mounted. Four of the city-officers. Four trumpets and a kettle-drum. Three companies of the city-cavalry. The provost of the

empire. Eight led-horses belonging to Count Papenheim. The under-harbinger of the empire. The counsellor of Chancery. Two officers belonging to Count Papenheim, in his livery, on foot. A coach with six horses, in which were his son, and the quarter-master of the empire. Another very handsome carriage, belonging to Count Papenheim, in which was his Excellency, with a halberdier on each side, a chasseur, and his maitre-d'-hotel, both richly dressed, and two officers of his household. One hundred and ninety domestics, or running footmen, belonging to the noblemen of the retinue of the Electors, in liveries vying with each other in richness, walking two and two. Forty led-horses, belonging to the above noblemen, magnificently harnessed. Two of the Elector's Swiss', in a sky-blue livery trimmed with silver. A squire. Seventeen coaches, drawn by six horses, belonging to the Elector, and displaying his livery, in which were the noblemen of his retinue. Two squires, in light-grey habits trimmed with gold, and vests of gold tissue. Twenty-four led-horses belonging to the Elector, with blue caparisons edged with silver, and rich gold-embroidered fringes. Eighteen chamberlains on horseback, in habits covered with gold embroidery. A squire. Eight carriages drawn by six horses, belonging to the Elector, having a valet on foot at the side of each. A large carriage, having eight glasses, and the roof, of

crimson velvet, surmounted by an electoral crown. A very handsome berlin, and another carriage having eight glasses, and the roof of green velvet, covered with ornaments of or-moulu, and gold tassels. Four horsemen. A kettle-drum. Six trumpets covered with silver. Twenty-eight valets on foot. Ten heyducks in their grand dress. Another parade-carriage. Thirty-six *trabans*,* with their halberds. Fourteen pages in a Spanish dress of blue and silver. The governor, sub-governor, and master of the exercises, dressed in blue, laced with gold. Four trumpets and a kettle-drum. Seventy-six guards and their officers. Sixteen led-horses. Fourteen grooms on horseback. The coach in which was the Elector, and which, in its elevation and magnificence, seemed a mountain of gold. Six mules. Two carriages drawn by six horses. And, lastly, four open chariots.

All the ambassadors here are about to give entertainments. Great preparations are making at the palaces of France and Spain. May God preserve you, dear Viscount and Viscountess. Pray think sometimes of one who loves you with all his heart.

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* In the Swiss-guards, the trabans are specially charged with the personal security of the commanding officer.

Frankfort, Feb. 13, 1742.

THE Emperor's coronation took place yesterday, my very dear Viscountess, with all the pomp and magnificence of so august a ceremony. The gates of Frankfort were shut, according to the ordinary usage, and all the troops and militia were under arms, as well for the safeguard of the city, as to line the streets through which the ceremony was to pass. At eight in the morning the Electors of Mentz and Cologne, and all the Electoral Ambassadors, with their grand retinue of nobility, in festival dresses, on foot, their fine equipages, and their households, repaired to the Emperor's residence, and accompanied him to the Hôtel-de-Ville. The procession set out in the highest order, and formed a very majestic coup-d'œil. The Emperor, the Electors, and the Ambassadors, went thus far in their carriages. At ten o'clock they resumed their march on horseback in habits of ceremony, and constantly preceded by the whole of the grand retinue on foot. From the Hôtel-de-Ville to the cathedral, the streets were planked, and covered with cloth. A salute was fired from the guns of the ramparts, and the bells rung.

At the gate of the church, the Emperor was received by the Elector of Cologne, to whom the Elector of Mentz had conceded the pleasure of crowning his brother, with reservation of his right,

not to derogate from his high function. He was in pontifical habits, and accompanied by eight bishops belonging to the chapter of the cathedral, and the whole of the clergy. Tickets of admission had been distributed; and by the means of the order which was observed, there was not any confusion within the church. The entire ceremonies occupied five hours.

The Emperor arrived in electoral habits, and was afterwards invested with the imperial ornaments, which had been brought from Nuremberg to Aix-la-Chapelle. These consisted of, the imperial crown, the sceptre, the cope with the girdle, the great sword of Charlemagne, the globe, the buskins, the slippers, the gloves, the ring, a long alb, a stole, the ordinary sword, or sabre, of Charlemagne, the book of the evangelists, and the shrine, covered with diamonds, in which a few drops of the blood of St Stephen are preserved. The deputies of the above cities, twelve in number, are the witnesses, and do not lose sight of any of their ornaments. The mass, during the performance of which the Emperor receives the communion, having been said, he ascends his throne, where he makes sixty knights, one of whom, by right, belongs to the house of Albert, one of the most considerable in Germany, and who kneels before the Emperor armed cap-à-piè. The Empress was in a spacious gallery with all the members of

the imperial family, and her court, but was considered as being there incognito.

I shall not detail to you, my dear Viscountess, the whole of the ceremonies, nor the various functions of the great officers, which would be too long; but shall merely say, that nothing can be conceived finer and more august. The church ceremony being concluded, the Emperor set out on his return to the Hôtel-de-Ville, where the imperial banquet is holden. He was on foot, beneath a canopy, and preceded in the same manner as during the cavalcade. It was pleasant to observe, that, in proportion as he advanced, the cloth which covered the planked-way was carried off by the populace, and cut almost under the feet of the Emperor. It often happened that one piece was divided into twenty morsels.

Nothing could be finer than the spectacle of the square, owing to the abundance of the people, as well there, as on the scaffoldings, and at the windows, which, being in a manner contiguous, resembled so many opera-boxes. Besides the roofs, which were crowded, there are individuals who, for this day alone, have made by their houses upwards of eight thousand livres. An hour after the Emperor had entered the Hôtel-de-Ville, he presented himself at the balcony in his imperial habits. The exclamation of "VIVAT CAROLUS SEPTIMUS" was reiterated on all sides, and the joy seemed general,

and more marked than it had been, either at his election, or at his entry. Of this the Emperor appeared to be extremely sensible, as he remained a long time at the balcony, notwithstanding the piercing cold.

In the middle of the square was laid a large heap of oats. Count Papenheim, in a Spanish dress, mounted his horse at the gate of the Hôtel-de-Ville, rode full speed into the midst of the heap, and without alighting, filled with it, in passing, the silver measure he had in his hand. Having raked off the superfluity with a silver slice, which he threw into the heap, he proceeded with the measure to the Hôtel-de-Ville. The corn became the lawful pillage of the populace, who filled their pockets. The ambassador of Prussia, likewise in the Spanish costume, came afterwards on horseback, provided with a silver ewer, and a silver basin, and drew water from the fountain to present to the Emperor for washing. Afterwards, the Palatine ambassador, in a like costume, and mounted, came with a silver terrene to seek a morsel of roast beef.

It belongs to the ceremony to roast a whole ox, which is larded with sheep, turkeys, pullets, &c. For this purpose a boarded house is constructed, fifty feet long, twenty-five broad, and fifty high. The spit is a beam of timber, at each extremity of

which is a wheel. Beneath is a dripping-pan, of twenty feet dimension, in front of a large hearth. The animal is roasting during three days; and the butchers are said to have gained upwards of a thousand crowns for showing it. As soon as the Emperor's portion is carried off, the rest is, as well as the wooden house, given up to the populace. This occasions one of the most laughable spectacles imaginable: in the space of a quarter of an hour there no longer remains any vestige of the house: joists, planks, and beams, every part is carried off. It is surprising to me, that in the scramble many persons were not crushed to death; but I have not heard of any accident, although many club-blows were interchanged.

Afterwards came Count Stolbert, hereditary marechal of the arch-office of treasurer, likewise on horseback, and in the Spanish costume. He threw among the populace a quantity of silver money, and must have been very much fatigued with this service, for he remained upwards of an hour on the square, and you may judge of the press by which he was surrounded. On another hand, there were two large waggons filled with small loaves, which were likewise thrown among the populace; and, on the other side of the square, two fountains of wine. You may judge, my dear niece, what must have been the movement which

passed in this square during three hours, and the spectacle it afforded to any one who saw it fully at his ease.

The imperial banquet was afterwards served in the great hall of the Hôtel-de-Ville. At the extremity, in front, was the Emperor's canopy, elevated by four steps, and beneath it his table, at which he seats himself alone. On each side, backed by the wall, was a buffet, arranged like an altar, and illuminated from top to bottom. In one of these buffets was his service in gold; and in the other, in vases or cups, whatever is most valuable in his treasury, and which would require more than four hours to examine with any degree of nicety. Next, on the right and left, were the tables of the Electors of Mentz and Cologne, under a magnificent canopy, raised one step only; and, at the side, their two buffets, likewise backed by the wall, containing whatever they possess of the greatest beauty and rarity, and illuminated in the same way from the top to the bottom. In the midst of the space between the two Electors, and opposite the Emperor, were the canopy, table, and buffet, of Triers; but as the Elector is not present in person, his ambassador stands at the side of the table, to be fed by the fumes of the dishes of the Emperor and of the two Electors. Next, to the right and left, were the buffets and tables of Saxony, Prussia, the Palatinate, and

Hanover, their ambassadors being in the same posture with the one of Triers. The buffet of Bavaria had also its station assigned to it, but was left empty. I cannot better describe to you the hall, named a church, the great altar of which is the imperial platform, supporting the canopy of state, and all the buffets, to the right and left of the chapels, superbly ornamented and illuminated. A salute was fired from the ramparts on the cup of wine being first handed to the Emperor, and immediately each withdrew to his own home, or rather, with the exception of the Emperor and the Electors, came to besiege the palace of France, where there was a grand supper, and, in addition to three large tables, others were laid in proportion as the company, which was prodigious, entered. The façade of the palace, and that of the palace of Spain, which is contiguous, were illuminated from the roof downward with very ingenious devices; and the entire façade of the square, by an immense frame-work of timber, in porticoes having different designs, with emblems and inscriptions, which made a splendid illumination. To-day there will be another similar one, with a grand supper and a dress ball.

It appears to me, my very dear Viscountess, that I have gone to a sufficient length for this day, and it only remains for me to embrace you, and the dear Viscount, most earnestly.

Frankfort, Feb. 23, 1742.

All the bustle of Frankfort, my dear Viscountess, begins to subside. The closing of its brilliancy will be, I apprehend, the coronation of the Empress, which is fixed for the twenty-sixth of this month, if the Emperor's health should permit. Of this, however, I have my doubts, as he has had a sharp attack of the gout, which has not allowed him to appear in public more than twice since his coronation. His court is every thing but gay, as well with reference to those who compose it, as to the circumstances of the times, which are not so favourable as was expected. It is hoped, however, that in a little time they will change their aspect.

There are few pretty women in the Empress's court; beside which their Majesties are so straitly lodged, that they do not show to advantage. A great number of princes, princesses, and high nobility, have quitted Frankfort; and these departures take place daily, insomuch that if the coronation of the Empress should be delayed for any length of time, not the eighth part of those who were here will remain, and those who are still present manifest a great impatience to return to their homes. Although nothing is as yet said relative to the departure of the Emperor, every one asks, What will become of all this in a fortnight, in a month, in six weeks, &c.? Will the ambassadors

remain? or will they separate? Will a diet of pacification be commenced? and many other questions of this nature, which mark the incertitude as to what is to be done. It is said that the Elector of Cologne will remain here during the whole of the time of the Emperor's stay; but he has dismissed a part of his household. The Elector of Mentz sets out to-day; and to-morrow the Marechal de Bellisle will leave for Paris. He has already made a considerable reform of officers, cooks, &c. in his household, which will be reduced to the establishment of that of an ordinary ambassador, to the great regret of the Germans, who found it very agreeable to assemble at the palace of France to the number of five or six hundred, three hundred of whom staid to make a very ample supper. Now that the Marchioness will be alone, this will be reduced to a small number of persons. With respect to the other high diplomatic characters, more especially since the departure of the ambassador of Spain, who lived here in great state, they have not found much employment for their cooks, beside which their doors have not been open to any one unless by invitation, and at this time the number of those invited is so very small, that many, as the evening approaches, have to pause and reflect where they are to dine on the morrow. At this time there is no open house beside that of the Prince of Taxis, which is crowded every evening to excess. As to

dinner, the society of the *bourgeoisie*, who had been very much neglected, begins to be again courted; and the shame of frequenting their houses, which was felt a fortnight ago, yields to a more pressing emotion, namely, hunger, from which embroidered and laced garments do not exempt the wearers, whose finances have been for some time exhausted. This, my dear niece, is what is now passing at Frankfort. My brother is still uncertain whether he will continue here during the absence of the Marechal; but on that head my opinion is affirmative. As to myself, I look to how the wind blows, and to the state of the weather, equally ready to depart as to stay. This will depend on the good or bad thoughts I may have in the course of the day, or on the good or bad dreams I may have during the night. There is only one thing which is stable in me, and which will be always independent of every event, that is, the tender friendship which I shall bear all my life to the dear Viscount and Viscountess; and if they do not recompense me by a slight return, they will be very unjust.

Dresden, May 5, 1742.

I wrote to you, my dear Viscountess, before my departure from Frankfort, which was on the 23d of the last month, at nine at night. I found the roads very bad, notwithstanding which I have

constantly travelled almost day and night, and this because the accommodations are such as not to tempt one to stop, it being better to remain in the carriage, than to sleep on straw in filthy apartments at the risk of catching vermin. However, when the night was too obscure, I waited in the carriage for the rising of the moon. Fortunately, in Germany the roads and woods are pretty safe. On the route I lived on milk, fresh eggs, and hard eggs, which are to be easily met with every where. I was in a good berlin, with a very amiable fellow-traveller, a French nobleman named the Baron de Lignieres, attached to the service of the King of Poland. We reached Leipsic on the 28th in excellent health, and without any accident having befallen our carriage.

Reckoning the days of our arrival and departure, we remained three days at Leipsic, which afforded me the opportunity of seeing the place, and the closing of the fair. I made an acquaintance there with several persons of consideration, friends of M. de Lignieres. On the evening of the 30th we departed thence, and reached Dresden on the following day. My companion has insisted positively on my taking up my abode with him, and I am here very much at my ease. As he is greatly beloved and esteemed in this place, he has already introduced me to the acquaintance of all those who are of the highest consideration;

and his obliging manner of announcing me has procured me every where infinite advantages. Added to this, Count Dessaleurs, his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary, has in a manner overwhelmed me with his politeness and friendship. The day before yesterday he did me the honour to present me to the King, whose reception was truly gracious; and to-day he is to present me to the Prince Royal, and afterwards to the Queen, and the younger branches of the Royal Family. I shall thus be, from this time henceforward, an animal who may be made a show of at a fair, with the label:—"The King has seen him; the Queen has seen him, &c."

I have not as yet dined once at M. de Linieres': from morning until evening every day has been with me a day of festivity. I supped last evening at the Hôtel of Count Bruil, Prime Minister, and the King's favourite. He is perhaps the most amiable nobleman that can be met with, and of a magnificence that surpasses all imagination. In short, when I tell you that his cellar alone, in wines of Hungary, of the Rhine, and others, is worth upwards of a million and a half of livres, it will appear to you a fable, although nothing can be more true. It is a great curiosity to see, being on these occasions lighted by lustres and wax-tapers; and is laid out like a suit of apartments. For his wardrobe alone, the Baron expends

annually upwards of fifty thousand crowns. He is superbly lodged; his furniture is most magnificent; and his services in silver the richest that can be seen: in short, every thing is in proportion, and creates the expenditure of a Sovereign. He possesses besides the most exalted qualities, and has afforded me a striking proof of his urbanity and politeness to strangers.

Dresden is a well-built city. The inhabitants are a fine race, and the females uncommonly fair. If you look out at the window for a quarter of an hour, you will see from twenty to thirty young girls, exquisitely beautiful, and from the age of thirteen upward to twenty, pass beneath. One must be careful, however, not to be tempted by them, they being all alike hazardous; and it will be right constantly to bear in mind the Spanish proverb, *Mira y no toca.* I do not as yet know what stay I shall make here, and whether I shall undertake my journey to Berlin and Prague. This will depend on circumstances, as well as on the amusement I may expect to derive from such a tour. Adieu, dear Viscount and Viscountess. Be persuaded that I love each of you with equal tenderness here, as wherever else I may have been, or may chance to be hereafter. If, therefore, you do not love me a little in return, you will both deserve to be hanged. Count Belgarde, of Chambery, desires me to convey a thousand compliments

to the Viscount. I dined the day before yesterday with his brother. It is now a long time since I heard from you.

Dresden, May 19, 1742.

I have to tell you, my very dear Viscountess, that an officer, travelling as a courier, and preceded by eight postillions blowing their horns, has just passed under my windows. This being, in Germany, the usual mode of announcing good news, I have just sent to make inquiries, and am informed that on the 17th, at seven in the morning, there was an engagement between the King of Prussia and the Austrians, the latter, commanded by Prince Charles, being twenty-nine thousand strong, while the King of Prussia had twenty-two thousand only. That the latter having quitted Moravia, and directed his march toward Prague, to repair to the county of Glaz, had been followed by the Austrians with the design of attacking him, and falling afterwards on Prague. That the action commenced by the attack of a village near Czaslau, nine miles distant from Prague, where was stationed a Prussian corps. That after a vigorous attack and defence, the Austrians had set fire to the village, and had dislodged from it the Prussians, who had returned to the charge notwithstanding the fire; and that there had been an obstinate combat, which became general. That

during two hours, the Austrian infantry did not lose an inch of ground. And, lastly, that fortunately victory declared for the King of Prussia, who lost, however, a great number of men, and many officers of distinction. The Prussian cavalry broke through that of the Queen, which was routed and dispersed. This battle lasted from seven in the morning until noon, and was very sanguinary. The King of Prussia ordered the Austrians to be followed for the space of three days, and it is to be hoped that he will derive great advantages from his victory. I shall wait here for the news, instead of setting out immediately for Prague, not wishing to have any rencounter with the huzzars, who have shown themselves within a league of this city. It is true that there is a river between us, and that up to this time the roads are safe; but I think I should be laughed at if I should expose myself to the risk of having to make a forced journey to Vienna. I shall therefore begin by going to Berlin, leaving all these intricacies to be cleared up.

I have just received, my dear Viscountess, your letter of the 3d of April, and see with pleasure that you continue to enjoy good health. I have also learned, by a letter from M. Rochechuiard, that a little blue-beard has been born to him, and that Madame is recovered from her accouchement,

on both of which occasions I congratulate them with all my heart. Do not doubt, my dear Sophia, of my anxiety to see you, either in Paris or at Grenoble, and to tell you and the dear Viscount in person how much I love you. I embrace you both very affectionately.

I continue to amuse myself greatly here. Dresden is a charming city, abounding in good company, and very opulent. In all Germany, the Saxons are those whose manners harmonize most with ours: they are extremely prepossessing, and polite to strangers.

Frankfort, May 24, 1742.

I received yesterday, my very dear Viscountess, your letter of the 8th of May, which, coming to me direct, has reached me much sooner than the others. I therefore beg that when you write to me in future you will do the same, addressing your letters to Frankfort until I announce to you my return to Paris.

It is my intention to remain here a week or ten days longer, and then to set out for Berlin. For this purpose, I am now bargaining for a light and tolerably convenient carriage. As it is for two persons, if a pretty girl should ask me for a seat, I am at a loss to know what excuse I shall make in refusing her. This is what puts me out of

conceit of my intended purchase; but, for want of another, I shall be obliged to put up with it.

How many fine things I have seen, my dear niece, within these few days, in vases, paintings, antique busts, furniture, and china, with a prodigious quantity of porcelain of Saxony, of the most variegated designs, executed in the highest perfection, and painted like the finest miniatures! One would not be wearied with passing a day in each of the chambers; and the building [*chateau*] filled with these objects has three stories, besides the vaults. In the royal treasury there are three vaulted chambers which contain immense riches. The jewels, kept in presses lined with mirrors, are in such a quantity, that it appears as if all those to be found in Europe had been there brought together. This is an enigma the explanation of which I demand daily, how a country which is not of any great extent can furnish the considerable expenses made by the King of Poland, who derives very little from his kingdom of Poland. His court is on an extraordinary footing of magnificence, and all the pensions and appointments are on a great scale. The King has just made a considerable augmentation of his troops: they are picked, well-dressed, and well-nourished. He purchases every day; and made some time ago the acquisition of a green diamond, and of another extremely dear. All this is paid for in ready money, and the taxes

are not augmented one farthing. The country has throughout an air of opulence: the peasant is better dressed than the more wealthy farmers in France; and all classes appear to be very much at their ease. This Prince is adored by his subjects, and with reason, for he is good and just, and not any private individual can be found who bears more the stamp of an honest man. That he is the slave of his word the following trait will show. Count Solkoski, his prime minister, having been disgraced, and having merited to be so a hundred times, had purchased, before his disgrace, the estates of King Stanislaus, in the acquisition of which the King had promised him his aid. His Majesty had already made him a present of considerable sums for that purpose; but, at the time of his fall, there still remained about seven hundred thousand livres to satisfy his claimants. The King was asked what was his intention in this respect, with the insinuation that the disgraced minister had rendered himself unworthy of his bounties "I have promised him: it must be paid:" was the King's reply; and he even carried his generosity so far as to send him his portrait, which he had had painted for him while in favour. It is sufficient that any thing appears to him to be just, for him to grant it without reserve.

On my return from Berlin I shall revisit Dresden, whence I shall repair to Prague, provided the

roads should continue to be safe, of which there is every probability. We have not had any details of the battle gained by the King of Prussia, unless that the Austrians retreated to the mountains, where the troops his Prussian Majesty had sent after them did not think it prudent to pursue them.

There is every prospect of there being to-morrow a combat still more interesting to us—Marechal Broglio set out from Pissek the day before yesterday with the view of raising the siege of Fravenberg, carried on by the *corps-d'armee* under M. de Lobkovis, and with the resolution to give them battle to-morrow, the 25th, if the enemy should wait for him, or he can come up with them. He is twenty-two thousand strong; but the enemy's force I do not precisely know. Our troops set out with an incredible joy and ardour, which is a good sign. The King of Prussia's battle has determined the step which was so long and earnestly desired. A courier arrived yesterday from Prague, to announce that the Marechal de Bellisle, instead of visiting this place, as he had announced, set out the day before yesterday, at noon, to join M. de Broglio, and make one of the party in the dance. Should there be an engagement, I think it will be a warm on, and I hope it will be favourable to us.

I embrace you, my dear Sophia, and the dear Viscount, most affectionately.

Dresden, May 28, 1742.

I announced to you, my very dear Viscountess, that M. de Broglio was about to quit Pissek, and to go in pursuit of the enemy who were carrying on the siege of Fravenberg. He set forward on the 23d, and on the 26th came to the vicinity of that place. The enemy drew up in order of battle, a portion of their army being under the cover of a wood. Different movements made by them, obliged us, on our side, to do the same, until at length the action commenced. Our troops being greatly annoyed by a battery formed of the guns which had been brought up for the siege, M. de Broglio marched his troops in that direction, and a warm contest of the cavalry ensued. Our horse drove back that of the enemy, and our infantry were equally successful, obliging the enemy to retire behind the wood. The action was not general; and as it was seven in the evening, M. de Broglio did not think proper to engage in a night encounter, delaying the attack he meditated until the following day. The enemy, however, retired in the night, leaving us masters of the field of battle, and raising the siege of Fravenberg. Unfortunately the corps of cavalry commanded by M. de Clermont was stopped in its progress by a morass, without which there is every probability that there would have been a general engagement, and a complete victory. M. de Mirepoix, who commanded

the reserve, did wonders; and in general our troops conducted themselves with infinite ardour and bravery. It is to be hoped that this earnest of success will have a happy issue, more especially as our troops are reinforced daily. The Marechal de Bellisle was a simple volunteer in this engagement.

A young man whom I regret very much was killed in the above affair. His name was Count Boroski, a Pole, a captain of cavalry in the service of France, and aide-de-camp of the Marechal de Bellisle. This young officer, to whom the Marechal had given a rendezvous at Dresden, having learned by accident at M. de Dessaleurs', where I happened to be, that he had set out for Pissek, was plunged in the deepest grief. Although sick, he took infinite pains to procure houses, and was much gratified by his success. He made, unfortunately for him, the utmost diligence to reach the scene of battle in time, and was slain.

In a few days, my dear niece, it is my intention to set out for Berlin, and, fortunately, I have just made, at M. de Dessaleurs', the acquaintance of two ladies of that court, who are very amiable, and who will leave in two or three days for that destination. Thus it may so happen that I may depart on the same day with them, which will render my journey more agreeable, and enable me to see, with more convenience and utility, whatever

is curious at Berlin, and the good society to be met with in that city.

I regret infinitely that I did not accompany M. Dessaleurs in the journey he has just made to the frontiers of Poland, where the King has been on the occasion of an assembly of the senate which was held at Fraustadt. Unluckily, I did not put any question to him respecting the carriage in which he travelled, and he might have given me a place. He has very obligingly said to me, that it would have afforded him the greatest pleasure to have had me with him at Fraustadt, where what he witnessed on the above occasion was highly curious, inasmuch as the assembly enabled him to form a precise idea of Poland and the Polish nobility. My regret, however, answers no purpose. —Adieu, dear Viscount and Viscountess. Make some return to the tender love I bear you.

Dresden, June 22, 1742.

I have written to you with confidence, my dear Viscountess, being persuaded that when the news are not good, you do not communicate what I tell you unless to M. de St Priest and M. Baral, as I should be driven to despair if I were to be cited in any thing. This preamble does not prepare you for very agreeable news; and accordingly we are in the most critical position imaginable. The King of Prussia has, by the blackest trait, gone over to

the other party, and has just made his peace with the Queen of Hungary: it was signed on the 13th of this month. It was expected, after his victory, that he would go in pursuit of Prince Charles; and it was in consequence of this that M. de Broglio attacked the corps of M. de Lobkovis, which having defeated, if he had been seconded by the King of Prussia, it would have been all over with the Austrain army. This Prince, however, constantly amusing us by fine promises, kept in inaction; and at the time when M. de Broglio expected at Fravenberg, whence he had driven the enemy—expected, I say, the effect of his fine promises, he was very much surprised to find the army of Prince Charles, which he had regarded as dispersed, marching on him, while on his side he did not dare, in the view of the King of Prussia, to quit his post at Bridweis. This treachery, however, was carried into effect at the time when the fullest confidence was entertained in him. M. de Broglio was accordingly obliged to retreat toward Pissek, and, notwithstanding the surprise, his retreat was truly glorious. Prince Charles, having nothing to dread from the King of Prussia, followed him thither, and obliged him to fall back on Prague, constantly pursued by the Austrians. In these circumstances, the King of Poland, an exact observer of his engagements, notwithstanding the bad condition of his troops,

which had been brought into a lamentable state by the King of Prussia while he had them under his command in Moravia, ordered them to join the French, and would in a short time have furnished thirty thousand men. Our recruits and militia were advancing, insomuch that on our side we should have been very strong, even without their junction; and, notwithstanding our retreat under the walls of Prague, all would have been at an end with the enemy, if the King of Prussia had marched, because they would have been placed between the two armies. Courier after courier was despatched to him, and he constantly promised, until being at length constrained to take a part, he declared that he had made his peace, contrary to the most authentic faith of a treaty, by which no one of the allies was to receive any proposition without communicating it to the others. We are accordingly beneath the walls of Prague with twenty-five thousand French, in the most critical position, and uncertain whether the King of Poland, notwithstanding his good faith, will not be obliged to come to an accommodation, having the enemy at his gates. Should he have the firmness not to do this, we may be able to maintain ourselves, because twenty-five thousand French, fifteen thousand Saxons, the troops of Bavaria, who have received orders to march, our militia and recruits who are advancing, and the

Saxon troops who may be augmented daily.—All this, I say, may not only show a bold front to the enemy, but may change the posture of affairs. On the other hand, it is presumable that the King of Prussia will not do things by halves, and that he may not be satisfied with remaining neuter. It is also probable that a party has been formed in alliance with the English and Dutch. I leave you to draw the consequences. Every one here is in great consternation, and in the utmost uncertainty as to what will happen. You may judge, my dear niece, that I no longer think of a journey either to Prague or Berlin; but shall leave this in a day or two for Frankfort. What dreadful news likewise for the Emperor, whose states are entirely ravaged!

I pray and beseech you, my dear niece, that what I have communicated may be for you and M. M. de St Priest and Baral alone. A thousand compliments to them from me. I embrace you, my dear Sophia, most affectionately.

Dresden, June 27, 1742.

All my plans of travels, my dear niece, are deranged. Not but that I should much wish to undertake them; but I adapt myself to the circumstances of the times. I should have but little pleasure at Berlin, at a moment when every good Frenchman must be grieved at heart at the in-

fidelity of the King of Prussia; and I should find myself very awkwardly situated at Prague, at a time when our army is hemmed in beneath the cannon of the place by the army of the enemy, which is much more numerous. It is not because there is any apprehension of its being forced; but the junction of the reinforcements that may reach it, is both long and difficult of accomplishment. We are abandoned by an ally powerful in troops, whose intentions are not as yet well developed, and whose first step also may lead to a suspicion of still worse. There were grounds for reckoning on the King of Poland; but he is not strong in troops, and his country, open on every side, gives him every thing to fear from the enemy, who are at his gates. Accordingly, it is to be doubted whether, in such a position, his firmness will hold out. Without falling into a train of reflections which do not at the present juncture present an agreeable image, let us hope that the *dénouement* will be more favourable than our superficial knowledge of matters of policy and warlike operations may permit us to view it.

I was near yielding to the importunities and obliging politeness of M. Paué, Commissary-General of provisions, who offered me a commodious place in his berlin, and an apartment in his house at Prague. It was lucky for me that I postponed this journey, as I should otherwise have been there

without knowing when I should be able to get away. To-morrow I leave Dresden, after a stay of two months, which I have passed very agreeably, to repair to Frankfort, where I purpose to spend a month with my brother. I doubt whether I shall be able to carry into effect my journey to Holland. If it should not take place I shall return to Paris in the course of the month of August. Be discreet, I beseech you, my dear Sophia, as to the purport of my letters, for it is painful to have disagreeable news to communicate. I thank the dear Viscount for the letters he has addressed to my sister, and for the care and trouble he is pleased to take in her affairs. I embrace you both with the truest affection.

Frankfort, September 5, 1742.

The Marechal de Maillabois, my dear Viscountess, has taken up his abode at my brother's, where he has remained sixteen days; and his presence has drawn to Frankfort a bevy of officers, who arrive daily, such as you may picture to yourself on the passage of an army of forty thousand men. The service, curiosity, the necessity of procuring supplies for their equipages, the wish to make their court to the Emperor, &c.—all these motives have brought to this city a prodigious number of them. During three weeks, the movement at my brother's has, as well as the expense,

been inconceivable. He had not any need of this additional tax on his finances, after all the expenses he has been obliged to incur during eighteen months past. The regular tables have been nothing: officers who were merely on their passage have arrived hourly, and have come to take their meals at my brother's, insomuch that the table-cloth has remained spread during the whole of the day. You may judge what a prodigious consumption this has occasioned during the above time; and I am persuaded that, however dear this passage may have cost my brother, they have all had reason to be fully satisfied with the reception he gave them.

We have had the pleasure to see the finest army that could possibly be assembled. The Emperor, the whole of his court, all the ministers, all Frankfort even, have been to witness the passage of the four divisions, and every one was enchanted by the beauty and fine equipment of the troops, as well as by the ardour and gaiety with which they marched to the succour of Prague, and of their comrades. The admiration was general; and foreigners could not help being delighted, and agreeing that there was no other beside the French nation capable of such an enterprise. Luckily, the fine weather has seconded them up to the present time, from the first day of their march, and there is every appearance of its continuance. The

army is to reach Nuremberg on the 8th, insomuch that within eight or ten days I have not any doubt of the enemy coming to the resolution to retire from before Prague, it not being probable that they will wait the arrival of such a force. They are making incredible efforts against that place, but it is still better defended: it is therefore to be hoped that the bravery of the besieged will have a happy issue. The communication has been constantly interrupted since the 13th of the last month, that being the epoch of the last news received in a direct way from Prague; but it is known positively, although indirectly, that the enemy, notwithstanding their efforts, advance but little, and, disposed as they are to make the most of the smallest advantages, when they do not publish them, it is a certain proof that they have not obtained any. After all that I have said, you may judge what the commanders and the troops to whom the defence of Prague is confided, have reason to expect. I am not too sanguine therefore, when I flatter myself that towards the latter end of the month I shall have no other but good news to communicate.

I shall not dwell on the occupations with which my brother is in a manner overwhelmed: nothing is to be seen besides the arrival and departure of couriers night and day. Fortunately for him, his health is pretty good. I have come to the resolu,

tion to remain with him until affairs shall have put on a more tranquil aspect. Before I can well conclude this, Madame la Marechale de Bellisle will quit Frankfort to return to France. I am to have the honour to accompany her to the distance of twenty-five leagues. She will sleep to-night at Mentz at my brother's house, with a numerous company who will attend her thus far on her route. My brother not being able to leave, I am to do the honours of his house, and shall conduct her afterward to Turken, returning by Manheim, a place which I am very anxious to see. I shall spend a day there, to pay my court to the Elector, and to the Princesses, who are extremely amiable, and whom I had the honour to see at the election. Mine will be a journey of four days.

I embrace you, my dear Viscountess, and the dear Viscount, together with M. and Madame Baral, and the whole family. I make my compliments to all of you on the place of minister of state which the King has just bestowed on Cardinal de Tençin.

Frankfort, October 26, 1742.

[Addressed to the Viscount.]

I have just received, my very dear Viscount, the letter with which you have honoured me, dated the 14th of this month; and you could not have given me a more agreeable piece of intelligence than that of the happy *accouchement* of the dear

Viscountess. The illness by which it had been preceded, and the inquietudes which torment her more than any other female in this operation of nature, occasioned me much anxiety on her account. I hope that she will henceforward enjoy good health, not to abuse it, but to be careful of it, having had occasion to be sensible of its full value by the languid state in which she has been for some time past. Say a thousand affectionate things to her for me.

I am, my dear Viscount, under the influence of a violent temptation, and you know as well as myself that in these cases there is not any radical cure unless by giving way to it. A proposition has been made to me to undertake a journey of six weeks to Holland, passing by Liege and Cologne, in the society of a man whom I love most affectionately, and who also has a great friendship for me. It was with him that I made the journey of Saxony, and at whose house I was lodged at Dresden, where I can say that I owe to him the greater part of the civilities I met with, he being very much beloved and considered at that court. He is come to Frankfort expressly to see me, before setting out for Holland, where he is well known. I shall therefore have the advantage of being with one acquainted with that country, in good society, and at a much less expense than I should incur with any other, or alone. I am in

the proximity; and by embarking on the Rhine, I shall perform my journey commodiously. All these reasons united may well determine me, for there is not any prospect of such an opportunity again presenting itself, and I have long been tempted to undertake this journey. I shall not come to a decision, however, until a few days hence, because there are interesting circumstances on which I would wish to collect some information beforehand.

You must have heard that the Marechal de Maillebois has retired on Egra, where he now is, having determined not to risk the passage of the long and dangerous defiles, masked as they besides are by the enemy's army. His attempt, however, has produced the effect which was proposed, that of raising the siege of Prague, into which supplies of every description have been thrown, and are thrown daily. Thus has a good operation been accomplished without striking a blow; and our armies are entire and in a good condition. It is to be hoped that the operations which are about to follow will be both useful and glorious.

The Marechal de Seckendorff has operated with good effect in Bavaria, whence he has nearly driven the Austrians, and is in the way of perfectionating his plans with every prospect of success, more especially since he has given out an ordinance by which all the peasants, from the age of

eighteen to fifty, are called upon to take up arms, such as they can find, and to join him. This junction is strengthened daily; and the manœuvre of M. de Maillebois will not be less useful to him in completing his operations.

Madame Baral writes to me that the young boarder of Montfleury wishes to take the veil, and that she withdraws her for six months to subject her to the trial. I am persuaded that the experience of the latter will render her very attentive to her probation; but can one be certain that, at the age of fifteen or sixteen years, any dependence can be placed on its solidity? Having seen what I have seen, were I a father, I would never give my consent before twenty years.

I thank you for the news you give me respecting the Spaniards: you will oblige me by any further communications on that head. I anticipate the real pleasure I shall feel in embracing you at the commencement of the year, when I lay my account with being in Paris. My brother, who is still oppressed by the weight of public affairs, desires me to make a thousand compliments to you and Madame de St Priest.——I embrace you, my dear Viscount, and the dear Viscountess, with the most ardent affection.

ACCOUNT OF THE CORONATION OF SULTAN SOLIMAN, ON THE 27th OF OCTOBER 1687.

Extracted from the Political Correspondence of the Ambassadors of France at the Sublime Porte, by Count de St Priest

On the 27th of October at noon, Sultan Soliman repaired to the mosque of Youb, where, having recited his prayer, and heard an exhortation, the sword was delivered to him in the usual manner. All those who were to precede the grand seignor in the procession of his entry, had repaired to the environs of the said mosque, which as soon as he had reached, they began to defile by the gate of Adrianople. Three hundred gebedgys, preceded by six of their serjeants on horseback, walked two and two, without either arms or staves, and very badly clad; while ten of their captains, before whom were carried four small guns of bronzed pasteboard, brought up the rear. The same number of topgis, or gunners, afterwards presented themselves, and in as bad an equipage, having their serjeants in front, and their officers behind them on horseback. Six thousand janissaries followed, likewise without arms, some with the head, others with the legs bare, and in general very badly clothed, without observing the silence so customary in Turkish ceremonies. Several of their chaoux, or serjeants, were in front of them on horseback, and the others at intervals between the two files. Thirty captains, well

mounted, clad in satin, and having on the head a very inconvenient covering, overcharged with an infinite number of white aigrettes, followed. After them came the Kiaya bey, surrounded by a hundred janissaries on foot, well-proportioned men, and well dressed; and, lastly, the janissary aga, preceded by his own company, and surrounded by fifty captains on foot, clad in a similar manner, and having the same head-dresses as the others. The commencement of this procession displayed but little pomp: the remainder, however, had a somewhat grander air. The spahys, although established as the prince's guard, have not any particular rank assigned to them on these occasions: twelve of their principal officers, however, followed the janissaries, and after them came thirty agas, or capigis, belonging to the vizir. The corps' of law and justice followed, with the monstrous turbans they wear when engaged in their official duties: thirty chaoux belonging to the divan, each carrying a mace, preceded them as ushers. Next came Mutef aga, sixty emirs, twelve of the parochial clergy or lecturers, and eighty cadis, in front of whom there were also thirty chaoux. The horses of the legal tribe were without any other ornament than housings of red cloth edged with a blue silk fringe. Afterwards came twelve capigis bachis, belonging to the grand seignor, wearing turbans of gold brocade, trim-

med with sable fur, and mounted on horses richly caparisoned. Next appeared the Nakib Effendi, or chief of the race of the prophet, to whom this title does not belong by birth, but by the choice of the grand seignor. He is selected from among the emirs, to be their judge and magistrate. He was followed by the two cadileskiers, the one of Romelia being on the right. After them came four vizirs, accompanied by a few valets on foot, and followed by the grand vizir, having the mufti on his left: they were preceded by janissaries, and surrounded by thirty of their captains on foot. The first equerry came afterwards at the head of ten led horses, covered with housings embroidered with pearls and other precious stones, and led by equerries. The grand equerry marched singly before the grand seignor, but after the retinue of the grand vizir. The street was lined by thirty peiks, or valets, on foot, clad in stuff woven with gold and silver, and wearing very high-crowned red bonnets ornamented with aigrettes; and by one hundred and fifty solaks, or archers of the guard, armed with bows and arrows, and having likewise white aigrettes in their caps. Two of the principal officers of the seraglio marched on foot at the sides of his highness, and supported the two skirts of his outer garment of white cloth lined with sable fur, beneath which he wore a doliman of green satin. His turban was ornamented by

two plumes of heron's feathers hanging downward, and bound by clasps formed of very large diamonds, and by a semicircle of precious stones which united them, so as to form in front a kind of diadem. Near to him were, his selictar, or chamberlain, who carried his sword on the left shoulder; the schoadar, or cloak-bearer; the rikiabtar, who holds the stirrup when he mounts on horseback; the dalban agassy, who carries his spare turban; and the kislar aga, followed by thirty valets on foot, who were succeeded by a hundred others, belonging to the different officers who took a part in the ceremony. Amid the whole of this pomp there was not any sound of warlike instruments; neither were there any acclamations of the populace: those who were on foot around his highness, simply pronounced the name of God from time to time; and within the houses the Turks had prayers for the prosperity of the grand seignor. The four officers by whom he was followed threw handfuls of money among the people. I asked why the grand seignor wore the two heron's plumes reversed, instead of three upright ones, after the example of his predecessor. I was told in reply, that he does not take the third until after he has obtained some conquests, nor wear the two others erect unless when he sallies forth from his capital to wage war.

INTERESTING PARTICULARS OF THE MARCH OF THE TURKISH ARMY FROM CONSTANTINOPLE, COMMUNICATED BY COUNT DE ST PRIEST.

April 3, 1769.

YESTERDAY the grand vizir set out from his camp at Davud Pacha. All the troops had filed off on the preceding days. On Thursday last, the ceremony commenced by the planting of the horses' tails in the midst of the encampment. On the following day the arts and trades proceeded thither. After each community of artizans came dervises who offered up prayers; buffoons who recited pleasant stories; and even masks. Next appeared a symbol of each profession, such as, for instance, a plough for the cultivators; an oven for the bakers, in which bread was baked on the route, &c. &c. There were seventy different classes. This institution is of remote antiquity, and belongs to the absolutely military origin of the Turkish nation, in which every one being a soldier, the camp became the capital. At this time each individual returns to his home after the ceremony, which has the air of a masquerade in the time of carnival.

On Saturday the janissaries defiled to the amount of eleven thousand, several of their corps' having marched off before. These troops are neither fine nor well equipped, and are without discipline We find, however, in the soldiery, a determined

air, which becomes them well. The Turkish women, covered with their veils, which conceal every thing except the eyes and nose, swarmed on the passage, the richest of them distributing among the janissaries handkerchiefs and money, and calling them *holocausts* and martyrs of the faith—which compliments they received with all imaginable piety. The grand seignor sees them pass from a balcony; and it is a formality that he should shed, or feign to shed, tears of compassion.

On Sunday the artillery corps, which made a very indifferent figure, set out. The guns had been sent by sea.

On the fifth and last day, being Easter Monday, the grand vizir, accompanied by all the officers of the Porte, and by his own retinue, proceeded to the seraglio, to receive from the hands of the grand seignor the sangiack scherif, or standard of the prophet, the custody of which belongs to the Spahilar Agassy, chief of the cavalry of the Spahis. After this ceremony the procession set out, and had to cross the city on its way to the encampment. The descendants of Mahomed, who are named emirs, and who are distinguished by their privilege of wearing of a green colour the sary which girds their kaouck, have likewise a right to be next to the standard of the prophet in the procession. Among these emirs are many belonging to the lowest class of the people; and their num-

ber is so very considerable, that it is difficult to bestow credit on this prodigious fecundity of the race of Mahomed. The usage on these occasions is, that the standard-bearers should utter aloud an imprecation against the infidels, and call for their destruction, in which the people and the emirs join in chorus. At this moment the pretended infidels are to conceal themselves, or affect to do so. On this day, however, the fanaticism was so great, that all the Jews and Christians who were in the streets, and who had been drawn thither by curiosity, were assailed, and nearly two hundred of them either killed or wounded. The Imperial internuncio and his family were unfortunately involved in this tumult, notwithstanding the wise precautions he had taken. He had demanded of the Porte a commodious house from which he might see with safety, as had been granted in 1736 to M. Tulman, one of his predecessors. His request did not meet with the smallest difficulty; and the drogoman of the Porte, to whom this service was confided, was even ordered to prepare a supper for him, he having determined to pass the preceding night at Constantinople, to the end that he might not, on the following day, have to incur the risk of passing through an immense assemblage of people, with his lady, four daughters, and a pretty numerous suite. He reached, without any accident, the house prepared for him without the gates of the

city; but scarcely had he time to seat himself, when a Turk who, as has been since found, was jealous that his neighbour's house should have been let in preference to his own, incited the populace of the quarter to expel the infidels who had introduced themselves into it. He himself came at the head of the assemblage, to signify to the internuncio that he should withdraw, which he was forced to do, not without some risk of his life, having to make his way through an armed mob. Several of his suite received blows with the flat of the sabre; and eight of them, one of whom was badly cut in the face, were separated from the party and dispersed. The internuncio himself was, on the way, obliged to distribute all the money he had about him, to appease those who were most furiously bent against him. His purse being at length emptied, a band of Albanian soldiers made their appearance, protected him, and conducted him to the guard-house at the entrance of the city. This succour was very timely, for scarcely had the party reached the gate, when one of the internuncio's daughters, exhausted by fatigue and terror, fainted. During the greater part of the way she had been carried in the arms of one of the secretaries, who, sooner than abandon this young lady, which she herself had exhorted him to do, had the resolution to receive a great number of blows of the sabre on the arm. It is true that

not one of them penetrated; but a cut was made at him, which wounded the temple, and carried away the corner of his hat. The internuncio, with his family and attendants, sought refuge in a house within the city, where they were hospitably received by the wife of a Dutch merchant, by whom it had been hired for herself and her female friends, and who occupied it through the same motive of curiosity. He communicated the particulars of his situation to the substitute of the aga of the janissaries, who sent him an officer for his security, with orders that he should be placed commodiously to view the procession, and an injunction to the guards that they were to be answerable for the safety of his person. As a further precaution, the internuncio withdrew from the ladies, that he might not sin against the Turkish usages, which do not allow a mixture of the two sexes. He accordingly stationed himself, with his male attendants, in another house; the females having a shop assigned to them secured with blinds. At the moment when the shouts of fanaticism were heard, and the outrages of the populace recommenced, he retired from the window, and ceased to be a spectator of what was passing. He was nevertheless equally menaced, and in great peril of his life, in consequence of an old Turkish woman exclaiming, "There are the infidels," and pointing out the house, which would in all probability have

been forced, if the entrance had not been by a side street. In the interim, the shop in which were his wife and daughters was broken open, and the ladies dragged by the hair of the head into the street, where they were kicked, beaten with sticks, and trodden under foot. One of the internuncio's daughters, aged fifteen, addressed herself to a young Turk of her own time of life, and squeezing his hand, beseeched him in the Turkish dialect to place her in safety. He was moved by her entreaties, and replied with tears in his eyes—*Olmas —this cannot be done.* Other Turks were so much offended by the commiseration he had shown her, that they would have ill-treated him, if he had not leaped out of the window.

The phrenzy of these people, both males and females, was such, that they aimed at their lives. One of them had his arm uplifted to plunge a knife into the bosom of the internuncio's lady, who, driven to despair at not seeing her daughters near her, instead of shunning the blow, made a movement to receive it: the miscreant, however, desisted from his purpose. The Turk who had been sent for their security, and whose efforts had hitherto been ineffectual, now wrapped her in his mantle, and conveyed her in safety, together with one of the Dutch ladies, to the house of an Armenian. Her four daughters, and two other females, who had to undergo a similar treatment, followed her;

but the eldest, who preceded the others, was suddenly stopped by a Turk, who made a blow at her bosom with his knife, which luckily did nothing more than graze the skin. In this way she lost sight of her mother, and wandered about, not knowing which way to direct her steps, with two of her sisters, until she reached a house which, fortunately for them, was occupied by Christians, and where they found an asylum. At length the fourth sister, and the two female attendants, who remained behind, met with a refuge of the same description.

It was not until after a lapse of two hours that these females were assembled. It is easy to conceive the state of the internuncio's lady during this interval, she having left her daughters in the hands of such barbarians. The husband arrived shortly after, and was not a little surprised on hearing of the terrible scene which had passed, and of which he had not entertained the smallest suspicion. His wife and daughters were dishevelled; several of them covered with blood; and all in the most abject and pitiable state imaginable. It was beside necessary to pass the night at Constantinople, with great security, it is true, owing to the guards having been tripled. The next day the internuncio returned with his family and retinue to the imperial palace at Pera. This adventure made a strong impression on the grand seignor, who sent a sable

pelisse to the internuncio, and a diamond aigrette to his lady, with a promise that all due justice should be rendered them.

Several Armenians and Jews, when about to be sacrificed to the fury of the populace, declared that they were ready to become Turks. This was not, however, permitted them, the alcoran prohibiting any person from being forced to embrace the Mahomedan persuasion.

FRANCE DURING PORTIONS OF THE DIRECTORIAL AND CONSULAR GOVERNMENTS.

I MIGHT still, in reviewing the fragments that lay before me, have gone on in selecting, and filling up, foreign notices from other pens, if my careful housekeeper, Sukey, had not reminded me of the interest with which she had perused those that referred to my residence in France at a time when so few British, with the exception of those whose misfortune it was to be held captives, could find access there. She handed me the packet, as, in her skilful housewifery, she had from time to time assembled its torn and scattered contents; and from the data and hints these may afford, I shall select such passages of this part of my eventful history as may promise to be most gratifying to the reader.

That consummate statesman, the late Lord Melville, it is known, made a proposition, which

was acceded to by the French directory, that each government should undertake the charge and maintenance of the prisoners of war belonging to its nation respectively, for which purpose qualified agents were on each side to be sent over. This arrangement was equitable, and would prevent the settlement of heavy balances in the event of a cessation of hostilities, at the same time that it was of temporary convenience and advantage to the British government, the French prisoners of war on its side being then, in comparison with the subjects of Great Britain detained in France, in the proportion of at least eighteen to one.

The arrangements made by each government were completed at the commencement of the year 1798, and would have been carried into immediate effect if an unexpected difficulty had not arisen. The British prisoners of war dispersed throughout the French territory were to be gathered into four depôts, at each of which an agent, his clerk, and a naval medical officer, were to be stationed. Monsieur Nettement, the accredited agent of the French republic in London, saw, or thought he saw, on the list which was handed to him, the name of a Toulon emigrant inserted as one of the clerks. This, in the estimation of the directory, savoured so strongly of *espionage*, that a prompt refusal was given to receive any other than the medical officers, who were, as well professional-

ly, as extra-professionally, to take charge of the depôts.

We left London on the morning of the seventh of March, and were detained at Dover several days for a neutral vessel to convey us to the assigned port, Gravelines. At length, we embarked in a Swede, having for our fellow-passengers several Prussians, Swedes, and United Statesmen, together with an English lady of title, her daughter, and valet. This lady had resided several years at Lille, in Flanders, and having become a widow, had taken a circuitous route to England, to arrange the affairs of her deceased husband. She kept her bed during the passage; and as she appeared to us, when we could get a glimpse of her, to be not only extremely corpulent, but aged and infirm, we really felt for her, as the slender bark was rocked by an agitated sea.

Having sailed up the canal of Gravelines, the municipal officers and commandant, with a strong escort of military, came on board. Our party was, on landing, placed under a separate guard, and strictly prohibited from holding any communication with the other passengers, who, in their quality of neutrals, considered this as a favourable omen to them. At the Commune-House we had to witness a curious scene. Lady H—— was closely questioned by the municipal officers as to the motives which had led her to England, she hav-

ing, on leaving France, procured a passport for the Netherlands. Her French valet acted as interpreter; and, if he did not outlie him, came nothing short of the lying valet in the farce of that name. He spoke

"Of moving accidents, by flood and field,"

having befallen them, until they were finally blown out of the port of Flushing, in a tremendous gale, into the Downs, whence they had proceeded to Dover to seek another vessel to convey them to Gravelines. He forgot to touch, however, on a good chance her ladyship had met with, amid all her embarrassments, that of visiting London, where she had laid in a rich cargo of muslins, and other British manufactures. These, which would have perplexed a pedlar to cram into his pack, were wrapped in various artful folds about her person, and made her so unwieldy that, on her landing, she fell prostrate on the beach. In passing through Lille, we afterwards paid her a visit, and were surprised at having to salute, not a portly dame, but a spare, active, bustling female of a middle time of life, her stuffing, or outer case, having given her credit for more years than had fallen to her lot. In the company of her daughter was a young lady, who entered very agreeably into our chit-chat. On my inquiring who this English lady was, she

proved to be Mademoiselle du Croc, the daughter of an innkeeper of Calais, and furnished the second example I had met with of a native of France speaking the English language without the slightest foreign accent.

We were escorted, separately from the other passengers, to an inn, where we remained four days under arrest, with a sentinel placed over us, until the instructions came from Paris for our passage into the interior. Such was at that time the jealousy entertained by the French government of all who came from England, that an unfortunate Frenchman, who had been liberated from Norman-Cross, where he had been confined for some years as a prisoner of war, was, with his wife, under close *surveillance* at the same inn, without knowing when he should be able to reach the place of his nativity, and with less freedom of intercourse than when in the hands of his enemy, his letters even not being allowed to be forwarded.

We kept close quarters for three days, but on the fourth, by dint of remonstrances, were permitted, not only to parade the town, but to exceed the limits of the fortifications, our trusty sentinel serving us as a guide, and pointing out whatever was most remarkable. This poor fellow, belonging to the corps of invalids, was an example of what, with small means, can be effect-

ed by rigid parsimony. His pay was five sous per day, with a ration of black bread; and he had managed to lay by the sum of ninety-six livres (four louis) which he begged us to change into gold. Three of the louis' we furnished him he stitched into his cravat, and the fourth he concealed within the lining of his waistcoat. This, he said, was a precaution in the case of his being sick at the hospital, as the nurses would not know of his having any other money beside the single louis he might have to change.

The instructions having arrived from Paris, our passports were made out for Versailles, by the route of St Omer and Lille, from which, agreeably to the orders to be passed by our conductors from stage to stage, we were not to deviate one step. Before we set off, we thought we could not do less than bid a kind adieu to our friends, the *neutrals*, who assembled in the balcony of the inn where they were lodged, under a strict guard, and were both surprised and mortified to find that we were so soon liberated, and bound on our mission, while they could not gather one favourable sentence about themselves. I learned afterwards that their stay there was long procrastinated; but they were not so unfortunate as an English lady I met with subsequently at Gravelines. This lady, an earl's daughter, was

the widow of a French nobleman, and had been to England to settle some family affairs, besides which she was strongly suspected of having certain delicate concerns to arrange for the British government, insomuch that, after having been amused by several trips between Calais and Gravelines, she was, at the expiration of seven or eight months, embarked at the latter port to return to England.

Our passports were demanded, not only at the principal places through which we passed, but in the meanest villages. A tri-colour flag, hung over the door, pointed out the residence of the commissary of the executive power, who, on our drawing up, quitted his shop, proudly decorated with the scarf of authority. At Lille, we were taken to the splendid hotel in which Lord Malmesbury was lodged at the time of his negotiation; and, as our expenditure was far from corresponding with the style of magnificence that surrounded us, were very scurvily treated. The landlady would scarcely condescend to answer a question civilly put to her, probably because she was addressed, not as Madame, but as *Citoyenne*, agreeably to the new phraseology, which was every where current. The only individual we had hitherto met with who had a marked distaste for it, was the son of our landlord at St Omer, who had to conduct us from that place to our present station.

On our hailing him as "*citoyen*," he told us, pointing to them, to say that to the sheep. *Dites cela aux brebis.*

Shortly after our arrival at Versailles, we were visited by Captain Cotes, and his secretary, from Paris. The places assigned for the establishment of depôts of prisoners of war were pointed out to us; and of these the least promising, in point of comfort, fell to my lot, although the choice was by seniority mine. One of my companions was desirous to be at Versailles, because he should be near Paris, a capital he had never seen, and to which he might pay frequent visits. Another wished to be at Fontainebleau, because Lady Rodney, with whom he was intimate, resided there with her family; and the third, who was of a delicate constitution, was anxious to take the benefit of the pure, mild air of Orleans. I should not have touched on these particulars, if the station to which I had to reconcile myself, at Laon, in Picardy, had not, in its sequel, led me to "keep moving," which was what I always liked, and which may furnish a few pleasant hints to the reader in the progress of this narrative.

To have loitered in the French capital, in proceeding to fulfil our respective engagements, was entirely against the sense of the ever-jealous Directory. We were, on our arrival, peremptorily ordered to quit Paris within the twenty-four hours;

and as I was resolved to make the most of my time, I spent the day in inquiries after several of my quondam acquaintances, and passed the evening at the opera. What a contrast between the present spectacle, and what I had erst witnessed, when the lovely Marie Antoinette, surrounded by her court, gave additional splendour to the well-harmonized scene! In the pit, the male assemblage, cropped, and in the English costume, was respectable; but the boxes, to the lowest tier inclusively, were occupied by *poissardes* and other female *incroyables* of an equally vulgar stamp, among whose gallants, the water-carriers, with their protuberant shoulders, were readily to be distinguished from the associated pimps, pick-pockets, and exchange-gamblers, [*agioteurs.*] The weather-beaten figures of these *ladies* were set off by a gaudy tire of the national colours, and their coarse fingers covered with rings to the very extremities.

The entertainments were of a purely military cast, with a repetition of the favourite patriotic airs, by the orchestra, at every pause. The ballet turned on a trait of French heroism; and between the acts of the opera soldiers were brought forward on the stage to go through their evolutions. Taken altogether, it was to me the most tiresome spectacle I ever witnessed.

The episcopal city of Laon is built on an elevated site, commanding an extensive prospect,

which, when viewed from the ramparts, is enriched by the vine-plantations that cover the declivities of the mountain. It is so difficult of ascent, that the inhabitants rarely exceed their own limits, to keep up a pleasurable intercourse with the neighbouring towns and villages, and appeared to me to be in general very unsocial. In its place, once stood a thick forest, the recesses of which harboured a desperate band of robbers; and from *larron* [robber] it derives its name.

I alighted at an *auberge*, the apartments of which seemed oddly distributed; it was a convent which had been thus converted, as was likewise the case with a brewery in the vicinity which supplied the beer. The prisoners of war who had been collected were wretchedly lodged under a similar roof, without the advantages enjoyed by the old inmates, the enclosed space belonging to the establishment having been applied to another purpose. *Mais, passe pour cela*, as the French say: I had to witness the profanation of more sacred things. I engaged a lodging at the house of Citizen Noiset, a glover, who had purchased national domains and ecclesiastical property to the full extent of his ability. Next to his own dwelling, he had just completed a large, handsome building, to be let out in suits of apartments, the floors of which were paved with sepulchral stones, *without erasure of their inscriptions*, brought from the interior of

a demolished church. The flight of steps leading to the principal entrance displayed the like inscriptions.

The dramatic entertainments were not to be seen unless by entering a church, which, without the touch of harlequin's wand, was changed into a theatre. The better-disposed portion of the inhabitants, who were, however, few in number, I was told, forbore on that account to partake of them; but their example, as I had no other mode of passing a cheerful hour or two, I was not so scrupulous as to follow. It happened one evening that I found myself beset by a large body of patriotic electors, who had just risen from a public dinner, by which, the elections having terminated, they had celebrated their triumph over the aristocratical party, and were under the double intoxication of wine and gladness at the event. The presence of an Englishman was whispered round, and I fancied myself in the wrong box, until the one who sat next to me presented me with a *brioche* (a small cake), which was graciously accepted. This led to a discussion on the state of public affairs in France; and as not policy merely, but a regard to my personal safety, made me incline toward the stronger side, I drew general applause, and was deemed a fit subject for the fraternal *accolade.*

The *pauvres rentiers*, those unfortunate state-

creditors, the prop of whose old age the revolution had severed, formed a numerous class in this city, which afforded them a cheap asylum, to eke out the miserable pittance that had escaped the wreck of their fortune. They were not to be seen abroad unless toward the evening's dusk, when they crept from their lurking places to breathe the pure air of the ramparts, pacing their dreary steps in the wooden shoes of which, according to the Vaudeville-sonnetteers, they ought not to have been ashamed.

Hélas ! dans ces temps déplorables,
Par l' honnête homme ils sont portés ;
Et, c'est pour les avoir quittés,
Que tant de gens sont méprisables.

THE PRISONERS OF WAR.

But I must turn to my own affairs, which were in a sad plight, and, in a prospective view, threatened to be in a still worse. My flock, the prisoners of war, immured in their convent, were the daily subjects of new vexations. The contractor by whom I had been accompanied to Laon, with the view of insuring to them a kindly treatment, had given a handsome douceur of fifty louis' to the commissary of war, who was especially charged with their security. This miscreant, the cousin-germain of Jean Debrie, the murderer of the

French ministers at Rastadt, finding that he could not profit by the hints for another present he threw out from time to time to the agent of the contractors, deprived them by degrees of the few comforts they had enjoyed. They were no longer to be seen abroad in parties, each under the eye of a *surveillant*, or keeper, collecting the provisions and other supplies for the depôt. This was to them, not a task, but a recreation, as the wretch who tyrannized over them well knew, and who had, beside, the cruelty to deny them free access to a well withoutside the gate of their prison, to procure a scanty supply of unwholesome water for culinary and other purposes. Uses were studiously found for the more commodious apartments of the convent, and its miserable inmates confined to the cells, and passages leading to them. In short, their grievances became too complicated to be patiently borne.

Having learned that the citadel of Guise, in which they might be commodiously lodged, and where they would have an ample range of ground for exercise, was unoccupied, I went thither to make the necessary inquiries. My representation to Captain Cotes, the principal agent in Paris, was submitted to the minister of marine, who readily acquiesced in the removal of the prisoners. I did not think it discreet to give Commissary Debric a prominent place in the foreground of the picture I drew of their sufferings, and the inconveniences

to which they were subjected, but threw into its mass all the strength of colouring my pencil could bestow. On the 30th of May, they were gladly marched to their new and spacious quarters, distant about twenty English miles.

I cannot quit the city of Laon without bestowing a meed of praise on the *surveillans*, who were, in the proportion of one to each fifty, immediately attendant on the prisoners of war; to them they were indebted for many little indulgences which softened their captivity. These subaltern agents received for this service the very moderate pay of fifteen sous per day; and I was therefore somewhat surprised, on their being introduced to me the morning after my arrival, to see one of them in the uniform of a general officer. This was his story:—General Leblanc, a soldier of tried valour, was promoted to the rank of captain early in the revolution, and would cheerfully have stopped there in his career, for he could neither read nor write; but, like Moliere's wood-cutter, *le médecin malgré lui*, they would needs make him a general against his will. A reform followed; and as he was without interest, he could obtain no better pension than a livre (tenpence English) per day, while many officers of his rank, who had been so promoted on a momentary exigency, and had served less, were gratified with large pensions on their retirement. Having to support a wife and

three children, he kept a *cabaret* in an outskirt of the town, and rinced the glasses for the peasants who came to drink his bottled beer. It may be conceived that his new post of *surveillant* was not to be spurned by him.

But the story of General Moulin, whom I afterwards met with in Languedoc, was still more curious. This man, who had been a private in the gendarmerie, served with so much reputation in Bonaparte's Italian campaigns, that he not only became a general, but was appointed governor of Milan. Prior to his exaltation, he had married a blacksmith's widow at Alais; and for this lady he sent to partake of his newly-acquired dignity. The nobility of Milan are the loftiest to be found in Italy: etiquette required, however, that *Madame la Gouvernante* should hold a drawing-room. I have often heard the plain, simple body describe the awkwardness of her feelings, when the ladies, in glittering array, poured in to be successively presented; she was really at a loss to know whether she should rise from her chair, or keep her seat. To have been exposed, on a sultry day, to the hottest fire of her late husband's forge, would have been less annoying to her than the station she then filled. The husband, who furnished a rare example of disinterestedness in a Frenchman, having brought nothing with him beside a soldier's honour from his campaigns, was equally simple in his

habits. He was somewhat better pensioned than his brother general at Laon, but did not disdain to drive his ass with a sack of corn to the mill; while *Madame*, as a good housewife, kneaded its produce, and took it to the bakehouse. When I left that part of the country, the General was about to establish himself as a tavern-keeper at Nimes. Such traits of the revolution may be worth preserving.

On the fourth of June, the prisoners of war, who might be said to have been almost at home in their new quarters, celebrated the birth-day of his late Majesty, of revered memory, for which purpose every facility of procuring supplies, &c. was afforded them by the constituted authorities of the place. They were not destitute of means, and having besides expressly stored up a portion of their provisions, it was their request that their ration of meat for that day should be given to the poor of the place, and I had to superintend its distribution. In the evening, groups of the inhabitants assembled beneath, to view them as they paraded the ramparts, two and two, singing the national anthem. On this joyous occasion, the volunteers who were on guard were not neglected.

They could not have been in kindlier hands than those of the *concierge* of the château. This man, who gave the soundest proofs of his attachment to the English, had bestowed the baptismal

name of Pitt, not in raillery, but from principle, on his little white-headed boy, who was the idol of the prisoners. They were commodiously lodged in the out-buildings; but within the château, and at its summit, he showed me the dungeon in which the Duc de Penthiévre, the father of the late virtuous Duchess of Orleans, was lodged, and on the boards of which he had engraved with his penknife letters and dates I regret I did not copy. It neither behoved me to ask, nor our worthy *concierge* to tell; but if I conjecture right, he did more than soften the rigours of that venerable nobleman's captivity.

ESCAPE FROM IMPRISONMENT.

THE depôt was shortly after thinned by an extraordinary casualty. The sister of a pilot, married to a Frenchman, and residing at Calais, conceived the plan of liberating, not only her brother, but as many others of the prisoners as could be snugly extricated from their confinement. For this purpose, she employed a peasant, who found access to them, with a basket of butter and eggs under his arm. His proposition was that, for six livres per head, he would engage to conduct a certain number of them safely to Calais, provided they could, on their side, find the means, unobserved by the sentinels, to be lowered at night

from the ramparts at the back of the château, to a corn-field at a very considerable depth beneath. Eight masters and mates of merchantmen, two pilots, and a supercargo, embraced his offer; but where were they to find the cords? The latter, who spoke French, and acted as the interpreter on the occasion, had frequently conversed with a volunteer, who sympathized in his hard lot. Observing him to be dull and pensive, the good fellow inquired into the cause of his dejection, and was told in confidence that he had, together with a few of his companions, a favourable opportunity of escape, but despaired of its accomplishment. He had himself, the volunteer said, been a prisoner of war in Germany, and knew what it was to suffer. Several of his fellow-soldiers on duty had undergone the like hardship; and these he would try to bring over. He was successful; he provided the requisite means; and as each was lowered into the corn-field, the nearer sentinels, who had posted themselves expressly, repeated the ordinary watch-cry; *Prenez garde à vous.* One poor fellow, a pilot, by birth an Irishman, was so intoxicated, that he slipped from the noose, at mid-descent, and fractured several of his ribs. In this lamentable condition he was found the next morning, and, having been cured, was conveyed to Lille, to be securely locked up in the citadel there for the remainder of the war.

On this occasion, the commissary of the executive power concerned himself but little. It is true that he gave instructions to the gendarmerie to chase the fugitives; but either these were tardily executed, or their escape favoured by the plan of travelling by night, and reposing in the woods and coverts by day. It was not long before a letter from the supercargo reached the depôt, with a *postscriptum* for the citizen commissary, to say that all further search would be useless, as the party was safely landed at Dover.

A FORCED JOURNEY TO GRAVELINES.

On the morning of the 12th of July, having to bring up from Gravelines a companion who could not speak one word of French, I had to solicit, at the municipal administration, a *visa* to my passport. I had observed, as well that morning, as on the preceding day, frequent communications between the civil authorities and the military, which led me to suspect that something particular was in agitation; but my case was so pressing that I could not listen to the remonstrances of the president and members of the municipal administration, backed by those of the commissary of the executive power, they all declaring that I could not venture on a journey at so inauspicious a moment. A general search for returned emigrants, for

those who were suspected of having harboured them, for requisitionary deserters, &c. &c. was, as I afterwards found, to take place simultaneously throughout the republic; and in my progress I had to witness a few sad examples of its rigid execution.

When within about half a league of Douay, being alone in the diligence, I bribed the conductor to accommodate with a seat a lame and foot-sore peasant who was hobbling painfully to his destination. On our reaching the outer barrier, forth sallied from the quarter-guard a party of fierce grenadiers, between two of whom, having been made to alight, the ill-starred peasant and myself were escorted to the police-office at the other extremity of the town. Nothing fearing, I could not fail to be amused by the conjectures which were hazarded about my small person, as we passed along: with some, I was an emigrant of note, with others, a disguised priest, and so on; but all seemed to agree that my destiny would soon be fixed. It was so, but in a way which baffled their expectations, for on my presenting at the police my handsome passport in folio,* signed by

* It prayed and required, &c.—de laisser librement et sûrement passer ——— ———, sans lui donner aucun trouble ni empêchement, mais, au contraire, lui accorder, en cas de besoin, toute aide et assistance.——It was countersigned by Charles Maurice Talleyrand, the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

the Minister of Marine and Colonies, its aspect was so different from that of the small, brown paper concerns with which he was familiar, that it in a manner overpowered the secretary while he made an entry of its items in his register. He was not satisfied with accompanying me politely to the door, and wishing me a pleasant journey, but ordered one of his attendants to show me the way to my inn. I ventured to plead for my rustic companion, who had to pay for his ride by an incarceration, which was, however, to last a few days only.

My fellow-passengers in the diligence to Lille were two Italian Jews, whom I found very entertaining and conversable, and who had passed much of their time in England. We were joined at about midway by a drunken officer of artillery, a staunch republican. At this time, the army destined for the invasion of England, said to be more than three hundred thousand strong, was encamped around the walls of the fortress. The spread of tents—the marshalled display of warlike engines, with their equipages, in "all their pomp and circumstance"—each sign of big preparation struck me with dismay as we approached, while our officer expatiated on the laurels he had reaped, and on those he expected to gather in the projected enterprise. Having told his own story, with rich embellishments, he wished to know some-

thing about his fellow-travellers. The Jews were first questioned; and when it came to my turn, one of them, a fat, good-humoured fellow, jogged me on the elbow, and very considerately undertook to be my spokesman. I was, he said, a native of Ghent, engaged in commerce. Any other birth-place his prudence might have suggested would have pleased me better, the captain having been quartered there a few years before, which led me to tell more fibs, in answer to his inquiries about his vulgar Flemish acquaintances dwelling in and near the market-place, than they could count years. Had he known me to be an Englishman, heated as he was with wine, and at such a moment of popular ferment, and military enthusiasm, he might have put me to some temporary embarrassment, although he could not eventually have harmed me much.

On my arrival, I engaged a seat in the diligence for Dunkerque, intending to take the cross-road leading to Gravelines, at Berg-Saint-Vinox, the last stage. We were eight insides, and two in the cabriolet. The exhibition of passports, if we had had no other source of amusement, would have been quite sufficient to enliven us on the way. They were every where demanded; and mine, which I was among the foremost to present, was never once taken out of my hand for inspection. This having been noticed on one or two occasions—*Allons*,

Monsieur l'Anglais—hâtez—votre passeport—was the exclamation of my fellow-travellers ever after, on the vehicle drawing up, and still not any regard was paid to it. An oversight of this description seemed to them the more strange, as they were for the greater part inhabitants of Dunkerque, and being well-known on the road, not liable to suspicion. One of them, a very agreeable female, the wife of a jeweller of that place, on our approaching Berg-Saint-Vinox, would not hear of my taking the cross-road, which, she said, the late rains had rendered nearly impassable. After what had been seen, there could be little risk in my proceeding onward, although out of the direct line of my route, to Dunkerque, where I might hire a conveyance that would take me to Gravelines by a pleasant road along the sea-shore.

We passed the gates without molestation, there being no requisition of passports, which was left to the interior police, and I alighted at the *Chapeau Rouge*. The landlady was quite charmed with having an Englishman once again under her roof —a pleasure that had been denied her for several years—and complained bitterly of the war, which had, she said, deprived her of her best custom.

On the following morning, I hired a cabriolet for Gravelines, where my charge landed a few hours after my arrival. It was most expedient, I thought, to return by the route I had

taken; but here I failed in my estimate of probabilities. On our reaching the outer barrier of Dunkerque, our vehicle was arrested by the guard. The commandant, on learning who I was, conducted me to the guard-room, where he showed me an *arrêté* prohibiting foreigners from entering the place. This prohibition, of which I had not any knowledge, was extended to all the principal seaports of France, and was occasioned by the burning at l'Orient, some time before, of a line-of-battle ship, the *Ca-Ira*, which was suspected to have been the work of foreign incendiaries. As we were not fairly within the trap, being without the barrier, I proposed to turn back; but this did not at all enter into the view of the commandant, who was with some difficulty prevailed on to allow us to keep our seats in the cabriolet, instead of our being escorted on foot to the *bureau-de-police*.

Our business there was soon settled; we were permitted to take refreshments, but were to quit Dunkerque before sunset, having first engaged our places in the diligence, which would take us up at Berg-Saint-Vinox. On entering the friendly inn, I requested the landlady, who was quite enraged at the treatment we had experienced, to give the sentinel, as he was still to have charge of us until we were without the gates, a good dinner, and a bottle of her best burgundy. To this regale, I superadded, on the way, a present of a piece of

three livres, at the sight of which the poor fellow ran on before, as well as his half-fuddled state would allow him, to communicate to his companions the tidings of the Englishman's generosity. Forth they sallied, with their officer at their head; and as we passed the barrier, our ears were dinned with the cries of *vive l'Anglais! brave Anglais! bon voyage*, &c.

At Berg-Saint-Vinox we put up at an inn which we were assured by the female in attendance was the very best in France: her master was a nonpareil of landlords; and there was nothing that could be within the reach of travellers which we might not command. To give us a savoury spice of the accommodations, she conducted us to a chamber, over the stabling, the chinks in the flooring of which gave free access to the volatilized steam. To each inquiry about what we could have for supper, the reply was, "We have every thing but that;" until, on the summing up of all that was eatable and comeatable, our fare dwindled to a vile hash of mutton, a bad omelet, and what was called a *crème*, or custard, but which was nothing more than hasty-pudding, or stir-about, sweetened with treacle. The wine was of the worst quality; and our dessert consisted of rotten pears and decayed walnuts. Hard-hearted commissary of police! How different would have been our entertainment at the *Chapeau Rouge!*

In the progress of our journey, our attention was drawn to two grotesque figures of animals sculptured in wood, and brought thither from the spoil of a Gothic edifice, placed on each side of the gate of the drawbridge at the outwork of Cambray. They did not, like the *chimæra* of old, vomit flames, but had a label hanging from the mouth, with the several inscriptions:—*Je mange les rois* —*Je dévore les aristocrates.*

NEW QUARTERS.

An exchange of prisoners of war having been agreed on by the two governments, the depôt of Guise was, toward the latter end of September, transferred to Arras, the capital of Artois, for the convenience of embarkation. A considerable number of these unfortunates had already been assembled there, so that, with this augmentation, and with those who were daily pouring in, the *caserne* (barrack) in which they were confined, became crowded to excess. The area, however, afforded them a sufficient space for air and exercise, an advantage which was denied to another prisoner of whom I am now to speak.

Madame Grey, of the noble family of Grey de Rivers, the lady-abbess of the English convent at Calais, bending beneath the weight of years, and tottering with infirmities, was lodged in the com-

mon jail of Arras, destitute of every necessary, and even without the means of procuring fuel at a most inclement season. She was suspected of having facilitated, in its transit, the correspondence of the emigrants, which was then carried on, between Dover and Calais, by the medium of smuggling vessels. A French nun, who was strongly attached to her, and had volunteered to share her imprisonment, called on me to solicit my kind offices in favour of my distressed countrywoman. My visit to her was followed by an appeal in her behalf at the prison-quarters, where a subscription for her relief was immediately set on foot. It was truly gratifying to see the ardour with which it was filled, even the prisoners of the ordinary class, whose sole pecuniary means were drawn from an allowance of tenpence per week, granted by their government for their *menus plaisirs*, and which, in the language of the Greenwich pensioners, is styled tobacco-money, bringing forward, in many instances, their mite of savings.

Thus secured against the damps and chills of a winter of almost unexampled severity, and in the enjoyment of a few moderate comforts, this venerable female passed the remainder of her captivity, from which she was released in early spring through the solicitations of the inhabitants of Calais, backed by the recommendation of the public authorities—for she was beloved and respected by those

even who were hostile to the establishment over which she presided.

AN UNEXPECTED VISIT.

SHORTLY after, my maid, Madelon, came to say that some one withoutside wished to speak to me in private. It happened unluckily that Citizen Wacheux, the commissary of war, a very good fellow, but whom, nevertheless, I would not have intrusted with a secret, had just made an evening call to talk over some arrangements for the benefit of the depôt of prisoners. Until I could dismiss him, the strangers, for they were two, were shown into another apartment, where I was not long in joining them. The spokesman, a tall man, of a vigorous make, and undaunted air, after a short preamble, drew from his pocket a tobacco-pouch, from the centre of which, groping among the tobacco, he produced, to convince me that he was not a spy, but a true man, a well-twisted roll of papers, chiefly in an English character, but written in French. With the signatures he pointed out to me, I was fully satisfied. Having introduced to me his companion, a *ci-devant* marquis, he told me that he had undertaken, at every risk, to liberate, in the course of the night, his, the marquis's brother, from his confinement in the chateau of Douay. Unless this could be accomplished, the prisoner

was to be shot on the parade the following morning, at ten o'clock, as a returned emigrant, and one convicted of having borne arms against the republic. What he had to request of me, was a note under my hand, which, in the case of a successful issue to the enterprise, might prevent the boatmen who would have to land the released nobleman at Dover from being made prisoners. With this request, if I had even supposed that my representation would be available, I could not in prudence comply; but I dismissed him with the assurance that, on a right understanding of the case, there was little chance of their detention.

I had soon the satisfaction to learn that their gallant freight had been safely landed on the English shore; and I was likewise told how this destined victim of republican wrath, freed from his dungeon, was lowered, at three in the morning, from the highest eminence of the chateau of Douay. His intrepid deliverer, himself of the privileged class, had to register this one among the most adventurous of his exploits.

SIR SYDNEY SMITH.

A FEW days after the above interview I saw Madame Grey, who told me that to the person with whom I had conversed, this gallant officer, and his companion Phelippeaux, were indebted for

their release from the Temple: I was myself in Paris, in the month of May, when this happened, and well recollect the panic into which it threw a certain banker who had nearly monopolized the money-transactions and exchanges with England. The event involved a deep mystery, which might or might not be cleared up; but in the meantime suspicion could scarcely fail to light, as well on him, as on the members of the establishment of British agency, who seemed to be under a like alarm. It was, indeed, hardly to be conceived that so daring a plot could have been hatched, concocted, and carried into effect in the broad face of day, in a capital where the police was ever on the alert, without the intervention of some individual, or individuals, on the spot, possessing powerful means. They were, however, as innocent of the fact as the two pretty semstresses who fell, simultaneously, and most romantically, in love with the captive knight, without betraying any symptoms of a jealous rivalry, on surveying him, wrapped in solemn contemplation, at the grated window of his cell. These *grisettes* were no other than spies of the police, acting in concert with the jailer; and thence emanated the signals that were established between the parties, the introduction into the prison of the *billets-doux*, and, finally, that of the ladies themselves at midnight, with all the adjunctives that credulity was so greedy to swallow

at the time, and which might have figured handsomely in a novel, but could not so well belong to an incident of real life. Without crying *fudge*, with Mr Burchell, as it would not be decent, at any portion of the details, it will suffice to observe, that those who are at all acquainted with Paris must be satisfied of the impracticability of such an intrigue having been carried on, so as to escape the vigilant eye of the police, however its instruments may have been hoodwinked when one of an infinitely superior contrivance was in progress.

The late Mr Windham, when war minister, was accused of lending too ready an ear to the French emigrants by whom he was surrounded; and to this facility, joined with an enthusiasm by which his better judgment was sometimes misled, was ascribed his acquiescence in the ill-planned and unfortunate Quiberon expedition in 1795. The release of Sir Sydney Smith from his captivity was suggested to him under better auspices. It would be undertaken by one who had already signalized himself by similar achievements;—whose intrepid spirit bid defiance to all hazards where he could promote the cause he had espoused; and who, abetted by numerous friends, had hitherto ranged as freely over the hostile territory of France, as if he had possessed the gift of invisibility. Two thousand pounds were in the first instance advanced for the enterprise; but this sum being found insufficient, re-

mittances to an equal amount were afterwards made by instalments. Still a further advance was requisite, insomuch that the total of the expenditure amounted to four thousand six hundred pounds, not one shilling of which, I was told, went into the pocket of the disinterested adventurer.

His first care was to seek for men in whom an entire confidence could be reposed, to represent the personages to whom so high a trust would be necessarily confided, such as the general commanding the seventeenth military division, having his head-quarters in Paris, the chief commissary of police, &c. With the other requisites, they were to combine a semblance of personal identity, such as might impose on a transient view, and were, as well as the mock retinue, and the guard, to be trained, disciplined, and equipped. Early in the morning of the 12th of May the pageant proceeded in due form to the Temple, where the sham commissary of police presented to Bouiface, the jailer, the order for the transfer of the two state-prisoners to the château of Melun. The forgery of the ministerial signatures was so complete, that they were delivered up to the guard without hesitation; but still after-suspicions might arise—their movements might be traced—to guard against which a salutary precaution had been taken. Melun, and the coast of Normandy, toward which

the fugitives were to direct their steps, lie in opposite directions, and nothing better could be imagined than a mock rescue, in the heat and turmoil of which they might steal off unperceived. The Pont-Tournant was the scene of the sham-fight, which being speedily terminated, the parties dispersed.—I give these details as they were related to me, and believe them to be true in the main particulars.

MINIATURE THEATRICALS.

During my stay at Arras, we were visited by a company of juvenile performers from Paris. They were styled *les jeunes élèves*—the young pupils—to distinguish them from another company of larger growth—*les jeunes artistes dramatiques*, and gave, in concert with the regular company of comedians, one, and sometimes two small pieces, in an evening, which drew general applause. It was necessary to be told that they were infants, not to be beguiled by the illusion of the scene, so perfect were they in representing all ages, and that under each circumstance of character. I seldom missed being present at their performances.

I had occasion one morning to look in at the Commune-House, and was detained there for a considerable time, the municipal administration having, as I was told, to decide on a question of

particular importance. In pacing the ante-room, my attention was drawn to a bevy of little misses and masters, apparently from nine to twelve years of age, whose looks and gestures bespoke much anxiety of feeling. These were "the young pupils," who, being on the eve of decamping, had been denied, by the managerial despot to whom they were apprenticed, what they considered to be the just reward of their exertions for the public entertainment. In other words, they had demanded of him a benefit, with the proceeds of which they might purchase a regale of *bonbons*, (sweetmeats), and had finally appealed to the municipality to sanction their claim. Their tyrant was at that moment pleading his cause, but without success: the young folks carried the day, and had a bumper, which enabled them, before they set out on their journey, to fill their pockets with sweets at the nearest confectioner's.

A SHIFT OF SCENE.

In May 1799, the exchange of prisoners of war being in full operation, those at Arras were removed to Dunkerque, there to be successively embarked; while another depôt was to be established at Alais, the capital of the Cevennes, in Lower Languedoc, for the reception of such as

were scattered in the ports of the Mediterranean. Thither it was my lot to be sent, on my release from fatigues compared with which those of a long journey were comparatively light.

I made some stay in Paris, and saw Frescati, Tivoli, and the other places of public amusement. Every where the assemblages appeared to me to be much improved in decorum since my former visit. At the opera, I was seated in a box adjoining that occupied by "the three goddesses" [*les trois décsses*] Mesdames Beauharnois, the then mistress of Barras, and afterwards the Empress Josephine, Tallien, and Joubert. Of these reigning toasts, two were already faded, and the latter beautiful, and in her prime.

THE NEW NOMENCLATURE.

HAVING bewildered myself in a narrow street, I inquired, of a cabinet-maker, standing at his door, my way to the Rue de Richlieu. He told me, with a sullen frown, that he knew of no such street, although I was sensible that I could not be far from it; and, on my urging the question, said that I might, if I pleased, ask some one for the Rue de la Loi. I did so, on proceeding a few paces further; but here again, to employ a homely phrase, I took the wrong sow *by the ear*. The

object of my inquiry, the Rue de Richlieu, I was informed, was to the right; and the second turning would lead me to it.

A MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.

I SPENT a pleasant day at the country-seat of a gentleman whose history was very remarkable. He was at that time engaged in commerce under an assumed name, but had figured before the revolution as the Chevalier de St Fl——, an officer of the Royal Guards. On the memorable tenth of August, he was one of the few who escaped the massacre at the Louvre, where he fought in the defence of his sovereign in the guise of a Swiss soldier. A new disguise, and a borrowed passport, facilitated his escape from the capital, by the wicket which had been left open for the passage of the market-people, the barriers being closed. He was recognised, however, in the suburb, where a crowd soon gathered, and it was resolved to hang him at the nearest lamp-iron. There was some delay in procuring a rope; and in the interim, several of his friends mixed with the assemblage. Taking advantage of the confusion it was their endeavour to promote, in the act of his suspension the cord was cut. Many of those who were nearest the scene, were, together with the destined victim, thrown down, and trodden under foot, so

as to favour a deliverance which was thus far next to miraculous.

When beyond the limit of the crowd, through which, crawling on his hands and knees, he had made his way without attracting a particular notice, he ascended a hill leading to a convent. Being descried, a party set forward in his pursuit: it so happened, however, that an unfortunate aristocrat, nearly abreast of him, but following a divergent course, from self-consciousness betook himself to his heels, and became the object of the chase. Our officer having scaled the wall of the convent unperceived, found a refuge there until night-fall, when he proceeded to the house of a friend, who, deeming his passport to be of a suspicious character, furnished him with his own, and with a suitable dress. Thus provided, he reached, without impediment, Barège, a village at the foot of the Pyrenees, but was again recognised there, and had to seek his safety by a sudden flight. After experiencing many difficulties, in traversing the thick forests, he gained the Spanish territory without further molestation.

Mr Matthew R———, an honest Hibernian, the supercargo of a merchant vessel, was incarcerated, in the time of Robespierre, in the jail of l'Orient, where he was seized by an epidemy which

had been fatal to many of the prisoners of war. He was transferred to the hospital, and there treated with much kindness by the *Dames de la Charité* [the benevolent nuns of the order of St Dommick], who were, however, reluctantly obliged to discharge him, in his early convalescence, the hospital being crowded, and new patients daily pouring in. The notice to quit he considered as his death-warrant; and, as if the reflections to which he gave way were not sufficiently agonizing, the dead-cart suddenly appeared in the fore-court, to interrupt his lonely musings, and strike him with new terrors. The driver, compassionating his grief, made a sign to him to stow himself in the cart among the dead, which he did with all diligence, throwing himself on his face to shun observation. So far all was well; but when without the gate, the vehicle was taken charge of by a new conductor, the former being no other than the humane porter of the hospital.

Its freight was to be delivered in a field without the town, where a deep pit had been dug, to serve as the common receptacle of the dead. Seeing it approach, several women and children assembled to witness the *ceremony*. Our prisoner was sensible that he had not a moment to lose, so, starting up, he placed his hand on the shoulder of the driver, and made a sudden spring to the earth.

The terrified bystanders fled in every direction, and left him master of the field.

Having, with the help of a tonsor, made himself decent, he steered his course toward the sea-side, in the hope of getting on board a neutral vessel. On his way, he fell in with an old acquaintance, a ship-master, who had escaped from prison, and was just landed from an American ship, where he had bargained for a passage to Lisbon. He was now in quest of his small packages; and the boat was waiting his return. It was agreed to step into a *cabaret*, which happened at the moment to be without guests, and refresh themselves with a glass of wine. They were scarcely seated, however, when several Frenchmen entered, and eyed them with much suspicion. One of them whispered to the others, but so as to be overheard by the strangers, that he was almost certain they were prisoners of war, and that it would be advisable to send instantly for a commissary of police, and a guard. Up started Matthew R——, the supercargo, and by a sudden spring beat the door off its hinges. The Frenchmen, it may be conjectured, had enough to do to secure his ill-starred companion; but, so it was, that, having reached the boat without molestation or pursuit, he took *his* place in the American vessel, which was then under way, and arrived safely in port.

My journey to the south was devoid of any remarkable incidents: I shall therefore proceed, without regard to their dates, to assemble a few of the more particular notices that fell under my observation during my stay in Languedoc, which lasted until after the signing of the preliminaries of the short peace of 1802.

MATTER IN MADNESS.

Among the personages with whom I made an acquaintance at Alais, was a Monsieur Faucon, whose history was singularly curious. In the case of the Earl of Portsmouth, it was remarked by Lord Eldon, that that nobleman was of the two the better mathematician, which in his mind argued somewhat like sanity. Monsieur Faucon was stark mad; but at the age of seventy-five, and reckoning forty-four years of mental aberration, he was still alive to his darling pursuits of astronomy and mathematical science, in which he was profound, and which he cultivated with all the energy of a youthful season of life. In his almanack for the year 1802, a MS. copy of which he presented to me, the computations are made with the requisite accuracy and skill, but blended with the flights of a bewildered imagination. He styles himself the faithful and true witness, the perpetual censor of the universal church, and sovereign pontiff. The 11th of November, his

birth-day, he enjoins to be celebrated as a solemn festival, in memory of the deliverer promised by the prophets; and signs himself Faucon of Montferat, to which marquisate and sovereignty he lays claim.

Being in Hanover in the year 1757, a motive of curiosity led him to the skirt of the enemy's encampment, where he was taken up as a spy. The halter was about his neck, when he was recognised by a general officer whom he had known in his youth, and his punishment commuted to an imprisonment, which lasted nearly four years. So deranged was his intellect by the sudden fright, that he would enter into the most whimsical details relative to his birth, &c. He would tell you, for example, that he came into the world booted and spurred, and requested his eldest sister to take him by the hand, and conduct him to the temple, where he lectured and edified the priests. Still, however, he was to be solicited to these recitals, and was otherwise a most cheerful and entertaining companion. In the summer, he never stirred abroad without a bouquet to present to a fair lady; and was celebrated for the gallantry which belonged so peculiarly to the old school of polished Frenchmen.

A CHOICE OF TITLES.

Bon jour, citoyen-monsieur, was the ordinary salutation with which I was greeted by an honest

rope-maker whose walk I had to pass on my way to the prison-quarters. I asked him one morning what he meant by this double salute, to which he replied, that, not wishing to offend me, at a time when it was so hard to please, he submitted the two terms to my choice.—*Utrum horum mavis accipe.*

About the time of the overthrow of the directory, and the establishment of the consular dynasty, the title of "citizen" was, in ordinary usage, growing fast into disrepute, but was still of strict observance in the public offices, where the notice,—*Ici on respecte le titre de citoyen*—was displayed in large characters in a gilt frame. Shortly after his arrival, I called at the *bureau* of the sub-prefect of Alais, and addressed him as *Monsieur*. I saw that he was vexed, but I still persisted, until, directing his eyes to the notice, by a provoking *contre coup*, he called me "citizen," which put me in such a passion, that I left my tale unfinished. I afterwards made his particular acquaintance, and found in him a very sensible and pleasant associate. I was so much in his good graces, that when he gave a grand entertainment at the *Maison Commune* to the prefect of the department, who was making his rounds, I was seated next to that exalted personage. In conversing one day on the subject of our early official interview, I told him that, whether owing to a defect of the vocal organs, or to what-

ever cause, the term "*citoyen*" I could never bring myself to pronounce; on which he remarked that, not to incur the charge of *incivism*, he was obliged to be on his guard in the presence of his secretaries.

AN UNLUCKY *QUI-PRO-QUO*.

The mention of Citizen Dubois, the Prefect, and of my defective articulation, brings to my mind an incident that occurred on a journey to Nismes, at the time when the elections were going on there. Among those who were pushing forward to the goal, I fell in with one who had more the air of a peasant, than of a *ci-devant* "fallen from his high estate." This man was of a sarcastic turn, and a bitter enemy of the prefect, who was, from some cause or other, very generally disliked. In conversing about him, my mouth being clammed, and filled with dust, I pronounced his name so indistinctly, that it sounded more like *de bois* [of wood, or wooden,] than *du bois* [of the wood.] My gentleman seized on this lapse, if it can be so termed, with avidity; and, by a pleasant amplification, on our arrival at Nismes, told those of his fellow-electors who were in his confidence, that the Englishman was not surprised at every thing going wrong in the *Département du Gard*, it being under the control of a wooden Prefect.

THE MASKED BALL.

THE prefect *Dubois*, or *Debois*, as the elector would needs have it, was not a man of shining abilities, but was said to be skilled in what the French name *tours du baton*,* with a part of the proceeds arising from which he gave a grand masked ball at the theatre of Nismes. A few days before it took place, I was in the pit of that theatre, chatting with an acquaintance, when I suddenly noticed, seated in front of us, a figure in male attire, having, both in form and feature, a whimsical and grotesque air. I was told that, unless I wished to be challenged, I should direct my attention to another quarter. This person was no other than Madame L——, a general's lady, who had fought at the side of her husband, and acquired great distinction, as an officer of hussars, in Bonaparte's two Italian campaigns,† and had besides

* The secret and illicit profits which a functionary draws from his post or employment.

† A history of these campaigns was published by the General, who, through extreme modesty, forbears to name himself, although he acted a conspicuous part in the greater number of the battles that were fought. In describing that of Lodi, where, in his estimation, there was a needless and wanton sacrifice of the French soldiery, he gave such offence to the commander-in-chief, that, on the latter becoming first Consul, the pension for his services was withdrawn. It was in vain that he presented, at the levees of the ty-

been engaged in several duels, chiefly in vindication of his (her husband's) honour.

In giving out the cards of invitation, the prefect's lady neglected to address one to Madame L——, against whom she, for some reason, entertained a private pique. The latter was resolved to avenge this affront, and for that purpose hired the dressing-room of a principal actress, conveying into it several disguises. When the evening of the ball came, she rushed past the door-keepers, in the dress of an officer of cavalry, and while they were seeking the bold intruder, to turn him out, busied herself in the dressing-room in putting on a new disguise. Mixing with the company, she stepped up to *Madame la Préfetesse*, and having paid her a few sly compliments, which the other did not strictly comprehend, inquired of her whether she recollected the time when she used to empty certain utensils at the house of Monsieur de Malesherbes. Madame Dubois screamed aloud, and called for the guard; but the pursuit was vain: her assailant had retreated to the dressing-room before those who surrounded her were well re-

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rant, *placet* after *placet*: the presence was finally denied him; and such was his impoverished condition, that he was glad to accept, at the hands of a French officer, a *chef-de-brigade*, with whom I travelled from Nismes to Paris, a loan of five louis' in aid of his immediate wants.

covered from their consternation, and, having promptly shifted her disguise, was among the foremost to seek the miscreant who had dared to insult the lady-patroness of the ball.

TALLEYRAND, PRINCE OF BENEVENTO.

I MUST return again to the term "*citoyen*," which stuck so unaccountably in my throat at the *bureau* of the sub-prefect of Alais, to tell what happened to the British agent in Paris, Captain Cotes,* about the same time, and precisely on the same occasion, namely, the *arrêté* of the First Consul, dated in the month of November 1799, by which the maintenance of the British prisoners of war in France was to be at the charge of the French government, which abandoned to the care of the British government those of that nation detained in the united kingdom. His interview with Talleyrand, the then minister of foreign relations, may operate as a lesson, if such be needed, to British diplomatists, to be shy, and sparing of their words, in all discussions relating to state-polity.

The captain, a truly amiable character, but irritable, and that more especially in the morning,

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* The French confine their signature to the *nom de famille*. The Captain, as may be supposed, signed "James Cotes," and was known in Paris as Monsieur Shamcote.

was nettled by this arrangement, which laid on his government the burden of by far the greater proportion of the *dead weight*, and resolved to enter his protest against what he conceived to be a flagrant act of injustice. He repaired accordingly to the office of the minister, and opened on him a brisk fire. To each argumentative broadside Talleyrand calmly answered, *Monsieur le commissaire, c'est la volonté du Premier Consul.* Still the captain persisted, and, like a good naval tactician, tried him on all tacks, until the patience of the subtle minister was exhausted. Rising from his chair, he vociferated in an angry tone, *Citoyen commissaire, c'est la volonté du Premier Consul,* and withdrew without further formality.

VISIT TO MONTPELLIER.

I HAD to employ my little address in a negociation which presented no small difficulty. The prisoners of war, the officers more particularly, under my care, were molested and insulted by two scoundrels, one of whom had risen from the ranks to the post of governor of the citadel, and the other had quitted the costume of a *forçat* (galley-slave), to figure as an officer having the military charge of the depôt. It was a case which would not brook the delay of a correspondence with Paris; and to Montpellier I proceeded with

all diligence, to submit the particulars to the general of division, Cartaux, known before the revolution as a *barbouilleur*—a vile dauber of colours—and better known in the reign of terror as one of Robespierre's instruments, of a keener edge than the palette-knife he had laid aside.

In the antechamber I saw Madame Cartaux, who was busied, with a young secretary at her side, in drawing up a proclamation which was to awe the disaffected. Between the *emprunt forcé*, which threatened the most opulent with beggary, and the still more iniquitous *loi des otages*, which indiscriminately sentenced to imprisonment and confiscation of effects the relatives of emigrants,* they were now become pretty numerous.

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* It is grateful to me to cite here the example of Monsieur Pignol, a respectable landholder residing in an outskirt of Alais, because he was ever kind to the prisoners of war, whom it was his delight to take out from the *caserne* in small parties, if he had no other employment for them beside picking up stones in his fields, to the end that he might treat them with two substantial meals, and put in their pockets the day's-wages of the labourer. Whenever he heard of a detachment having reached, in the evening, the last stage, Bocoiran, he was sure, the next morning, to put his large kettle in requisition, and sally forth on the road to meet them, resolved that they should not pass his gate, and be marched into the town, with the stomach empty, and without an invigorating cup of his best Mejean wine.—This honest man had an unkle, an Abbé, of so vile a character as to be shunned by his nearest relatives, and expelled from all decent society: and because this

On my introduction to the General, I made a brief but pathetic exposition of the wrongs and injuries the prisoners had sustained. I was not long in perceiving that it was his wish to screen their oppressors, whom he would nevertheless, from prudential motives, engage to keep within more decent bounds, in the exercise of their authority. With this view, I was to be the bearer of a reproof he would address to them; but with this weak palliative I was not content. Being aware of the obstacles I should have to encounter, I had taken

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unkle, with whom he had never maintained the slightest intercourse, had enrolled himself in the list of emigrants, the nephew was under hourly apprehension of imprisonment, and of witnessing the confiscation of his property, which held out a tempting lure to the miscreants in authority. If they did not, like their merciless predecessors, aim directly at the personal existence of their victims, the latter might have exclaimed with Shylock,

> ——————"You take my life,
> When you do take the means whereby I live."

Among others, the cities of Lyon and Bordeaux were in a state bordering on civil war, when Bonaparte unexpectedly landed at Frejus, to overturn the Directory, and introduce a system of government, which, however despotic, was more palatable, and of more patient endurance, than theirs. The flames of discord were fast spreading, and threatened the whole of the South. In the struggle of parties, the fate of the prisoners of war, on which mine would essentially depend, might be uncertain. As a security against the worst, my worthy friend Pignol had provided for me an asylum in one of the fastnessess of the Covennes Mountains.

the precaution to have my passport visaed, not only for Montpellier, but for Paris, although I knew that I dared not proceed thither, to undertake that which belonged to a superior functionary.

Holding it in my hand, I submitted to him whether I ought to repair to the French capital, to lay my case before the ministers, whose instructions he knew to be that the prisoners of war should be treated with tenderness and humanity, as I should then have to complain that the redress of their grievances had been denied me by the divisionary-general commanding at Montpellier. Nothing short of the dismissal of the military commandant of the depôt, to be replaced by an officer of kindlier feelings, and a peremptory order to the other miscreant to forbear to meddle with that which was not, strictly speaking, within his province, it being among the attributes of the municipal administration, could remedy the gross abuses of which I complained. That "the battle is not always to the strong," was here evidenced: my point was carried; and, ever after, the prisoners of war were in a condition to sing out, after the example of the English sentinel on his post—ALL'S WELL. If Madame Cartaux, who was said to "rule the roast," had not been otherwise and more seriously engaged, it is probable that my success would not have been so complete.

THE FRENCH ARMY OF EGYPT.

I WAS at Montpellier when a considerable portion of this army, having been disembarked at Cette, was assembled there. It was perhaps indiscreet in a foreigner, like myself, to put questions to several of the soldiers, with whom the streets swarmed, relative to the capitulation and other particulars; but from each of them I received a sulky and ungracious reply. They could not feel otherwise than sore at the result of the Egyptian campaigns being brought hastily to their recollection.

At the *table d'hote*, in the evening, an officer whose thick mustache and grim features would have scared a timid observer, was seated opposite to me. I was not quite at my ease when I noticed him, from time to time, darting his eyes on me, while he conversed with another officer at his side. This hero, thought I, of baffled hopes and prospects, owes the English a grudge, because he has had, in Egypt, a sensible proof of their military ascendency, and is now venting his spleen on me. I was determined, however, not to be among the first to quit the table; and he likewise kept his seat until most of the other guests had retired. Approaching me, he was glad, he said, again to meet with an Englishman, for to an Englishman he owed his life, and my nation he should never cease to honour and respect. At the siege of Saint-

Jean-d'Acre, he fell into the hands of a party of ferocious Turks, from whose grasp he was rescued, at the imminent peril of his own life, by Sir Sydney Smith, at the moment when the uplifted scimetar was about to inflict the fatal blow.

THE BRIGANDAGE OF THE CEVENNES.

THE conscription was never urged with more severity than at the commencement of the year 1801. It was harrowing to my feelings to see youths, many belonging to respectable families, chained two and two, and driven on the roads, like sheep, before the merciless gendarmes. If, in a family, the son was missing, and the parent could not show good testimony of his having joined head-quarters, soldiers were placed in the house, *at discretion*, and without restriction of numbers, at the will of a subaltern agent, wantonly to waste and consume whatever was within their reach, until the certificate of service could be produced. In passing through Bocoiran, on my way to Nismes, I stopped at a house of refreshment, where a poor widow, a farming-woman, lay dead. In her anxiety to snatch from the ravishers the last morsel of the bread she had laid by for her fatherless babes, she had fallen a victim to extreme fatigue, in returning from that city provided with the necessary document.

To shun the conscription, many youths had

sought the security of the Cevennes mountains; and these were joined by other malecontents of various descriptions. It was the practice of these confederated brigands, as they were named, to lay under contribution the farmers who had purchased the property of emigrants, for the benefit of the relatives of the latter, many of whom, in that vicinity, were in a starving condition. If the farmer, when called on, neglected to bring to the spot pointed out to him the stipulated sum, among other punishments* inflicted on him, his head was shaved. Some of these refractory subjects I myself saw at Alais, on market-days, in their night-caps.

A general scouring of the mountainous districts, by the gendarmerie and other troops, in the month of June, led to the apprehension of many individuals, upwards of seventy of whom were lodged in the jail of Alais. In waiting their trial by a military commission, the depositions were, conformably

* During the consulate, it was the fashion, in compliment to Bonaparte, to wear very large tri-colour cockades, some of them of the size of a cheese-plate. Two young gentlemen of Alais were crossing one of the Cevennes, on their way to St Ambroise, when they fell in with a party of brigands who held in durance an unfortunate farmer, and were in the act of forcing him, on his knees, to swallow his cockade. The ladies brushed off as fast as their horses could carry them, on the reflection that, if thereunto invited, they might find their cockades, which were in the very height of the mode, somewhat difficult of digestion.

to the established usage, made before the *Juge de Paix*. I was present one morning when a young peasant was challenged, by the keeper of a turnpike-gate, as one of the party of brigands by whom, some time before, his gate had been pulled down and burnt. The lad protested his innocence, declaring that he had never strayed to any distance from his home, and that, at the time of his arrest, he had merely gone abroad on an errand to his father. Finally, he called on his accuser to say, whether, in the confusion necessarily attendant on such a scene, he could rightly distinguish persons, when the other replied, with much *naïveté*, that, between the fright, and the obscurity of the evening, he certainly could not. His deposition, nevertheless, stood on the paper.

The policy of Bonaparte was double-handed,—the sub-prefects, the mayors, their *adjoints*, and, in short, all who entered into the composition of the municipal administrations, were men of an estimable character, such as might conciliate the good-will of those over whom they presided in their respective districts,—while the prefects of the departments, the generals commanding the military divisions, and, "last, though not least" in ill report, the members of the military commissions, were in general subjects who had signalized themselves in the worst times of the revolution, as the willing instruments of tyranny. The former were

to harmonize in watching over the details,—the latter, to be called into action on the spread of insurrectionary movements influencing the gross bulk of the population.

The military commission, consisting of five members and the captain-reporter, reached Alais in the evening. Having made an early repast, in crossing the square fronting the episcopal palace, they met with several British officers who had been captured by Admiral Ganthéaume's squadron.—Having learned who they were, they were not satisfied with insulting them grossly, but demanded of the local authorities how it happened, that, instead of being indulged with their parole, they were not strictly confined with the other prisoners of war. They now proceeded to the coffee-house to take a few glasses of *rosolio;* and, unless my informant misled me strangely, when they subsequently visited the *Juge de Paix* to look over the depositions, THEY WERE NOT SOBER.

Seventeen victims were marked down for trial. It was an open court,—and I witnessed the next morning the proceedings, which were as summary as can well be imagined. The prisoner having had the ordinary questions put to him relative to the place of his nativity, parentage, &c. was led out, and the court cleared. On its being again opened, he was introduced to be told that he, *Jaques ou Pierre,* having being convicted of brigandage,

was sentenced to be shot. On each of the two following days, six of these victims were escorted to a spot without the town, there to suffer death; and on the third day, the remaining five. Shall I tell, that the young peasant whose case I have particularized, was among the earliest to hear the awful sentence pronounced?

From Alais the commission proceeded to Usez, where, among others, a priest belonging to one of the most respectable families of the place, was condemned to death. His relatives, aware of the malice of the members of the commission, petitioned that he might be shot without the town, to spare them the horror of so awful a spectacle,—and, in the way of a bribe, invited them to dinner on the day when the sentence was to be carried into effect. They seemed to acquiesce,—but when the morning came, the culprit was led to the front of his brother's dwelling, and there shot. It may be supposed, that the invitation to dinner was not accepted.

THE BREAKING UP, OR JOYFUL TIDINGS FOR THE PRISONERS OF WAR.

In the month of October, an extraordinary courier brought to Alais the hasty news of the preliminaries of peace having been signed. Proclamation was made, and a few hours after came the

official account. It was arranged, that a grand procession should start from the commune-house; and, as we were now friends in every point of view, I was invited to join in the ceremony, together with a certain number of the prisoners of war.—Never, assuredly, was mortal man so hugged and kissed as I was on joining the assemblage,—my cheeks tingled with the salutes, and I was overwhelmed by fraternal embraces. The sprig of laurel which was offered to me I declined, but in the way of compensation, I carried two olive branches, the one in my hat, the other in my hand. My station was between the sub-prefect and the mayor; and we were preceded by Citizen Ligou, one of the adjoints, with his band of choristers, singing an hymn to peace of his composition, to the air of "*la pipe de tabac.*" The gallants had their pockets filled with sugar-plums, with which to pelt the ladies as they surveyed us from the windows and balconies.

SUKEY, GOOD NIGHT.

EDINBURGH,
PRINTED BY OLIVER & BOYD.


00094437

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 03 December, 2015